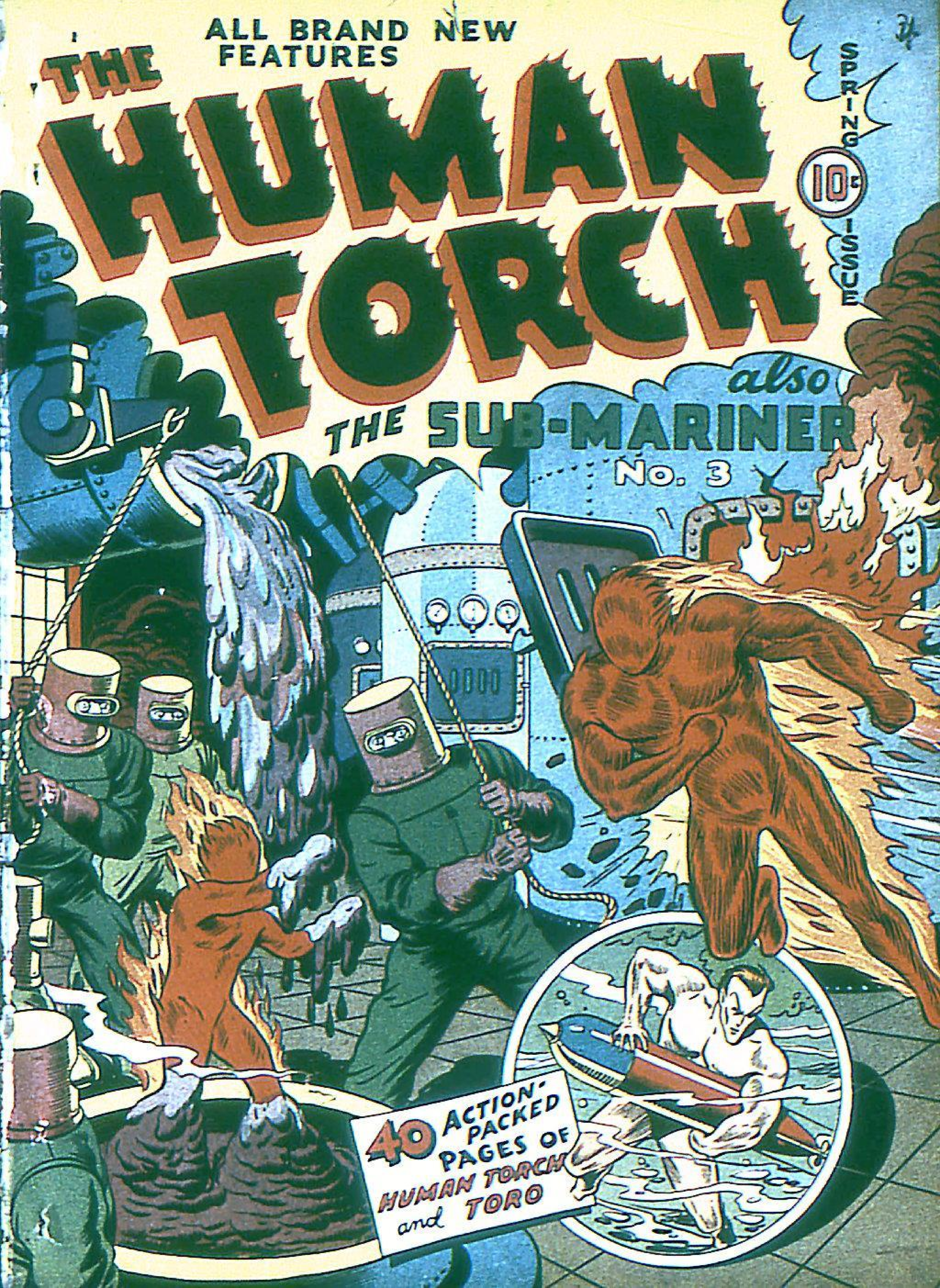
ALL BRAND NEW FEATURES
THE HUMAN TORCH
SPRING ISSUE
10¢
also
THE SUB-MARINER
No. 3
40 ACTION-PACKED PAGES OF HUMAN TORCH and TORO

34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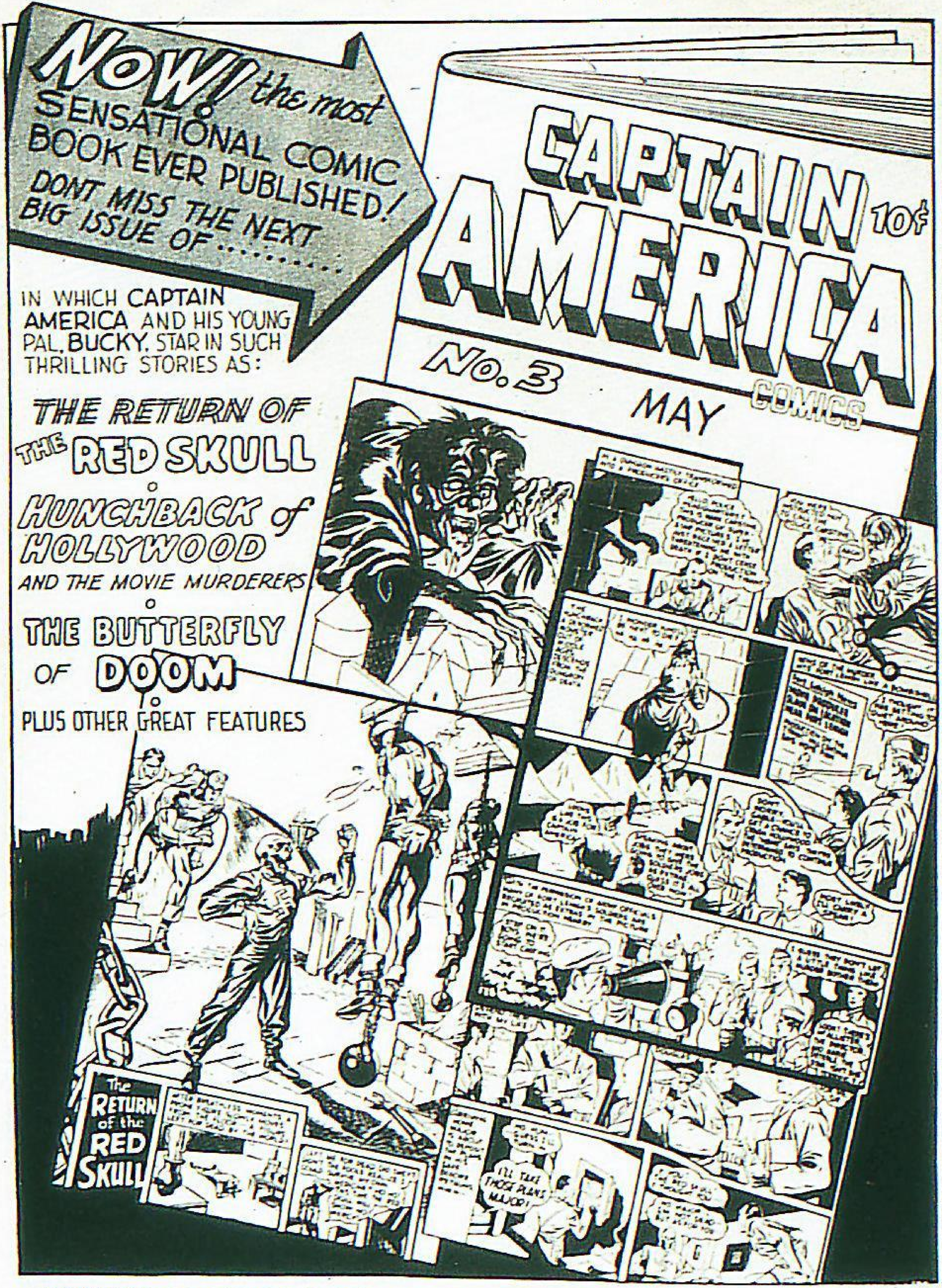
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MAY
The RETURN of the RED SKULL
I'LL TAKE THOSE PLANS MAJOR!

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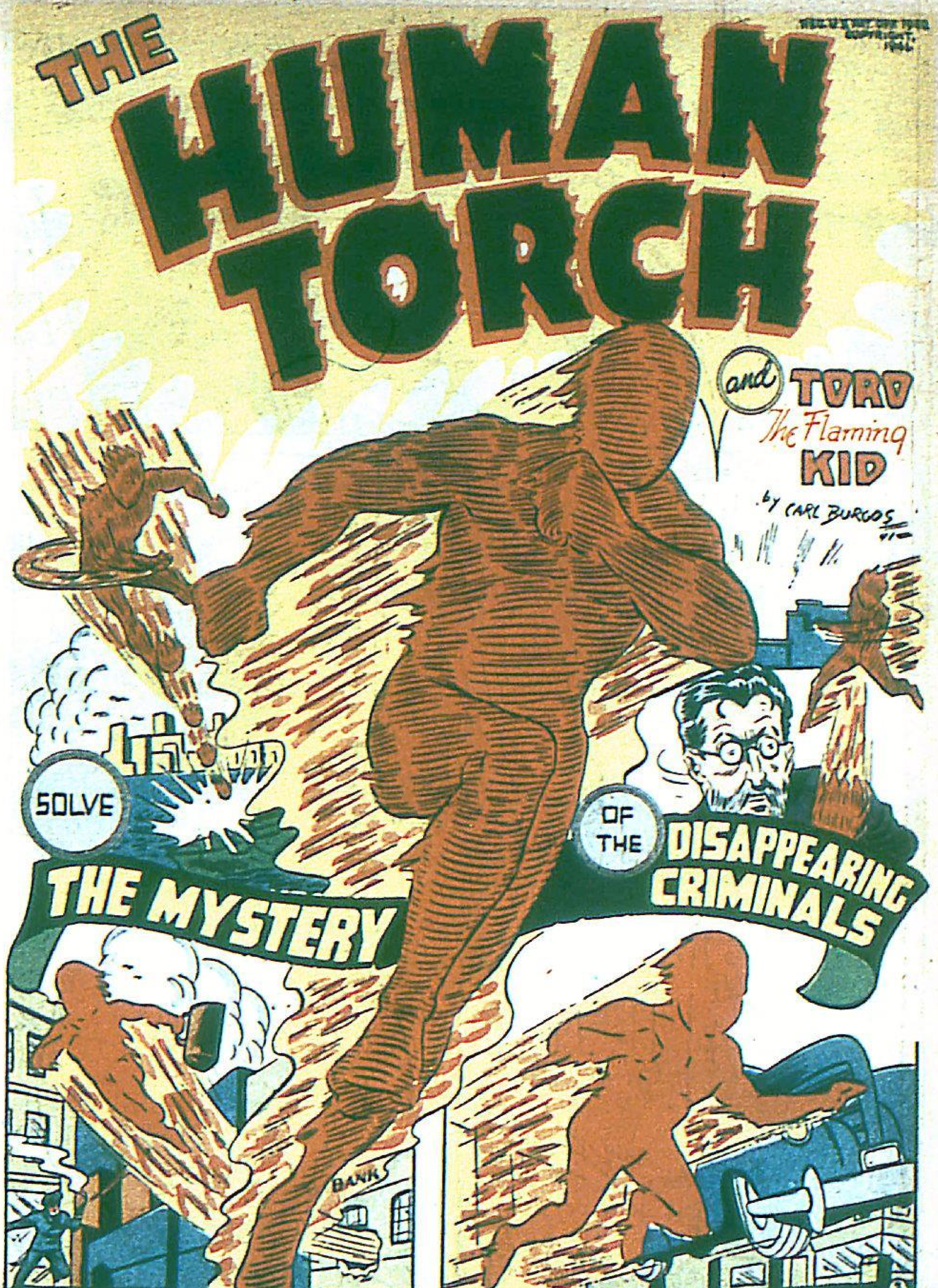
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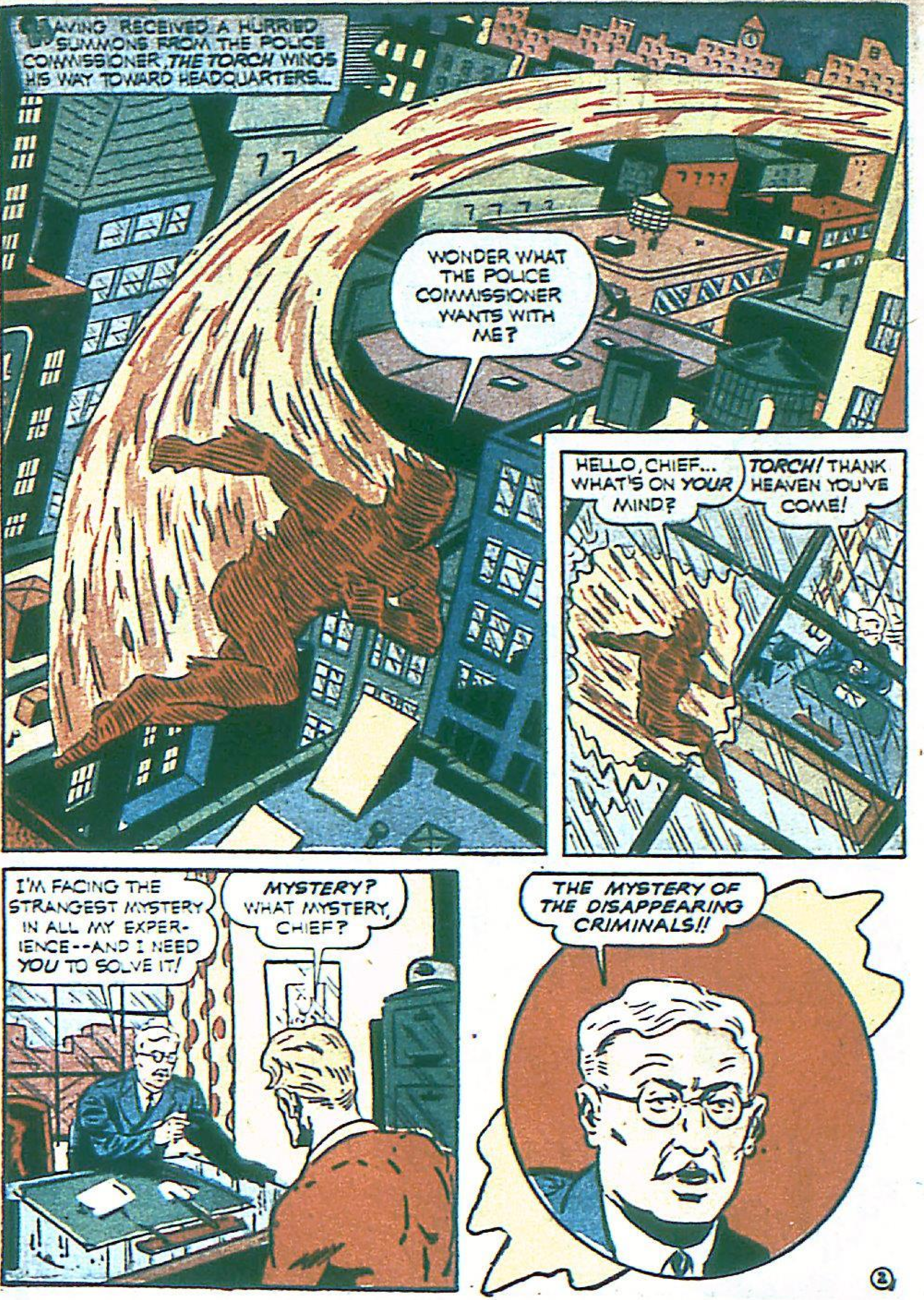
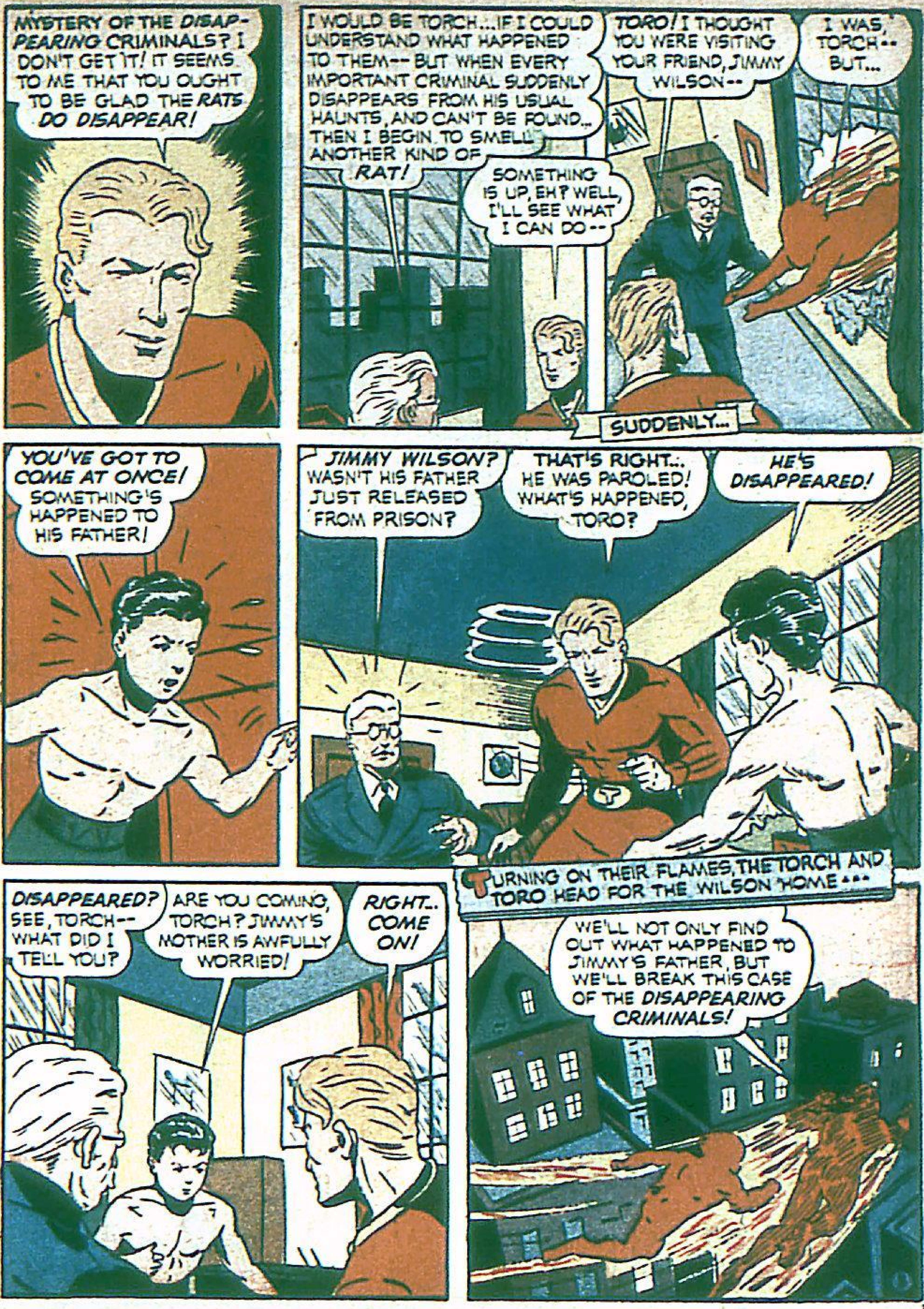
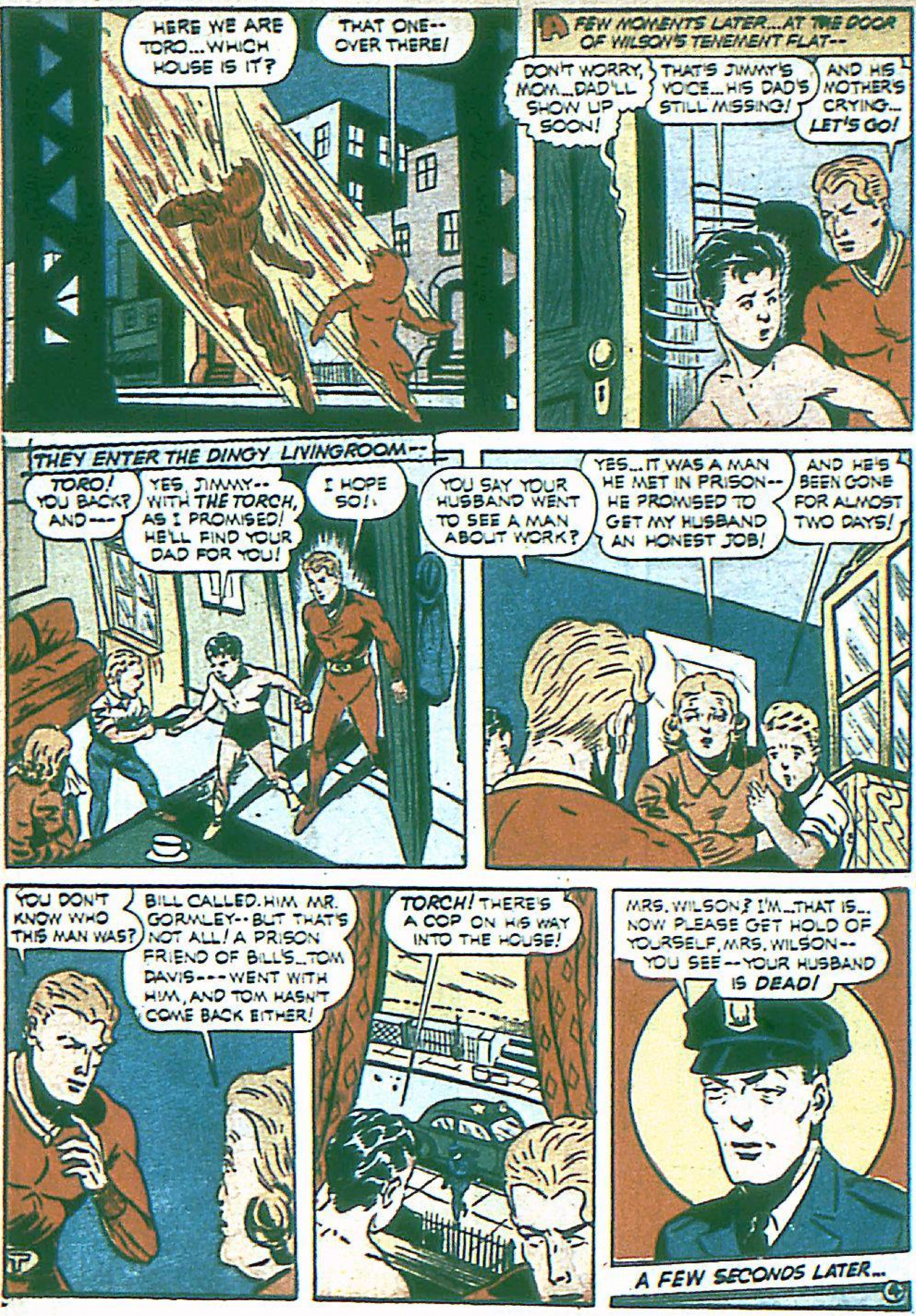
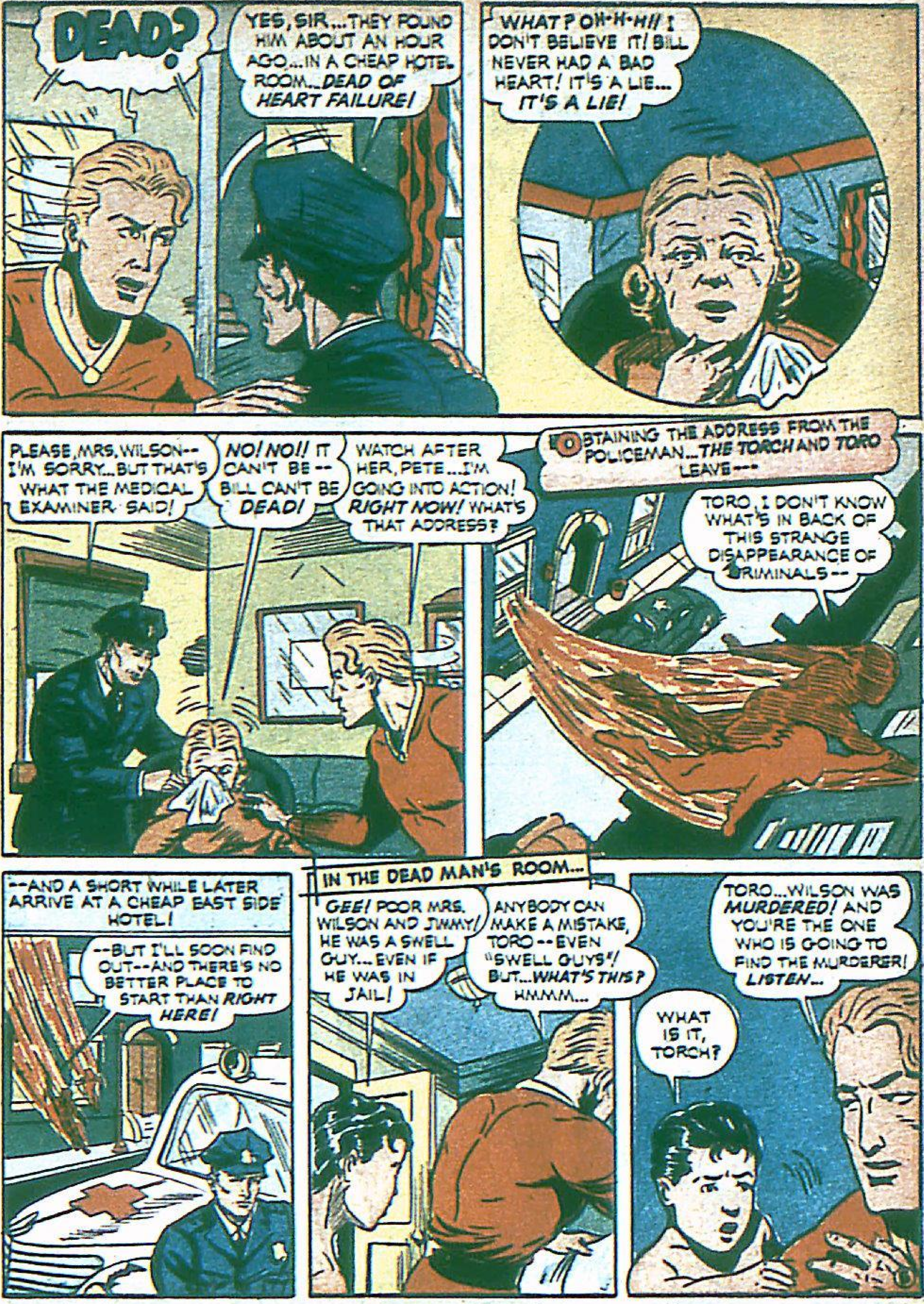
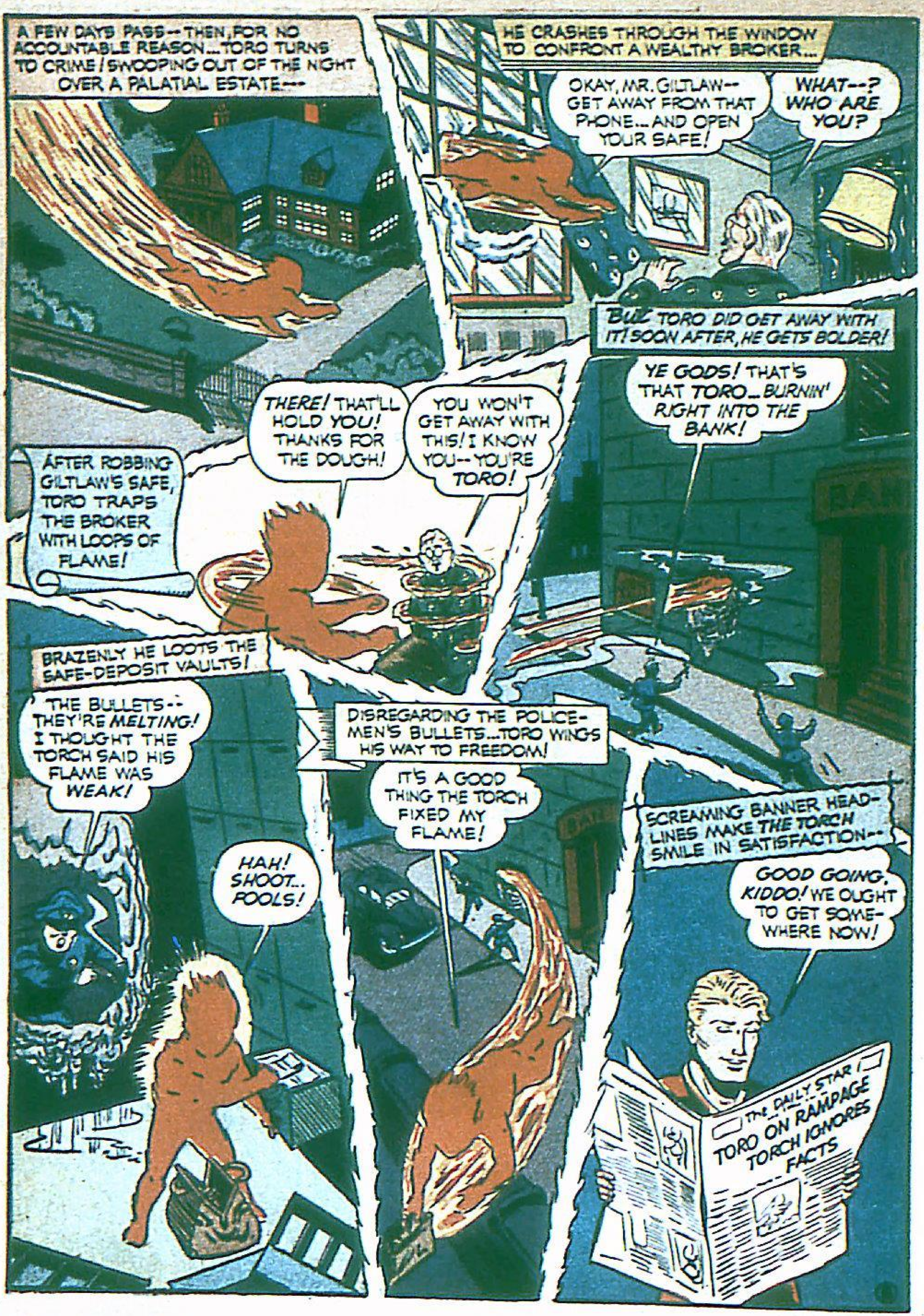
1944
THE HUMAN TORCH
and TORO The Flaming KID
by CARL BURGOS
SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE DISAPPEARING CRIMINALS
BANK

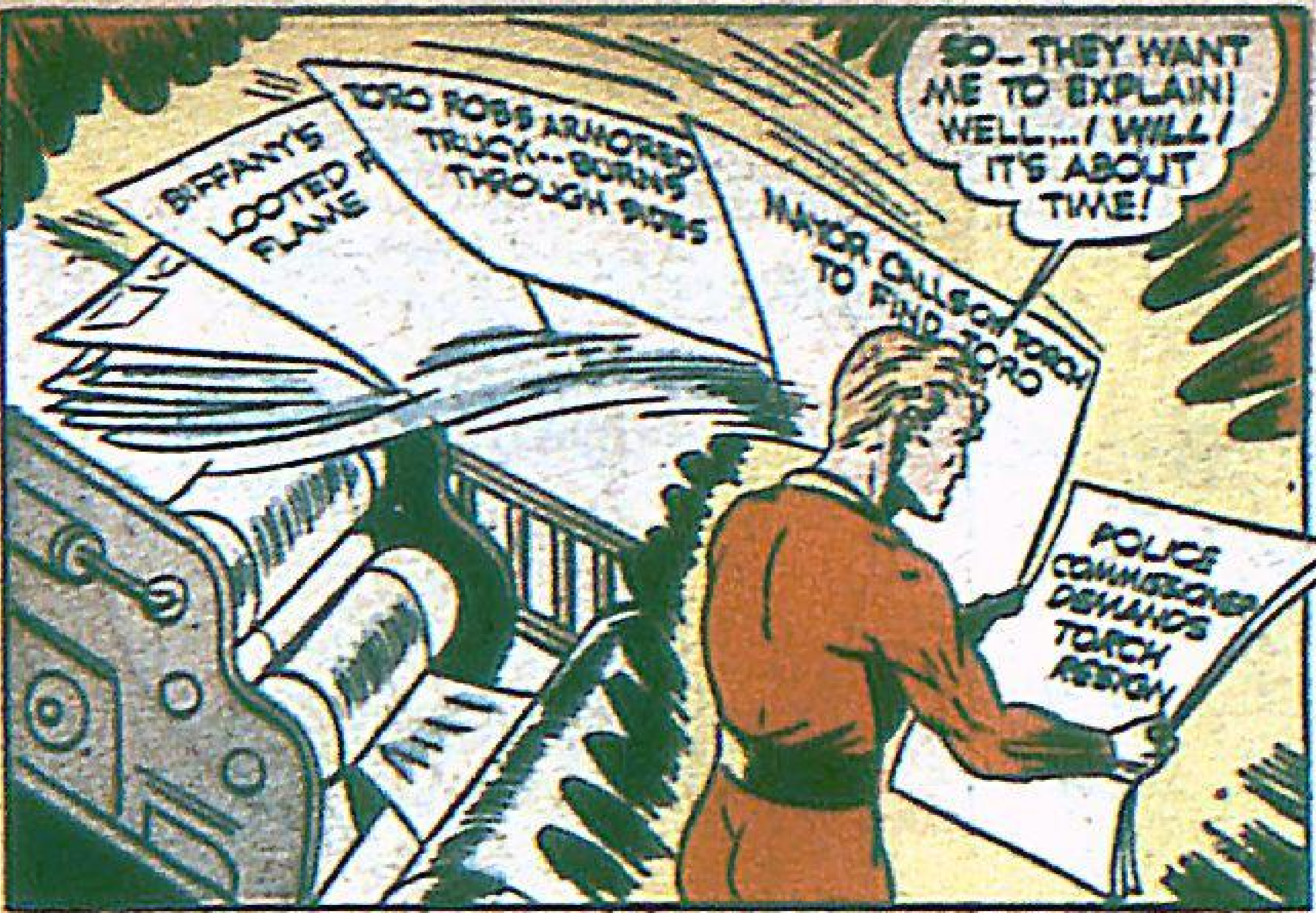

HAVING RECEIVED A HURRIED SUMMONS FROM THE POLICE COMMISSIONER, *THE TORCH* WINGS HIS WAY TOWARD HEADQUARTERS...
WONDER WHAT THE POLICE COMMISSIONER WANTS WITH ME?
HELLO, CHIEF... WHAT'S ON *YOUR* MIND?
TORCH! THANK HEAVEN YOU'VE COME!
I'M FACING THE STRANGEST MYSTERY IN ALL MY EXPERIENCE--AND I NEED *YOU* TO SOLVE IT!
MYSTERY? WHAT MYSTERY, CHIEF?
THE MYSTERY OF THE DISAPPEARING CRIMINALS!!

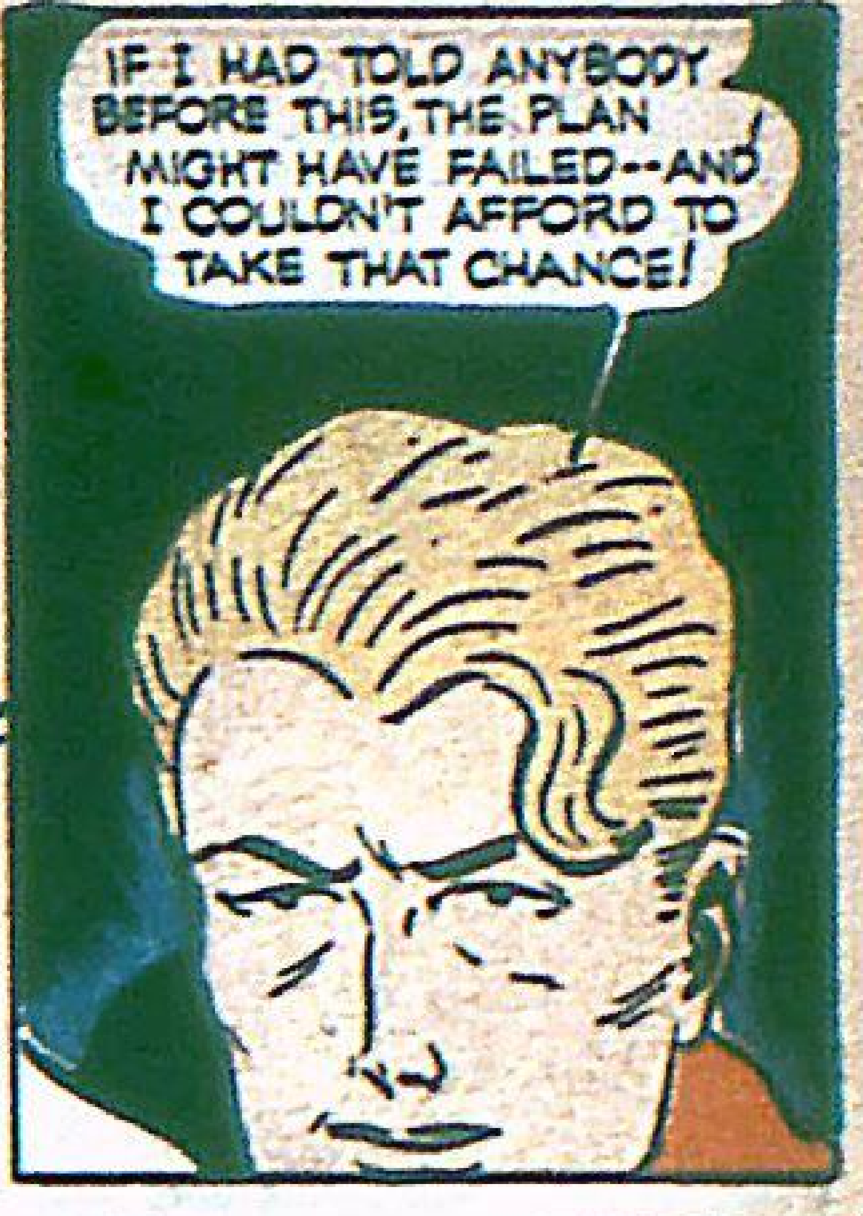

MYSTERY OF THE DISAPPEARING CRIMINALS? I DON'T GET IT! IT SEEMS TO ME THAT YOU OUGHT TO BE GLAD THE RATS DO DISAPPEAR!
I WOULD BE TORCH...IF I COULD UNDERSTAND WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM-- BUT WHEN EVERY IMPORTANT CRIMINAL SUDDENLY DISAPPEARS FROM HIS USUAL HAUNTS, AND CAN'T BE FOUND... THEN I BEGIN TO SMELL ANOTHER KIND OF RAT!
SOMETHING IS UP, EH? WELL, I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO--
SUDDENLY...
TORO! I THOUGHT YOU WERE VISITING YOUR FRIEND, JIMMY WILSON--
I WAS, TORCH-- BUT...
YOU'VE GOT TO COME AT ONCE! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO HIS FATHER!
JIMMY WILSON? WASN'T HIS FATHER JUST RELEASED FROM PRISON?
THAT'S RIGHT... HE WAS PAROLED! WHAT'S HAPPENED, TORO?
HE'S DISAPPEARED!
DISAPPEARED? SEE, TORCH-- WHAT DID I TELL YOU?
ARE YOU COMING, TORCH? JIMMY'S MOTHER IS AWFULLY WORRIED!
RIGHT.. COME ON!
TURNING ON THEIR FLAMES, THE TORCH AND TORO HEAD FOR THE WILSON HOME...
WE'LL NOT ONLY FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO JIMMY'S FATHER, BUT WE'LL BREAK THIS CASE OF THE DISAPPEARING CRIMINALS!

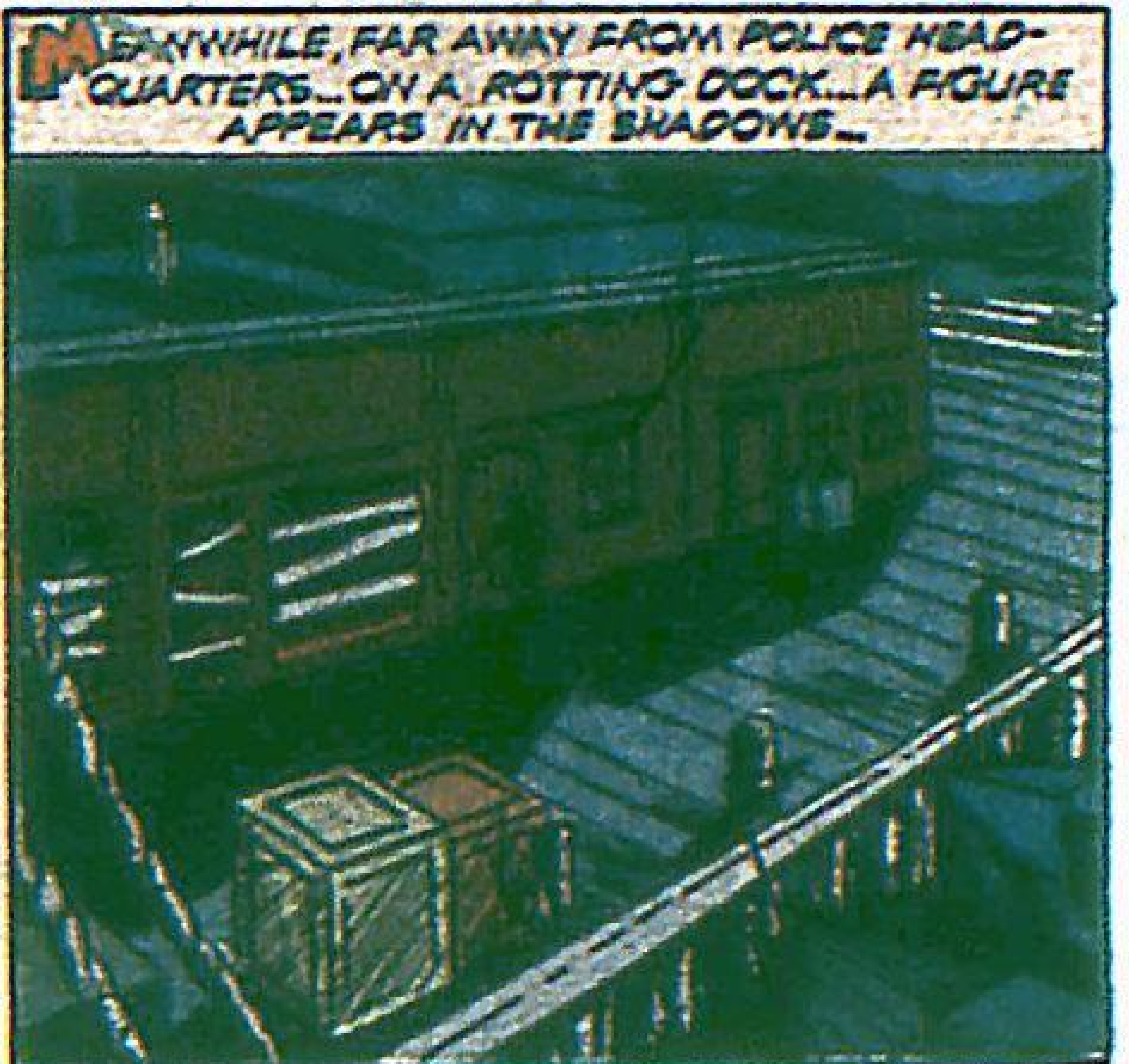

HERE WE ARE TORO... WHICH HOUSE IS IT?
THAT ONE-- OVER THERE!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER... AT THE DOOR OF WILSON'S TENEMENT FLAT--
DON'T WORRY, MOM... DAD'LL SHOW UP SOON!
THAT'S JIMMY'S VOICE... HIS DAD'S STILL MISSING!
AND HIS MOTHER'S CRYING... LET'S GO!
THEY ENTER THE DINGY LIVINGROOM--
TORO! YOU BACK? AND---
YES, JIMMY-- WITH THE TORCH, AS I PROMISED! HE'LL FIND YOUR DAD FOR YOU!
I HOPE SO!
YOU SAY YOUR HUSBAND WENT TO SEE A MAN ABOUT WORK?
YES... IT WAS A MAN HE MET IN PRISON-- HE PROMISED TO GET MY HUSBAND AN HONEST JOB!
AND HE'S BEEN GONE FOR ALMOST TWO DAYS!
YOU DON'T KNOW WHO THIS MAN WAS?
BILL CALLED HIM MR. GORMLEY-- BUT THAT'S NOT ALL! A PRISON FRIEND OF BILL'S... TOM DAVIS--- WENT WITH HIM, AND TOM HASN'T COME BACK EITHER!
TORCH! THERE'S A COP ON HIS WAY INTO THE HOUSE!
MRS. WILSON? I'M... THAT IS... NOW PLEASE GET HOLD OF YOURSELF, MRS. WILSON-- YOU SEE-- YOUR HUSBAND IS DEAD!
A FEW SECONDS LATER...

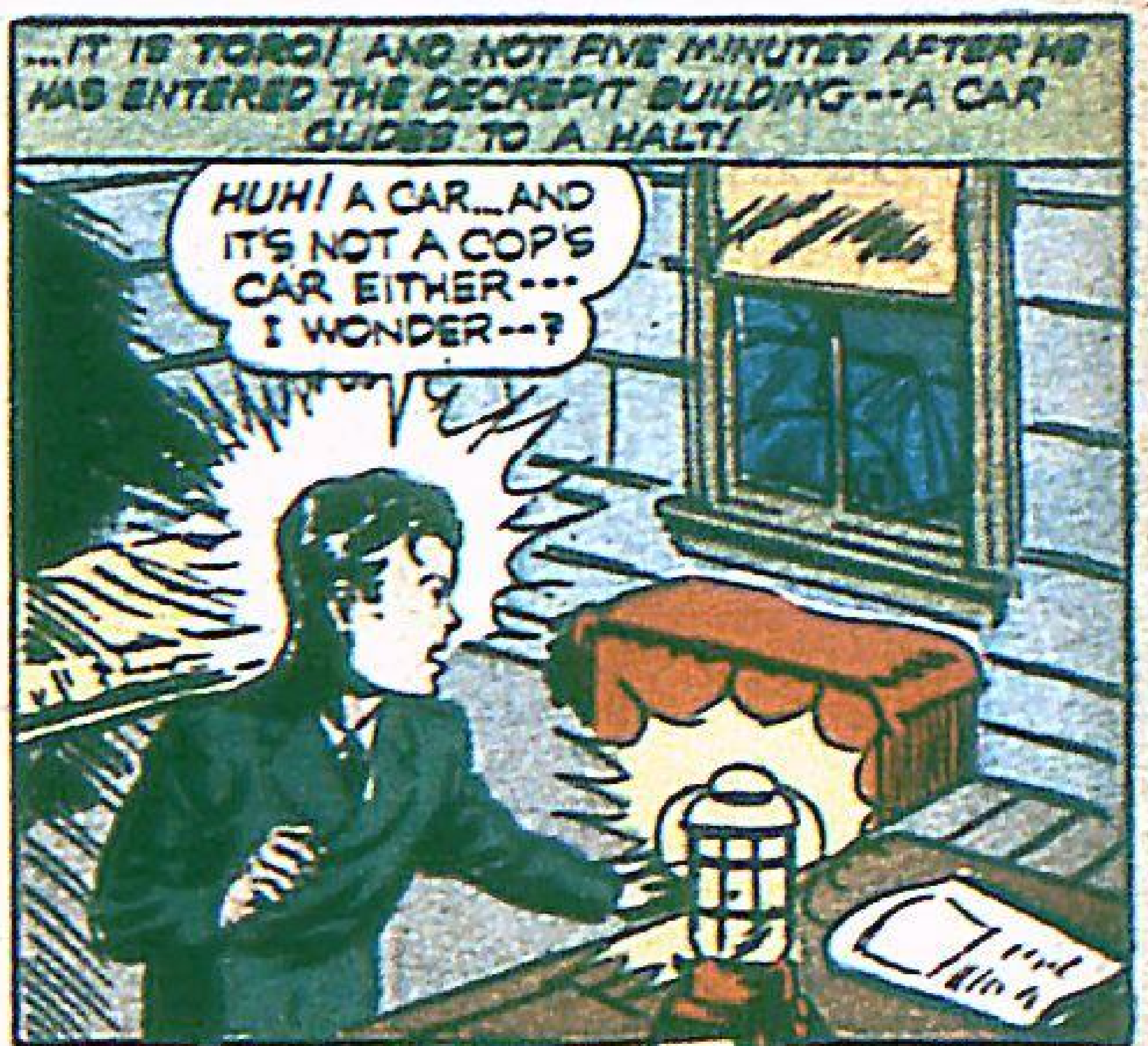

DEAD?
YES, SIR...THEY FOUND HIM ABOUT AN HOUR AGO...IN A CHEAP HOTEL ROOM...DEAD OF HEART FAILURE!
WHAT? OH-H-H!! I DON'T BELIEVE IT! BILL NEVER HAD A BAD HEART! IT'S A LIE... IT'S A LIE!
PLEASE, MRS. WILSON-- I'M SORRY...BUT THAT'S WHAT THE MEDICAL EXAMINER SAID!
NO! NO!! IT CAN'T BE -- BILL CAN'T BE DEAD!
WATCH AFTER HER, PETE...I'M GOING INTO ACTION! RIGHT NOW! WHAT'S THAT ADDRESS?
OBTAINING THE ADDRESS FROM THE POLICEMAN...THE TORCH AND TORO LEAVE---
TORO, I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S IN BACK OF THIS STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF CRIMINALS--
--AND A SHORT WHILE LATER ARRIVE AT A CHEAP EAST SIDE HOTEL!
--BUT I'LL SOON FIND OUT--AND THERE'S NO BETTER PLACE TO START THAN RIGHT HERE!
IN THE DEAD MAN'S ROOM...
GEE! POOR MRS. WILSON AND JIMMY! HE WAS A SWELL GUY... EVEN IF HE WAS IN JAIL!
ANYBODY CAN MAKE A MISTAKE, TORO--EVEN "SWELL GUYS"! BUT...WHAT'S THIS? HMMM...
TORO...WILSON WAS MURDERED! AND YOU'RE THE ONE WHO IS GOING TO FIND THE MURDERER! LISTEN...
WHAT IS IT, TORCH?

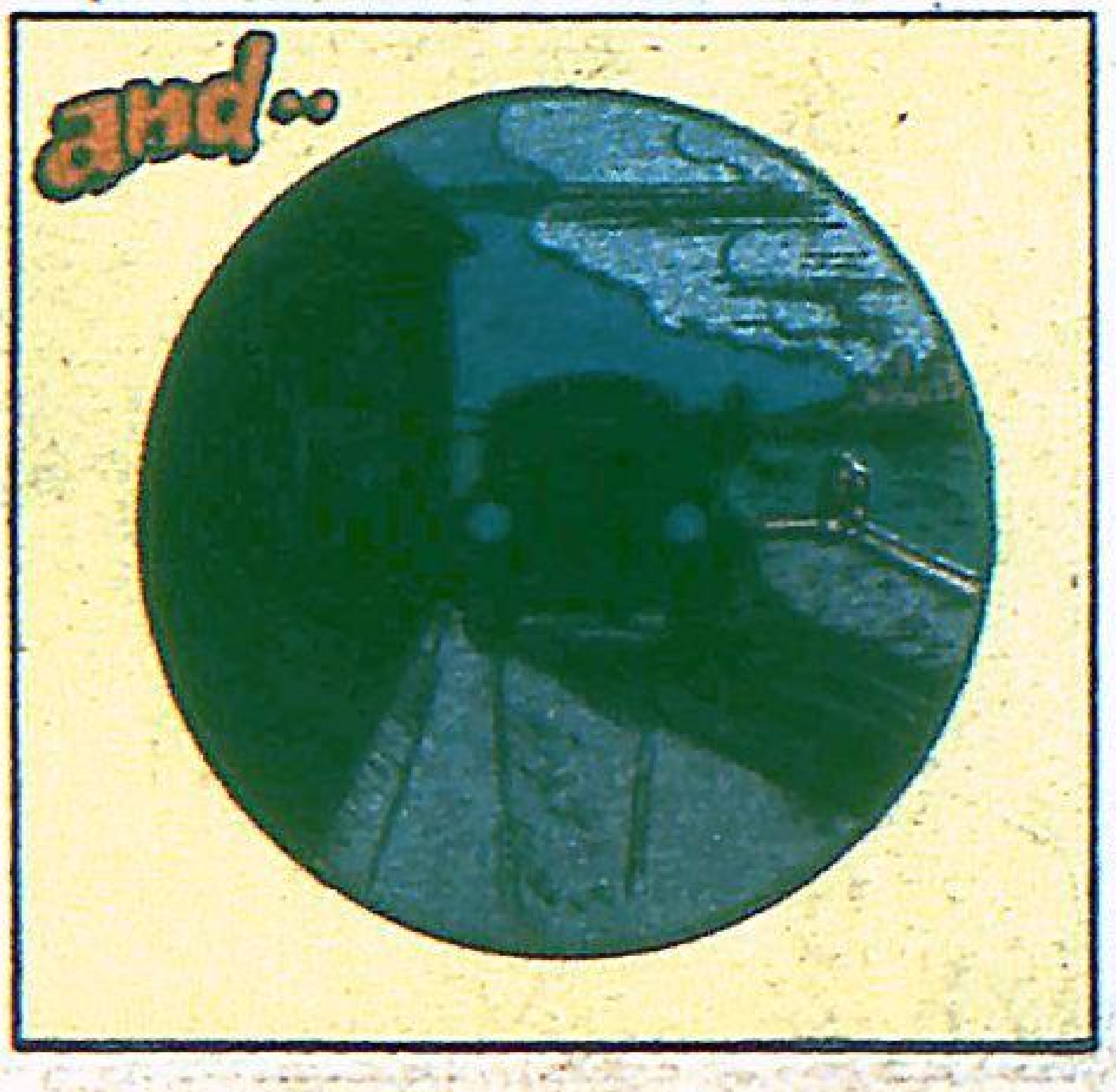

A FEW DAYS PASS--THEN, FOR NO ACCOUNTABLE REASON...TORO TURNS TO CRIME! SWOOPING OUT OF THE NIGHT OVER A PALATIAL ESTATE---
HE CRASHES THROUGH THE WINDOW TO CONFRONT A WEALTHY BROKER...
OKAY, MR. GILTLAW-- GET AWAY FROM THAT PHONE... AND OPEN YOUR SAFE!
WHAT--? WHO ARE YOU?
AFTER ROBBING GILTLAW'S SAFE, TORO TRAPS THE BROKER WITH LOOPS OF FLAME!
THERE! THAT'LL HOLD YOU! THANKS FOR THE DOUGH!
YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! I KNOW YOU--YOU'RE TORO!
BUT TORO DID GET AWAY WITH IT! SOON AFTER, HE GETS BOLDER!
YE GODS! THAT'S THAT TORO...BURNIN' RIGHT INTO THE BANK!
BRAZENLY HE LOOTS THE SAFE-DEPOSIT VAULTS!
THE BULLETS-- THEY'RE MELTING! I THOUGHT THE TORCH SAID HIS FLAME WAS WEAK!
HAH! SHOOT... FOOLS!
DISREGARDING THE POLICE-MEN'S BULLETS...TORO WINGS HIS WAY TO FREEDOM!
IT'S A GOOD THING THE TORCH FIXED MY FLAME!
SCREAMING BANNER HEAD-LINES MAKE THE TORCH SMILE IN SATISFACTION--
GOOD GOING, KIDDO! WE OUGHT TO GET SOME-WHERE NOW!
The DAILY STAR
TORO ON RAMPAGE
TORCH IGNORES FACTS


BIFFANY'S LOOTED FLAME
TORO ROBS ARMORED TRUCK--BURNS THROUGH SIDES
MAYOR CALLS ON TORCH TO FIND TORO
SO—THEY WANT ME TO EXPLAIN! WELL...I WILL! IT'S ABOUT TIME!
POLICE COMMISSIONER DEMANDS TORCH RESIGN


IF I HAD TOLD ANYBODY BEFORE THIS, THE PLAN MIGHT HAVE FAILED--AND I COULDN'T AFFORD TO TAKE THAT CHANCE!


MEANWHILE, FAR AWAY FROM POLICE HEADQUARTERS...ON A ROTTING DOCK...A FIGURE APPEARS IN THE SHADOWS...


...IT IS TORO! AND NOT FIVE MINUTES AFTER HE HAS ENTERED THE DECREPIT BUILDING--A CAR GLIDES TO A HALT!
HUH! A CAR...AND IT'S NOT A COP'S CAR EITHER--- I WONDER--?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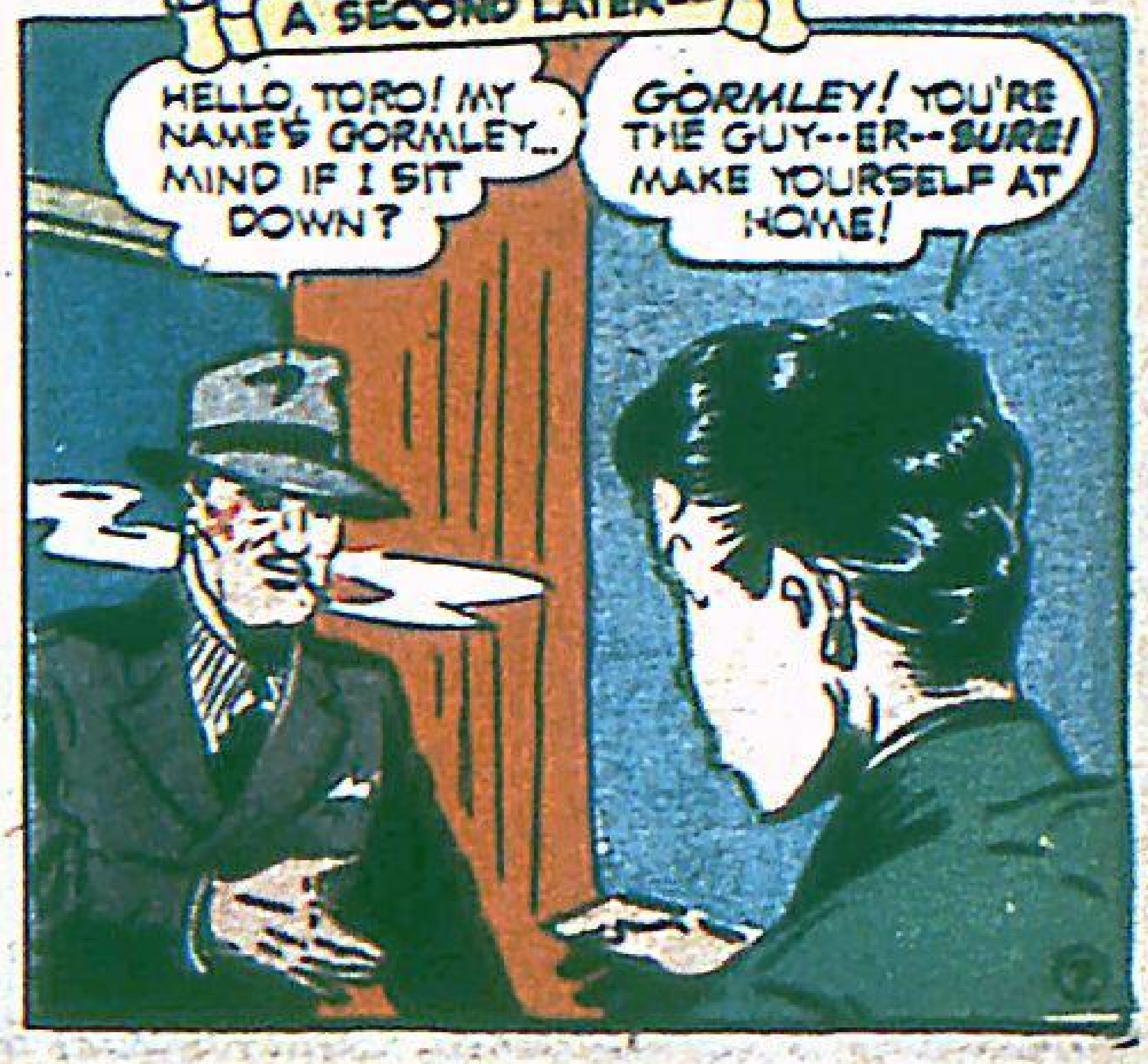
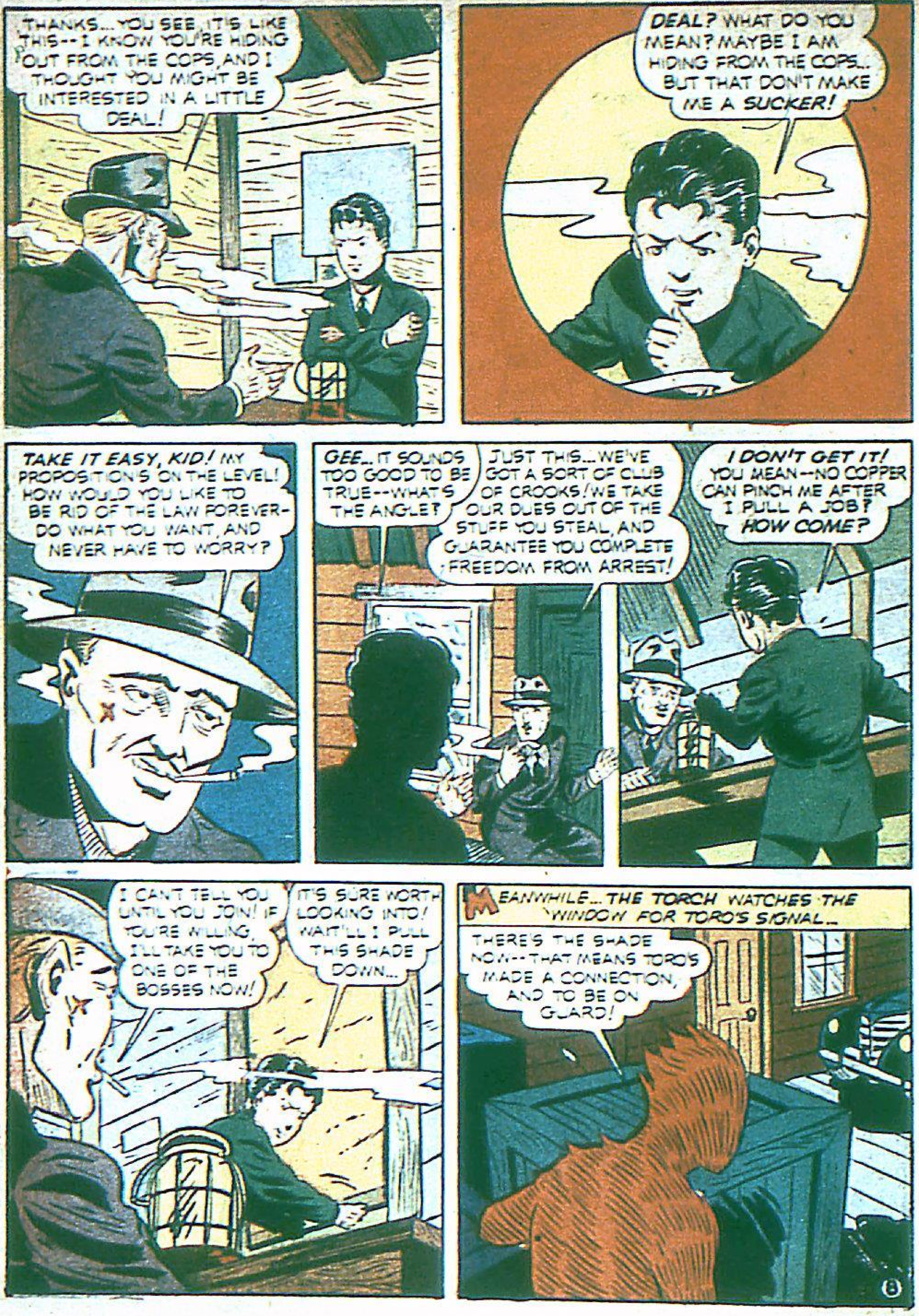
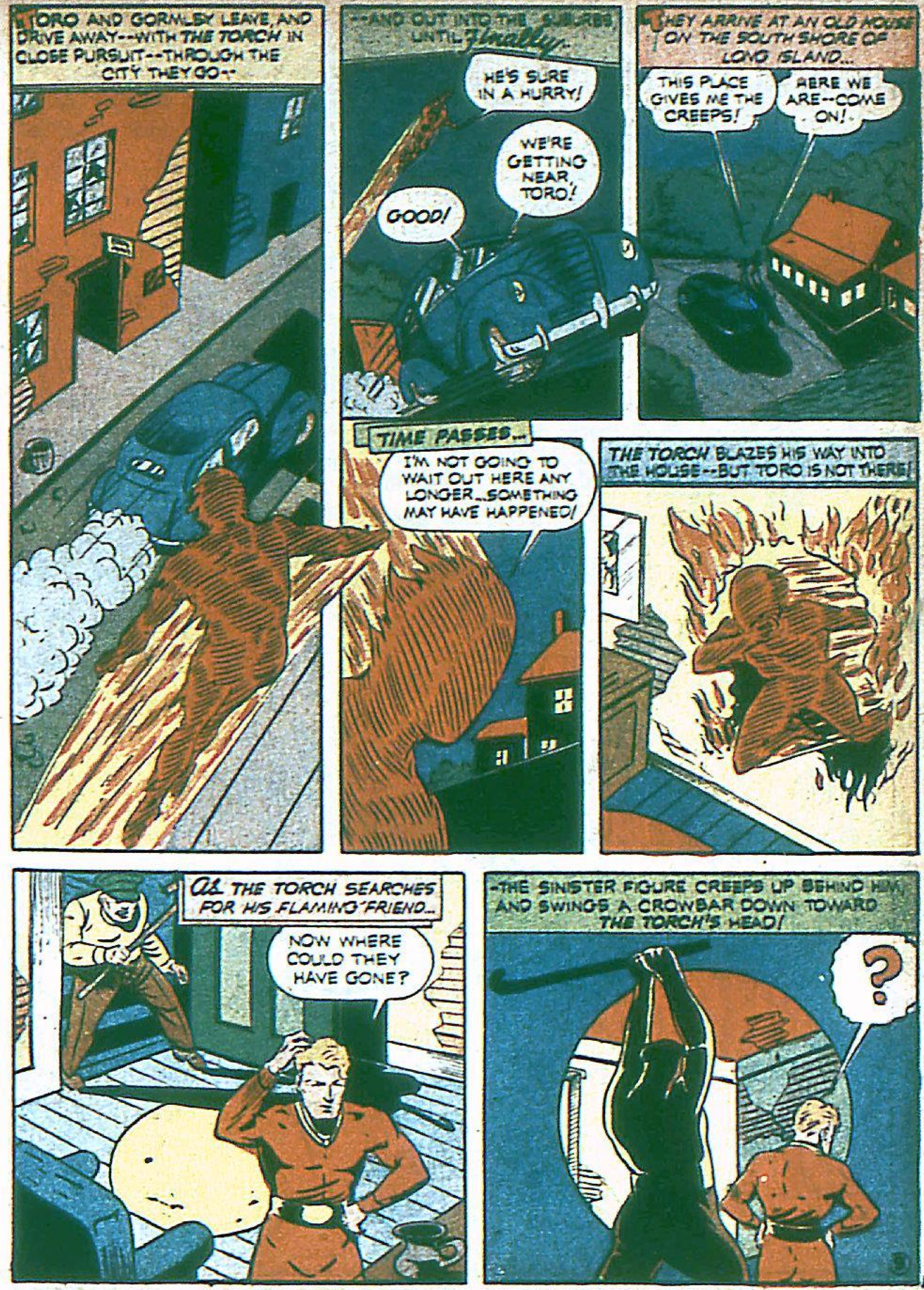
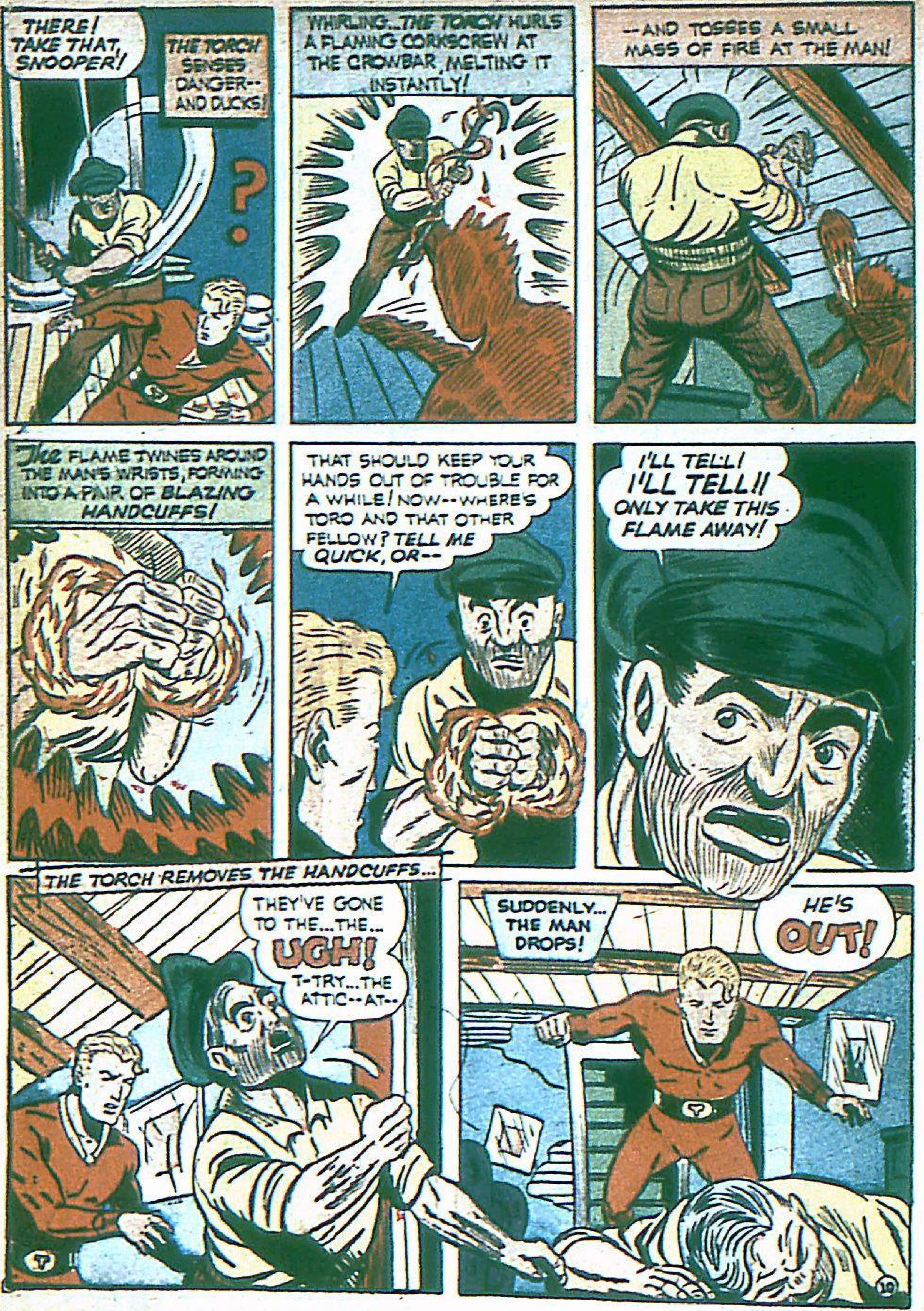
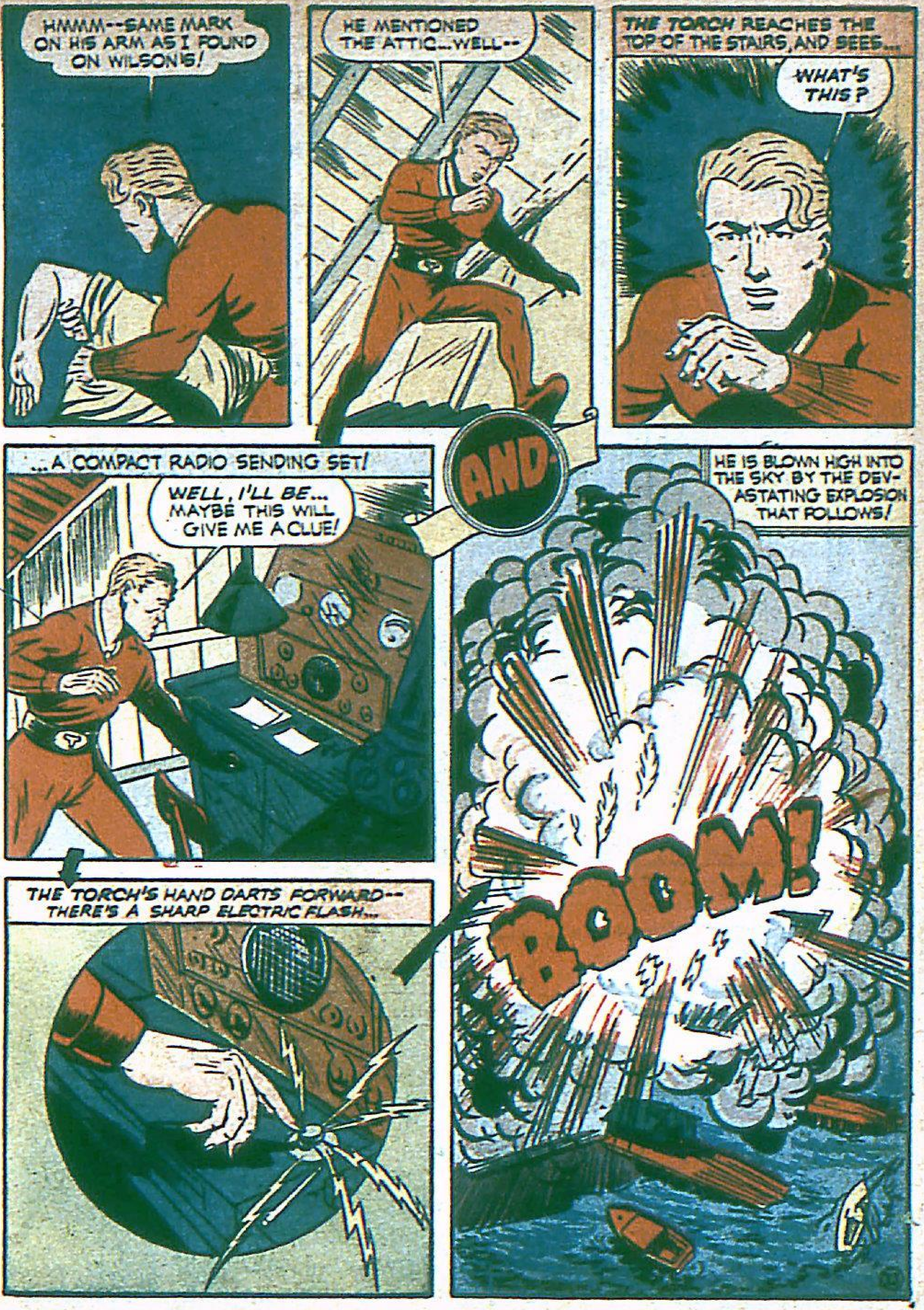
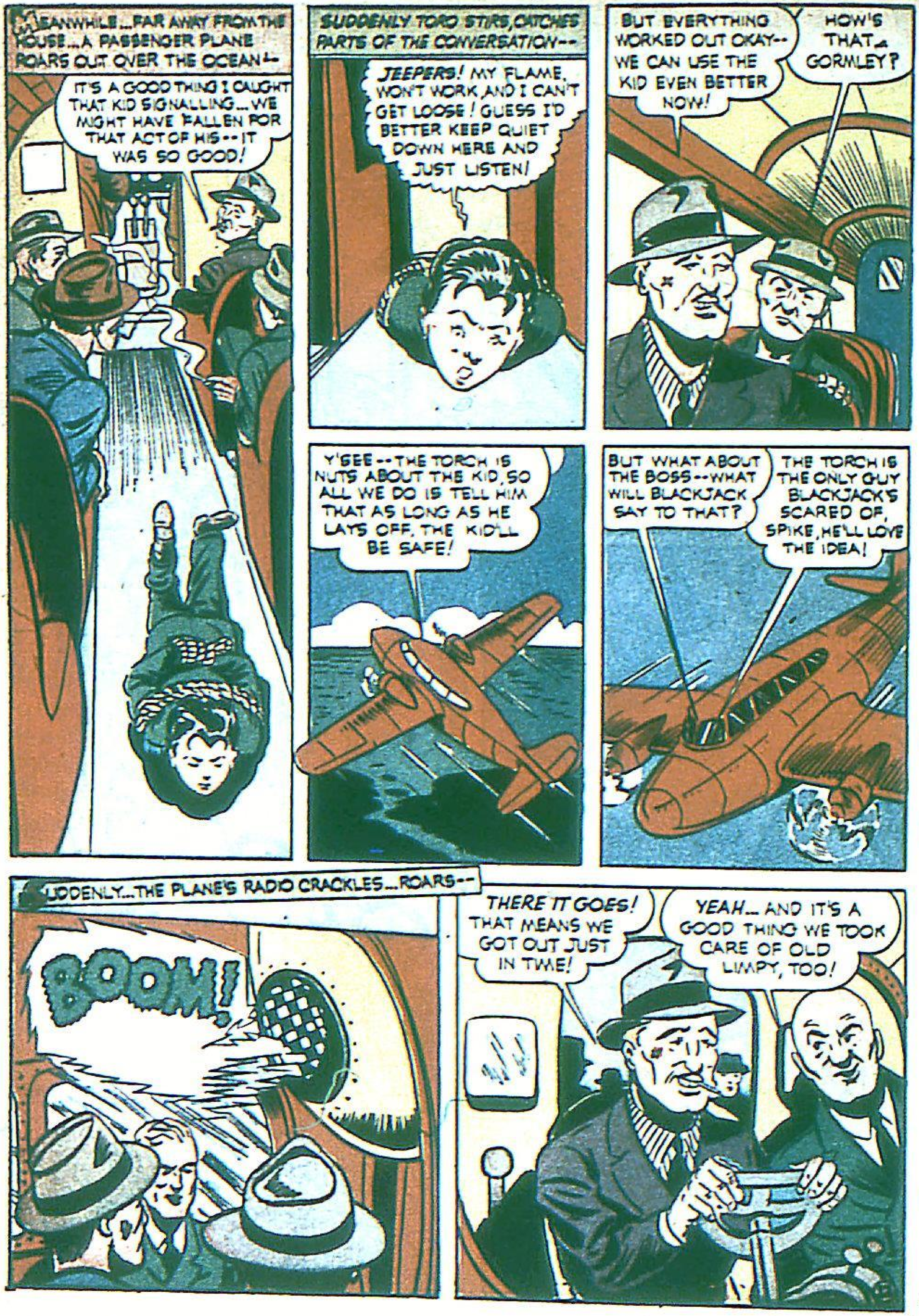

A SECOND LATER--
HELLO, TORO! MY NAME'S GORMLEY... MIND IF I SIT DOWN?
GORMLEY! YOU'RE THE GUY--ER--SURE! MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME!

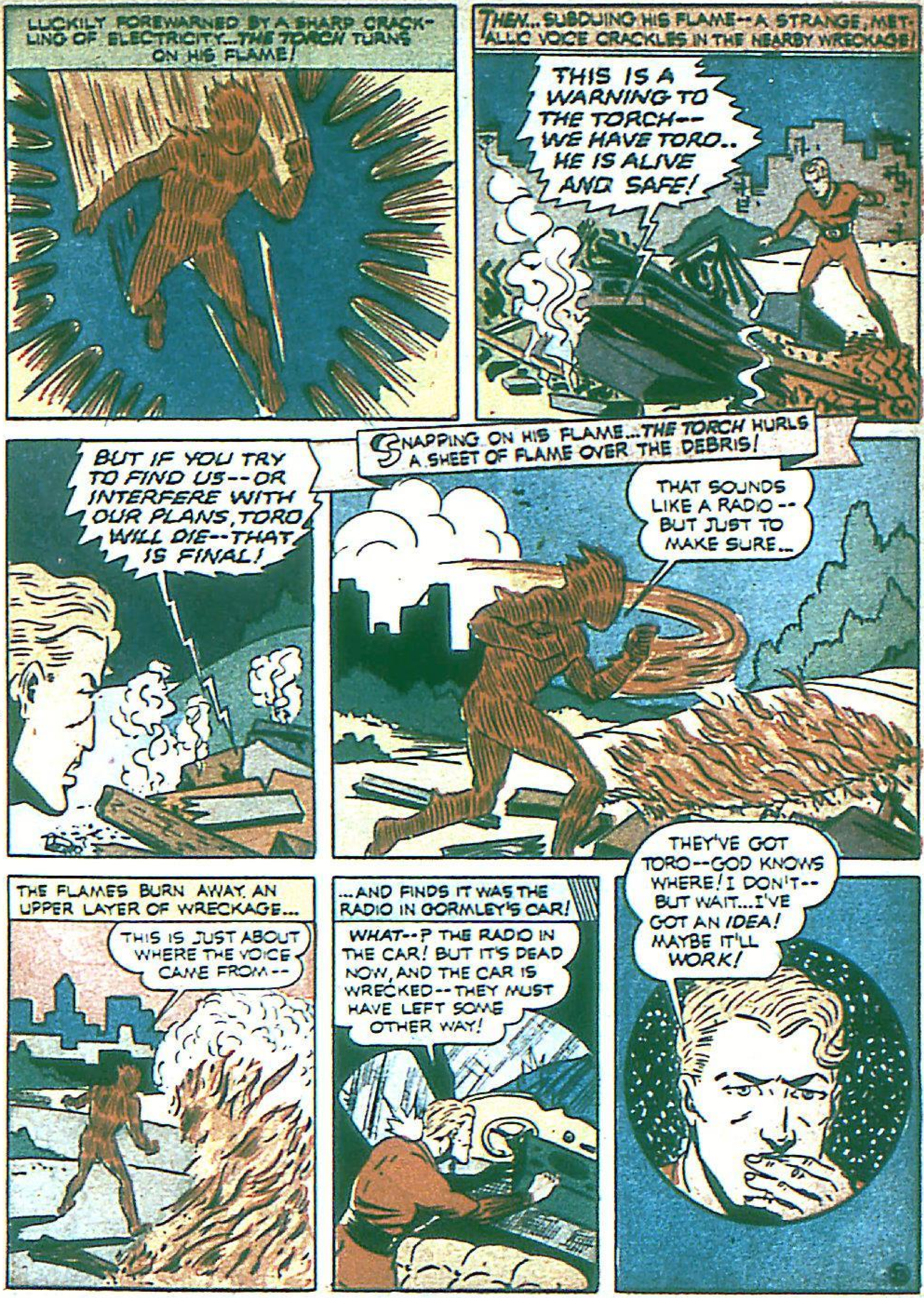

THANKS... YOU SEE, IT'S LIKE THIS-- I KNOW YOU'RE HIDING OUT FROM THE COPS, AND I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN A LITTLE DEAL!
DEAL? WHAT DO YOU MEAN? MAYBE I AM HIDING FROM THE COPS... BUT THAT DON'T MAKE ME A SUCKER!
TAKE IT EASY, KID! MY PROPOSITION'S ON THE LEVEL! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE RID OF THE LAW FOREVER-DO WHAT YOU WANT, AND NEVER HAVE TO WORRY?
GEE... IT SOUNDS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE--WHAT'S THE ANGLE?
JUST THIS... WE'VE GOT A SORT OF CLUB OF CROOKS! WE TAKE OUR DUES OUT OF THE STUFF YOU STEAL, AND GUARANTEE YOU COMPLETE FREEDOM FROM ARREST!
I DON'T GET IT! YOU MEAN--NO COPPER CAN PINCH ME AFTER I PULL A JOB? HOW COME?
I CAN'T TELL YOU UNTIL YOU JOIN! IF YOU'RE WILLING, I'LL TAKE YOU TO ONE OF THE BOSSES NOW!
IT'S SURE WORTH LOOKING INTO! WAIT'LL I PULL THIS SHADE DOWN...
MEANWHILE... THE TORCH WATCHES THE WINDOW FOR TORO'S SIGNAL...
THERE'S THE SHADE NOW-- THAT MEANS TORO'S MADE A CONNECTION, AND TO BE ON GUARD!

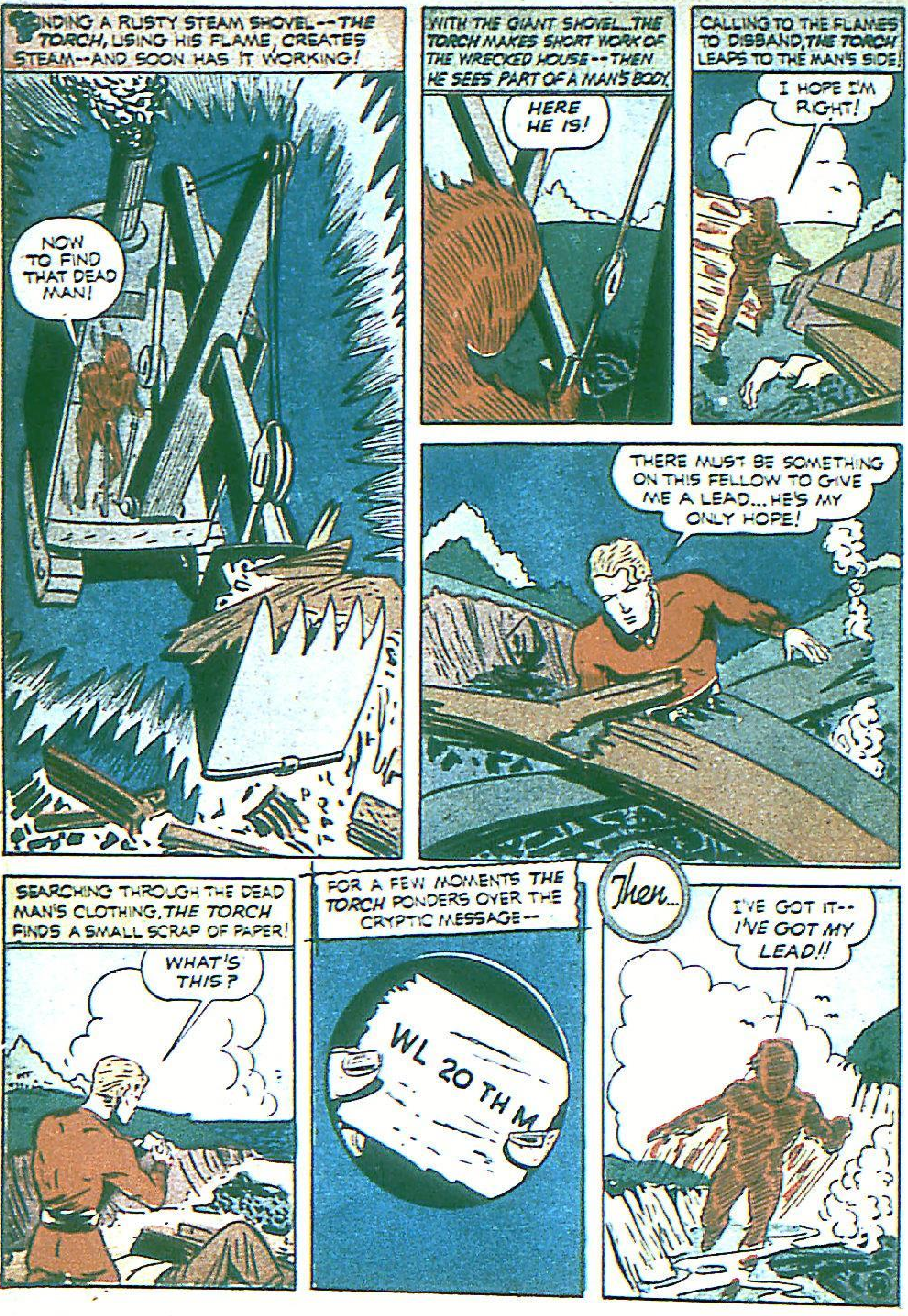

TORO AND GORMLEY LEAVE, AND DRIVE AWAY--WITH THE TORCH IN CLOSE PURSUIT--THROUGH THE CITY THEY GO--
--AND OUT INTO THE SUBURBS UNTIL Finally..
HE'S SURE IN A HURRY!
WE'RE GETTING NEAR, TORO!
GOOD!
THEY ARRIVE AT AN OLD HOUSE ON THE SOUTH SHORE OF LONG ISLAND...
THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS!
HERE WE ARE--COME ON!
TIME PASSES..
I'M NOT GOING TO WAIT OUT HERE ANY LONGER..SOMETHING MAY HAVE HAPPENED!
THE TORCH BLAZES HIS WAY INTO THE HOUSE--BUT TORO IS NOT THERE!
AS THE TORCH SEARCHES FOR HIS FLAMING FRIEND...
NOW WHERE COULD THEY HAVE GONE?
-THE SINISTER FIGURE CREEPS UP BEHIND HIM, AND SWINGS A CROWBAR DOWN TOWARD THE TORCH'S HEAD!
?

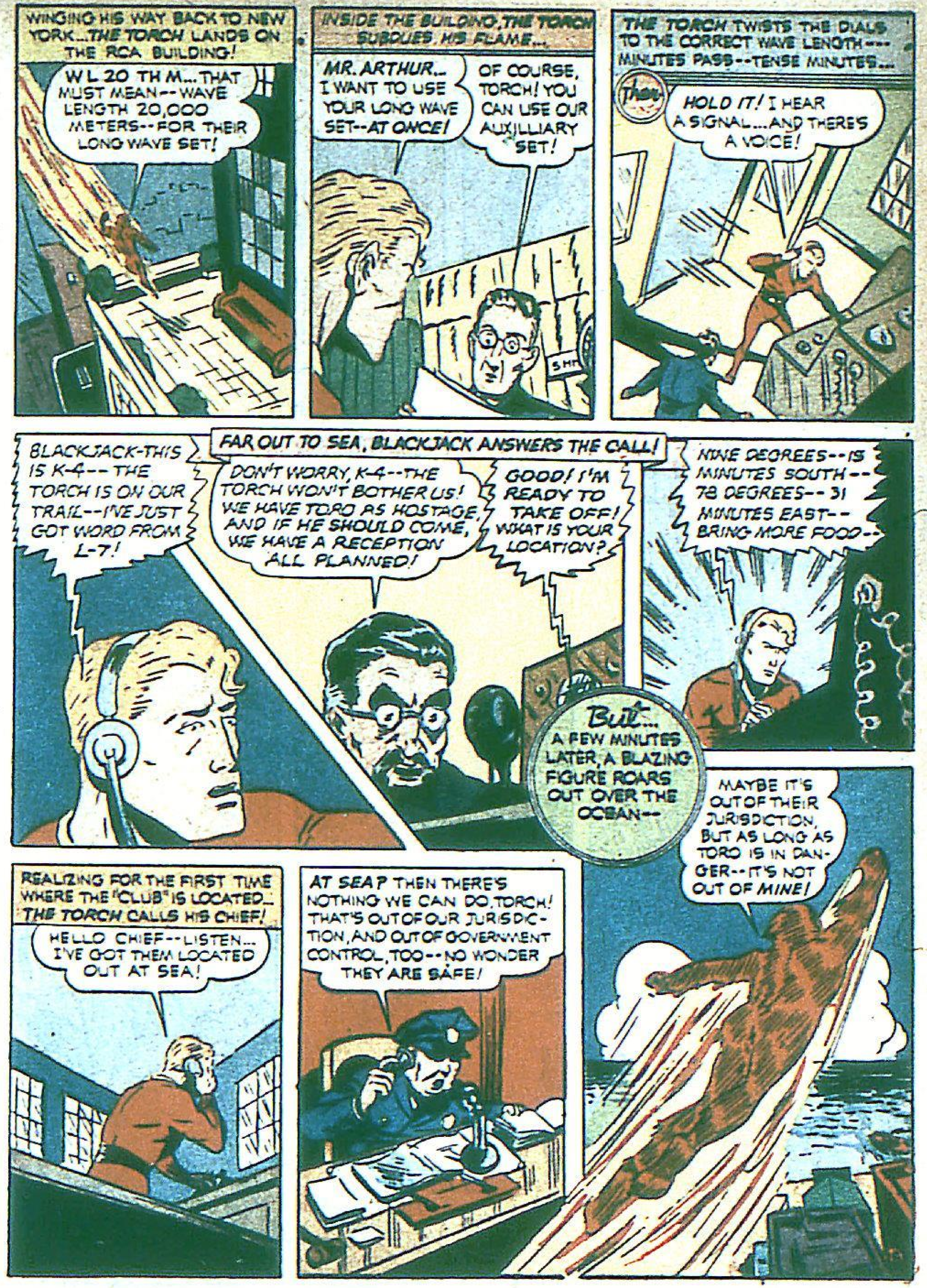

THERE! TAKE THAT, SNOOPER!
THE TORCH SENSES DANGER-- AND DUCKS!
?
WHIRLING...THE TORCH HURLS A FLAMING CORKSCREW AT THE CROWBAR, MELTING IT INSTANTLY!
--AND TOSSES A SMALL MASS OF FIRE AT THE MAN!
The FLAME TWINES AROUND THE MAN'S WRISTS, FORMING INTO A PAIR OF BLAZING HANDCUFFS!
THAT SHOULD KEEP YOUR HANDS OUT OF TROUBLE FOR A WHILE! NOW--WHERE'S TORO AND THAT OTHER FELLOW? TELL ME QUICK, OR--
I'LL TELL! I'LL TELL!! ONLY TAKE THIS FLAME AWAY!
THE TORCH REMOVES THE HANDCUFFS...
THEY'VE GONE TO THE...THE... UGH! T-TRY...THE ATTIC--AT--
SUDDENLY... THE MAN DROPS!
HE'S OUT!

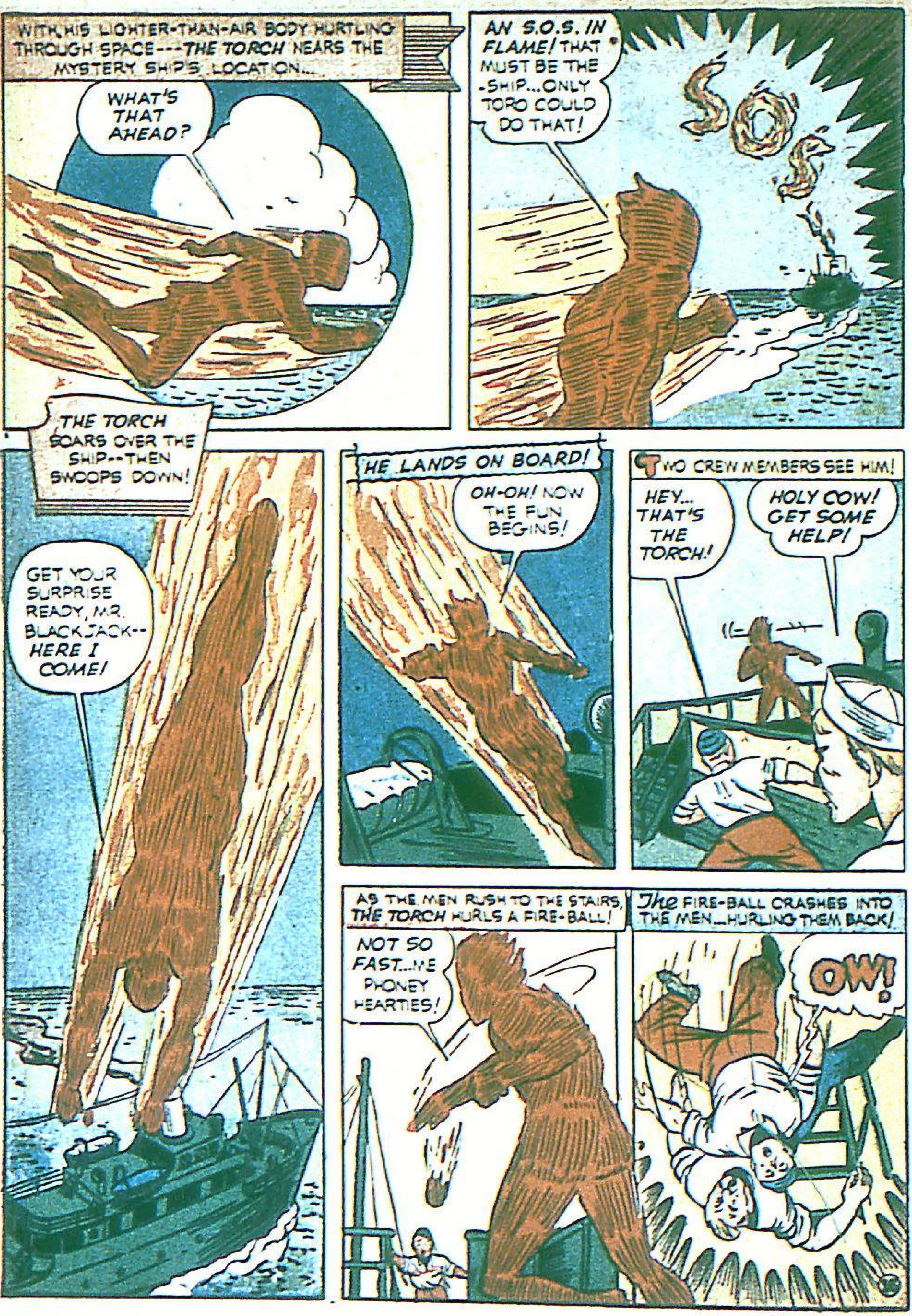

HMMM--SAME MARK ON HIS ARM AS I FOUND ON WILSON'S!
HE MENTIONED THE ATTIC...WELL--
THE TORCH REACHES THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, AND SEES...
WHAT'S THIS?
...A COMPACT RADIO SENDING SET!
WELL, I'LL BE... MAYBE THIS WILL GIVE ME A CLUE!
AND-
THE TORCH'S HAND DARTS FORWARD-- THERE'S A SHARP ELECTRIC FLASH...
HE IS BLOWN HIGH INTO THE SKY BY THE DEVASTATING EXPLOSION THAT FOLLOWS!
BOOM!

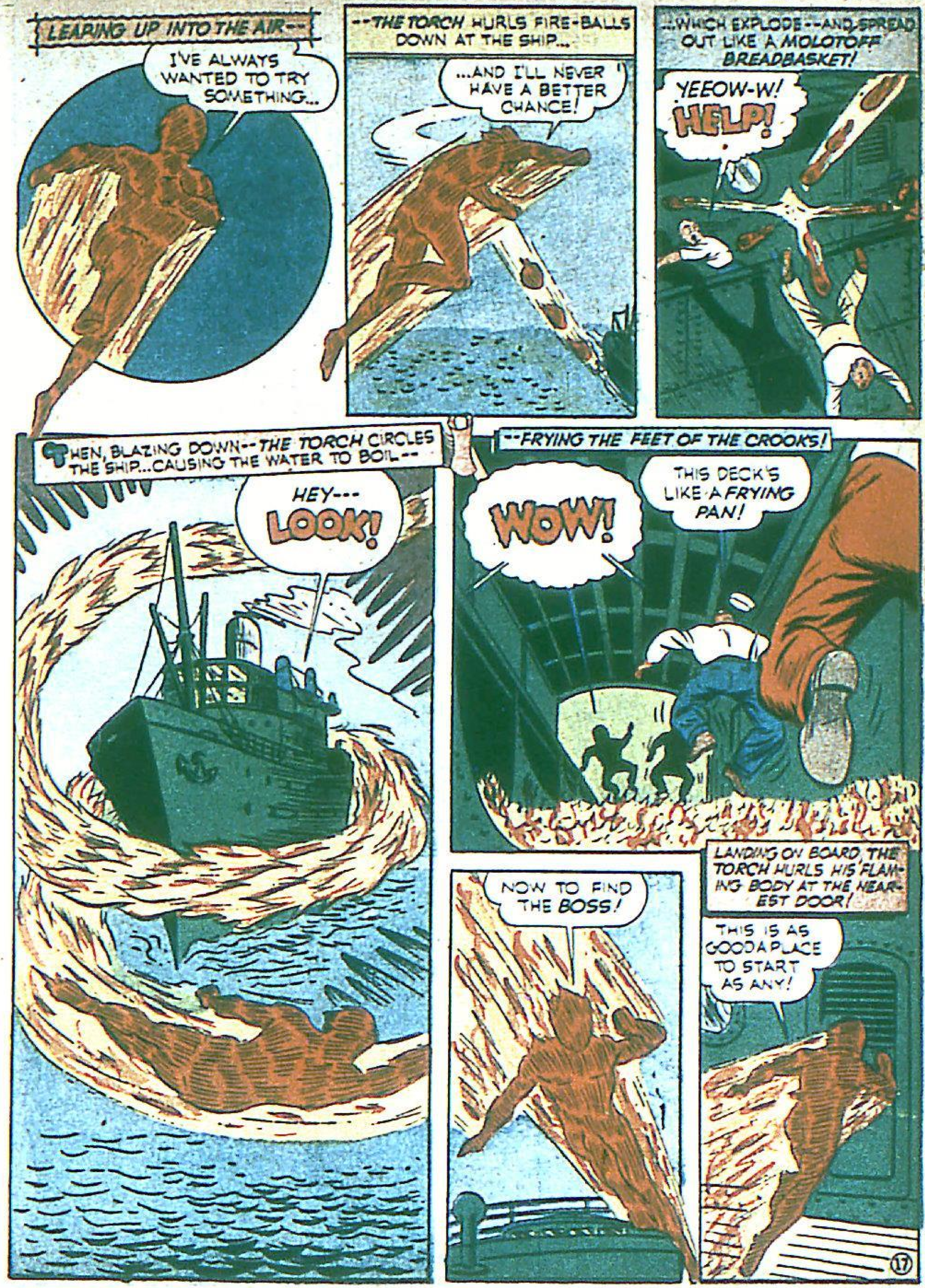

MEANWHILE...FAR AWAY FROM THE HOUSE...A PASSENGER PLANE ROARS OUT OVER THE OCEAN--
IT'S A GOOD THING I CAUGHT THAT KID SIGNALLING...WE MIGHT HAVE FALLEN FOR THAT ACT OF HIS--IT WAS SO GOOD!
SUDDENLY TORO STIRS, CATCHES PARTS OF THE CONVERSATION--
JEEPERS! MY FLAME WON'T WORK, AND I CAN'T GET LOOSE! GUESS I'D BETTER KEEP QUIET DOWN HERE AND JUST LISTEN!
BUT EVERYTHING WORKED OUT OKAY--WE CAN USE THE KID EVEN BETTER NOW!
HOW'S THAT, GORMLEY?
Y'SEE--THE TORCH IS NUTS ABOUT THE KID, SO ALL WE DO IS TELL HIM THAT AS LONG AS HE LAYS OFF, THE KID'LL BE SAFE!
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE BOSS--WHAT WILL BLACKJACK SAY TO THAT?
THE TORCH IS THE ONLY GUY BLACKJACK'S SCARED OF, SPIKE, HE'LL LOVE THE IDEA!
SUDDENLY...THE PLANE'S RADIO CRACKLES...ROARS--
BOOM!
THERE IT GOES! THAT MEANS WE GOT OUT JUST IN TIME!
YEAH... AND IT'S A GOOD THING WE TOOK CARE OF OLD LIMPY, TOO!

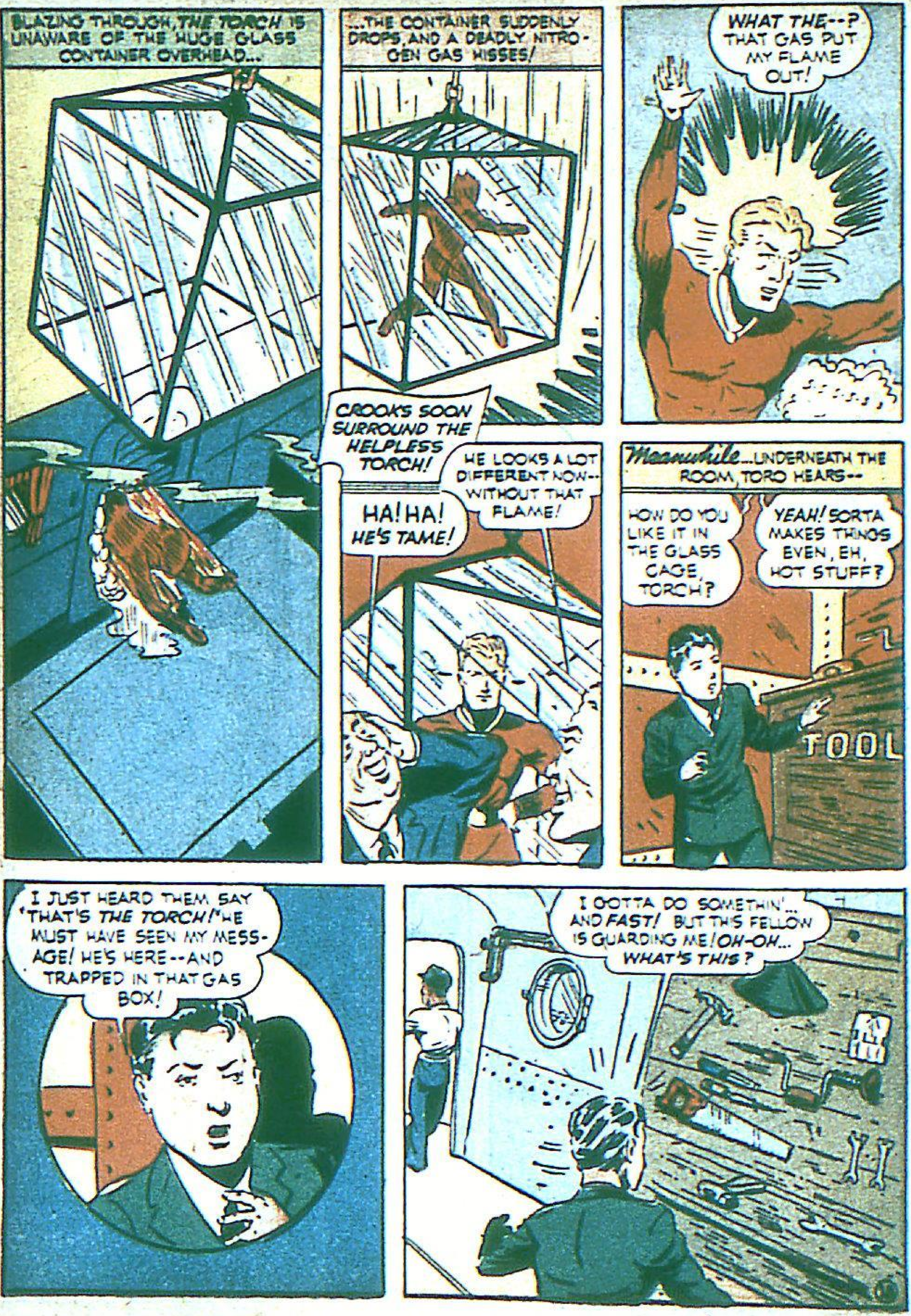

LUCKILY FOREWARNED BY A SHARP CRACKLING OF ELECTRICITY... THE TORCH TURNS ON HIS FLAME!
THEN... SUBDUING HIS FLAME--A STRANGE, METALLIC VOICE CRACKLES IN THE NEARBY WRECKAGE!
THIS IS A WARNING TO THE TORCH--WE HAVE TORO.. HE IS ALIVE AND SAFE!
BUT IF YOU TRY TO FIND US--OR INTERFERE WITH OUR PLANS, TORO WILL DIE--THAT IS FINAL!
SNAPPING ON HIS FLAME... THE TORCH HURLS A SHEET OF FLAME OVER THE DEBRIS!
THAT SOUNDS LIKE A RADIO--BUT JUST TO MAKE SURE...
THE FLAMES BURN AWAY AN UPPER LAYER OF WRECKAGE...
THIS IS JUST ABOUT WHERE THE VOICE CAME FROM--
...AND FINDS IT WAS THE RADIO IN GORMLEY'S CAR!
WHAT--? THE RADIO IN THE CAR! BUT IT'S DEAD NOW, AND THE CAR IS WRECKED--THEY MUST HAVE LEFT SOME OTHER WAY!
THEY'VE GOT TORO--GOD KNOWS WHERE! I DON'T--BUT WAIT...I'VE GOT AN IDEA! MAYBE IT'LL WORK!
5

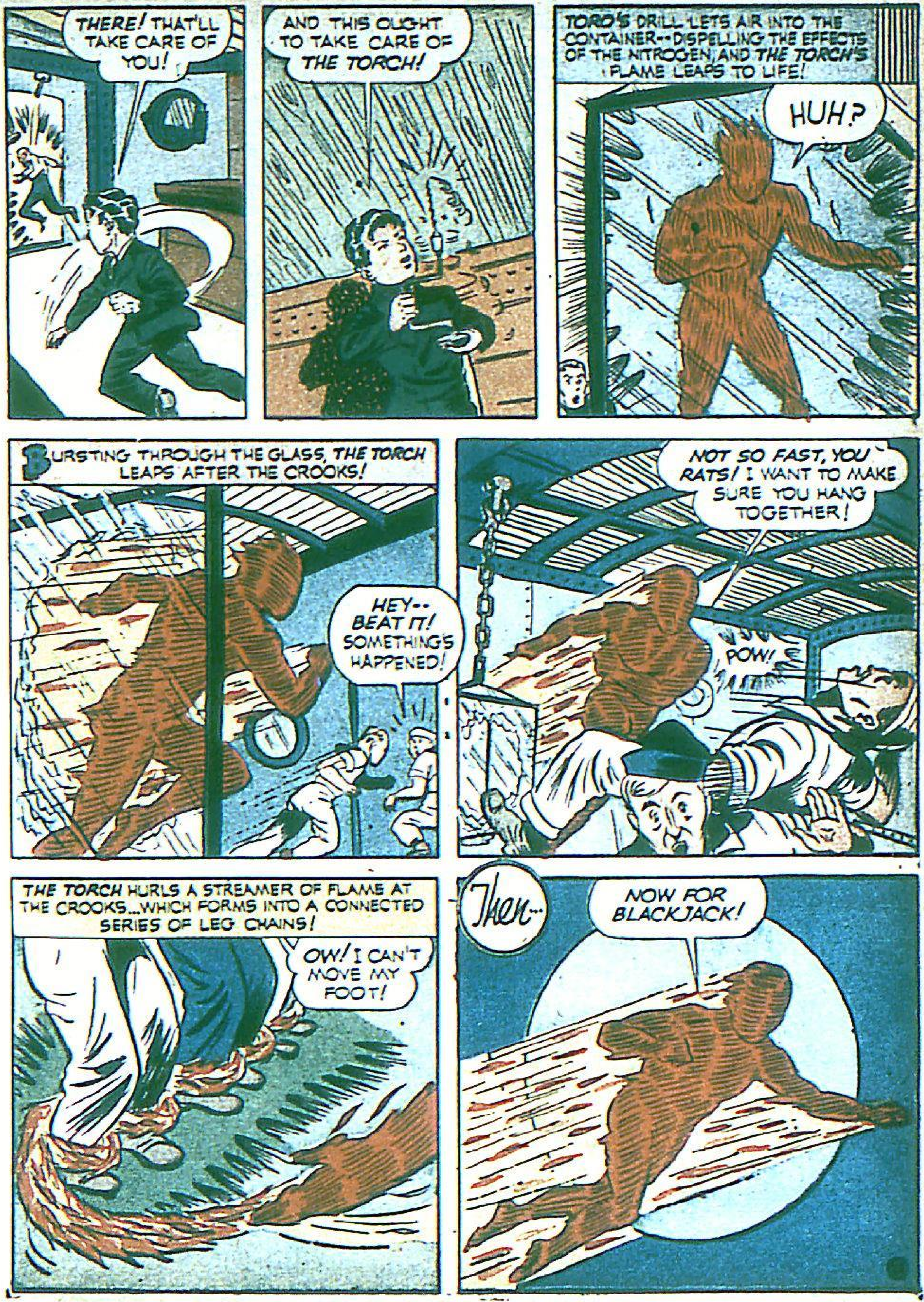

FINDING A RUSTY STEAM SHOVEL--*THE TORCH*, USING HIS FLAME, CREATES STEAM--AND SOON HAS IT WORKING!
NOW TO FIND THAT DEAD MAN!
WITH THE GIANT SHOVEL..THE TORCH MAKES SHORT WORK OF THE WRECKED HOUSE--THEN HE SEES PART OF A MAN'S BODY.
HERE HE IS!
CALLING TO THE FLAMES TO DISBAND, *THE TORCH* LEAPS TO THE MAN'S SIDE!
I HOPE I'M RIGHT!
THERE MUST BE SOMETHING ON THIS FELLOW TO GIVE ME A LEAD... HE'S MY ONLY HOPE!
SEARCHING THROUGH THE DEAD MAN'S CLOTHING, *THE TORCH* FINDS A SMALL SCRAP OF PAPER!
WHAT'S THIS?
FOR A FEW MOMENTS *THE TORCH* PONDERS OVER THE CRYPTIC MESSAGE--
WL 20 TH M
Then...
I'VE GOT IT-- *I'VE GOT MY LEAD!!*

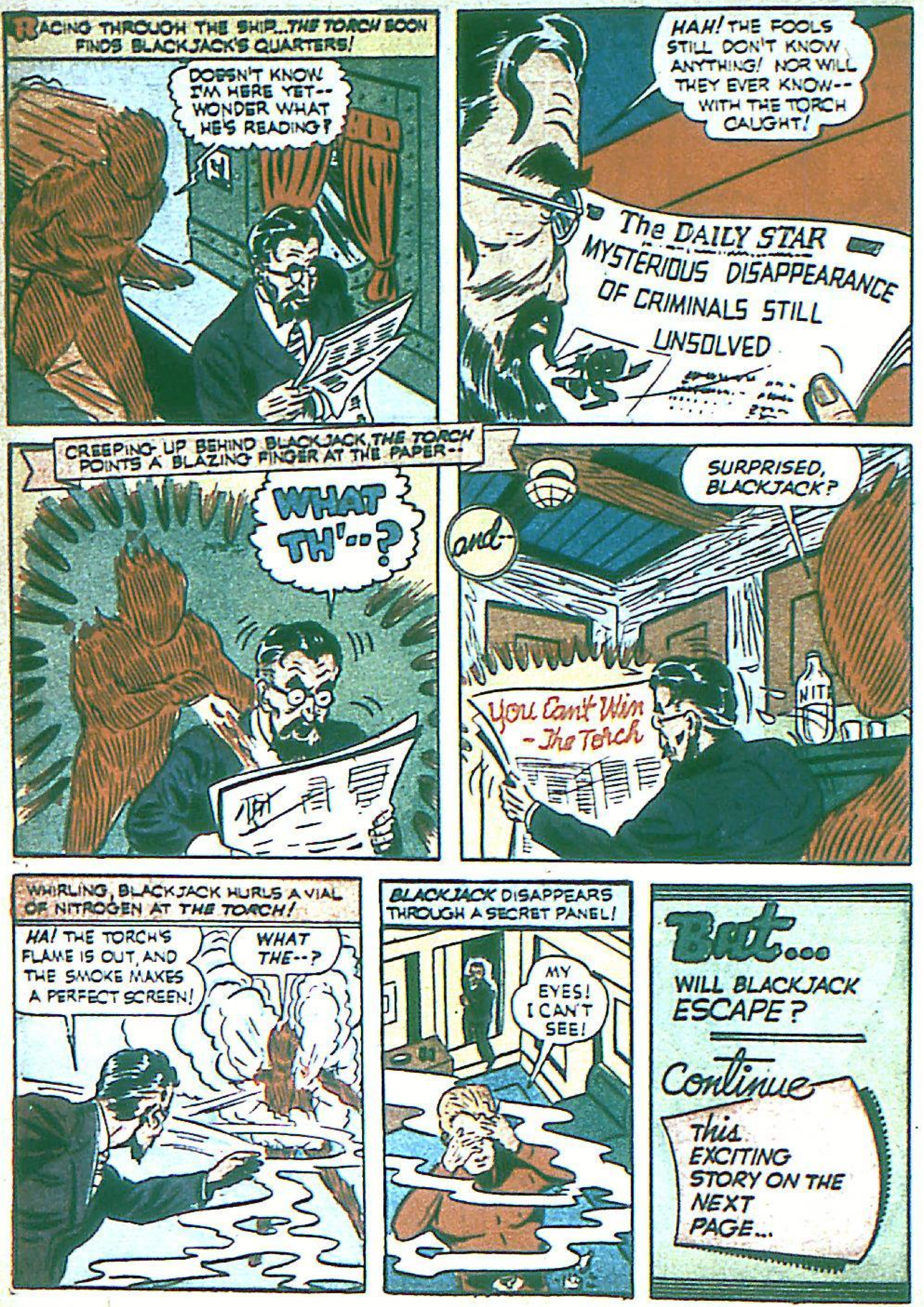

WINGING HIS WAY BACK TO NEW YORK...THE TORCH LANDS ON THE RCA BUILDING!
WL 20 TH M...THAT MUST MEAN--WAVE LENGTH 20,000 METERS--FOR THEIR LONG WAVE SET!
INSIDE THE BUILDING, THE TORCH SUBDUES HIS FLAME...
MR. ARTHUR... I WANT TO USE YOUR LONG WAVE SET--AT ONCE!
OF COURSE, TORCH! YOU CAN USE OUR AUXILLIARY SET!
THE TORCH TWISTS THE DIALS TO THE CORRECT WAVE LENGTH--- MINUTES PASS--TENSE MINUTES...
Then
HOLD IT! I HEAR A SIGNAL...AND THERE'S A VOICE!
FAR OUT TO SEA, BLACKJACK ANSWERS THE CALL!
BLACKJACK-THIS IS K-4-- THE TORCH IS ON OUR TRAIL--I'VE JUST GOT WORD FROM L-7!
DON'T WORRY, K-4--THE TORCH WON'T BOTHER US! WE HAVE TORO AS HOSTAGE, AND IF HE SHOULD COME, WE HAVE A RECEPTION ALL PLANNED!
GOOD! I'M READY TO TAKE OFF! WHAT IS YOUR LOCATION?
NINE DEGREES--15 MINUTES SOUTH--78 DEGREES--31 MINUTES EAST--BRING MORE FOOD--
REALIZING FOR THE FIRST TIME WHERE THE "CLUB" IS LOCATED... THE TORCH CALLS HIS CHIEF!
HELLO CHIEF--LISTEN... I'VE GOT THEM LOCATED OUT AT SEA!
AT SEA? THEN THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO, TORCH! THAT'S OUT OF OUR JURISDICTION, AND OUT OF GOVERNMENT CONTROL, TOO--NO WONDER THEY ARE SAFE!
But... A FEW MINUTES LATER, A BLAZING FIGURE ROARS OUT OVER THE OCEAN--
MAYBE IT'S OUT OF THEIR JURISDICTION, BUT AS LONG AS TORO IS IN DANGER--IT'S NOT OUT OF MINE!

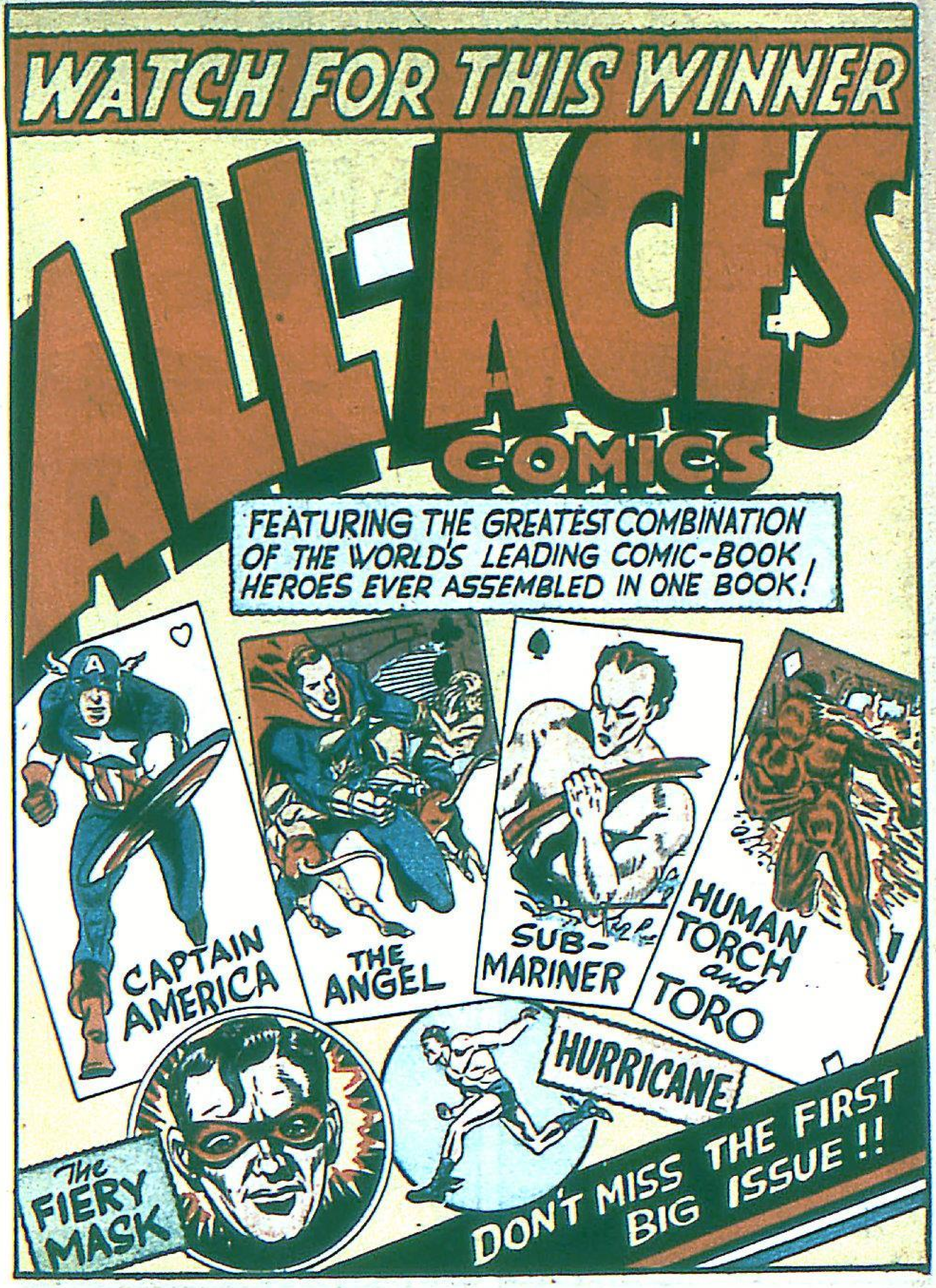

WITH HIS LIGHTER-THAN-AIR BODY HURTLING THROUGH SPACE---THE TORCH NEARS THE MYSTERY SHIP'S LOCATION...
WHAT'S THAT AHEAD?
AN S.O.S. IN FLAME! THAT MUST BE THE SHIP...ONLY TORO COULD DO THAT!
SOS
THE TORCH SOARS OVER THE SHIP--THEN SWOOPS DOWN!
GET YOUR SURPRISE READY, MR. BLACKJACK-- HERE I COME!
HE LANDS ON BOARD!
OH-OH! NOW THE FUN BEGINS!
TWO CREW MEMBERS SEE HIM!
HEY... THAT'S THE TORCH!
HOLY COW! GET SOME HELP!
AS THE MEN RUSH TO THE STAIRS, THE TORCH HURLS A FIRE-BALL!
NOT SO FAST...ME PHONEY HEARTIES!
The FIRE-BALL CRASHES INTO THE MEN...HURLING THEM BACK!
OW!

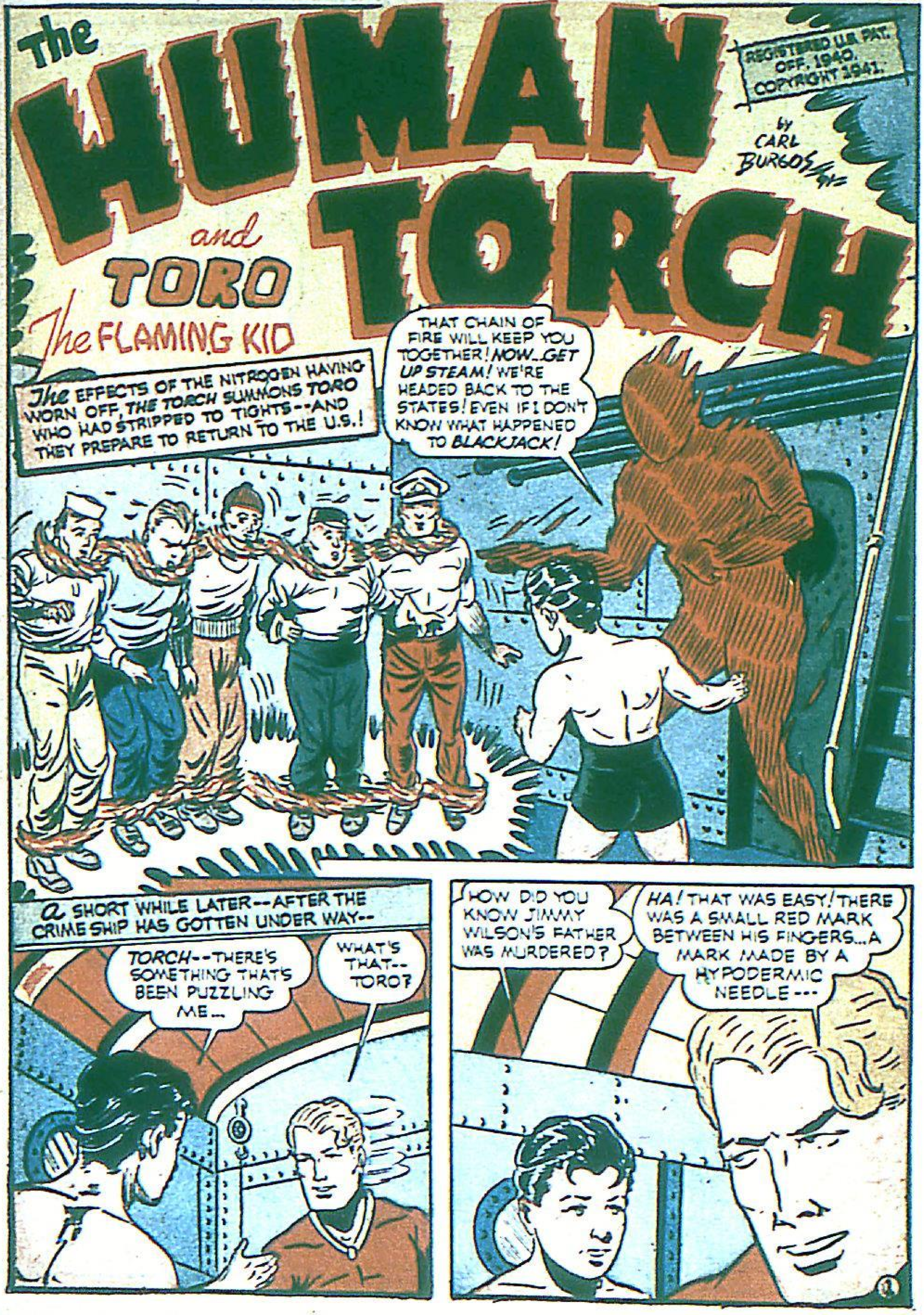

LEAPING UP INTO THE AIR--
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO TRY SOMETHING...
--THE TORCH HURLS FIRE-BALLS DOWN AT THE SHIP...
...AND I'LL NEVER HAVE A BETTER CHANCE!
...WHICH EXPLODE--AND SPREAD OUT LIKE A MOLOTOFF BREADBASKET!
YEEOW-W! HELP!
THEN, BLAZING DOWN--THE TORCH CIRCLES THE SHIP...CAUSING THE WATER TO BOIL--
HEY--- LOOK!
--FRYING THE FEET OF THE CROOKS!
WOW!
THIS DECK'S LIKE A FRYING PAN!
LANDING ON BOARD, THE TORCH HURLS HIS FLAMING BODY AT THE NEAREST DOOR!
NOW TO FIND THE BOSS!
THIS IS AS GOODA PLACE TO START AS ANY!

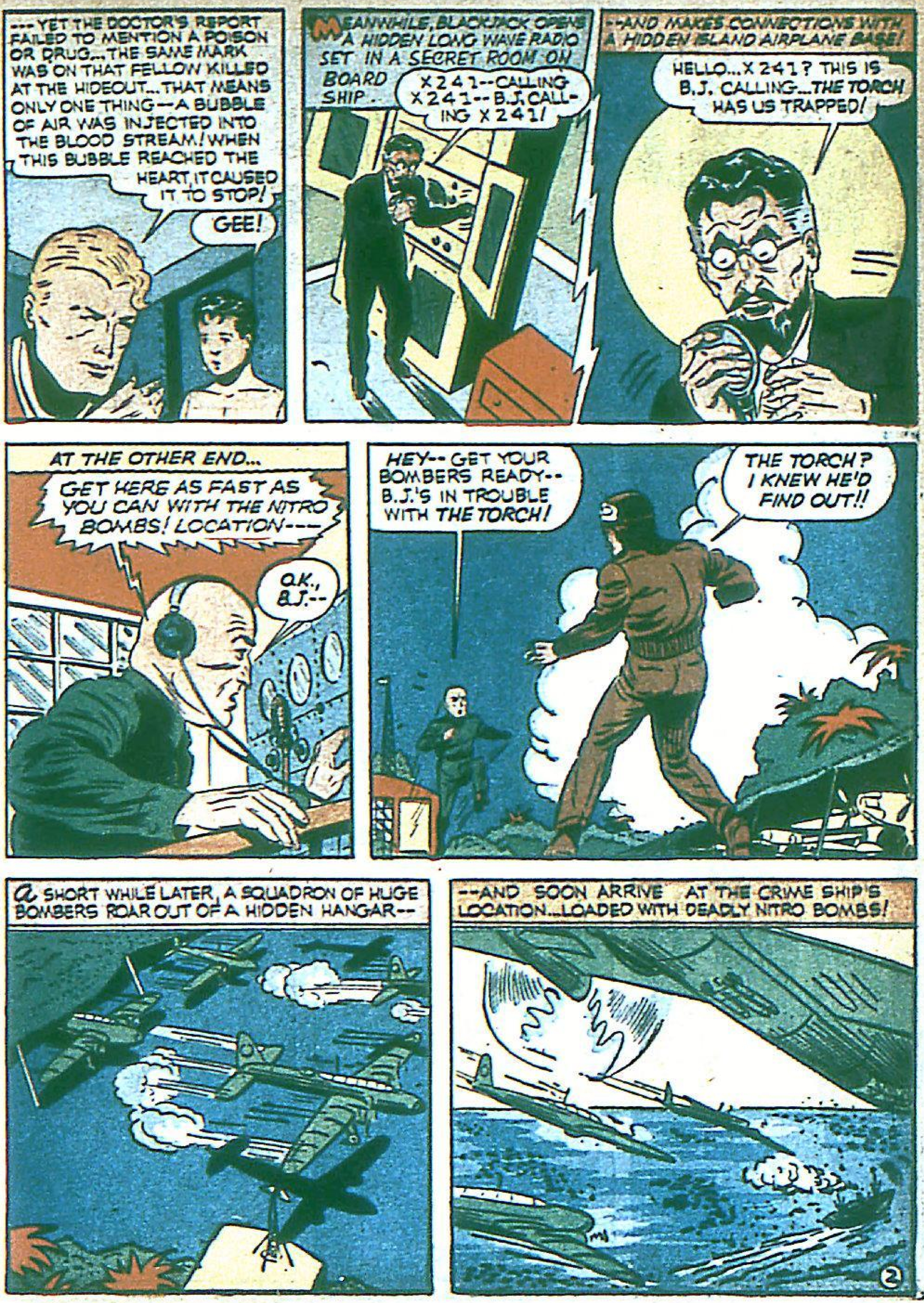

BLAZING THROUGH, THE TORCH IS UNAWARE OF THE HUGE GLASS CONTAINER OVERHEAD...
...THE CONTAINER SUDDENLY DROPS, AND A DEADLY NITROGEN GAS HISSES!
WHAT THE--? THAT GAS PUT MY FLAME OUT!
CROOKS SOON SURROUND THE HELPLESS TORCH!
HE LOOKS A LOT DIFFERENT NOW--WITHOUT THAT FLAME!
HA! HA! HE'S TAME!
Meanwhile... UNDERNEATH THE ROOM, TORO HEARS--
HOW DO YOU LIKE IT IN THE GLASS CAGE, TORCH?
YEAH! SORTA MAKES THINGS EVEN, EH, HOT STUFF?
TOOL
I JUST HEARD THEM SAY 'THAT'S THE TORCH!' HE MUST HAVE SEEN MY MESSAGE! HE'S HERE--AND TRAPPED IN THAT GAS BOX!
I GOTTA DO SOMETHIN'... AND FAST! BUT THIS FELLOW IS GUARDING ME! OH-OH... WHAT'S THIS?

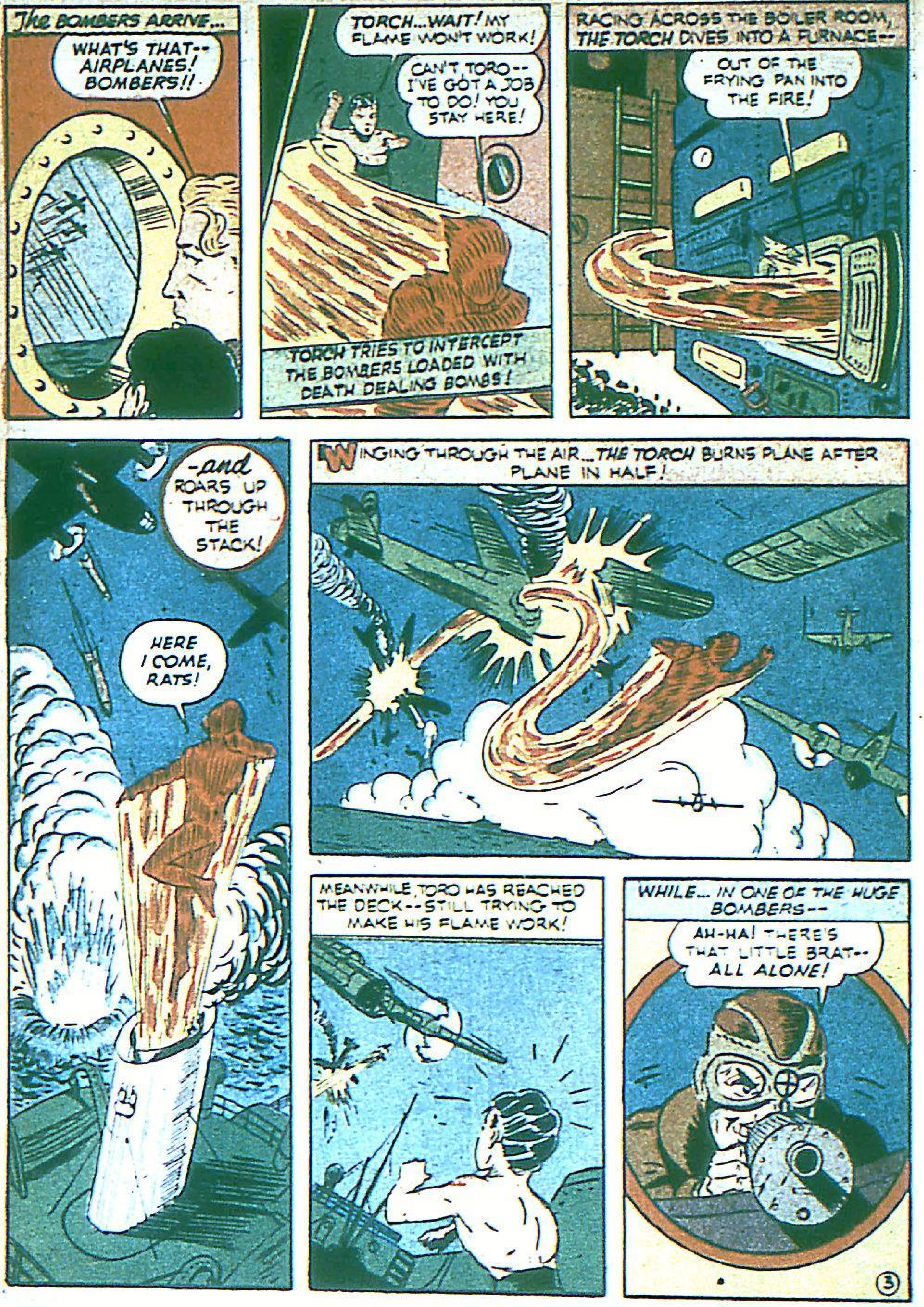

THERE! THAT'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!
AND THIS OUGHT TO TAKE CARE OF THE TORCH!
TORO'S DRILL LETS AIR INTO THE CONTAINER--DISPELLING THE EFFECTS OF THE NITROGEN, AND THE TORCH'S FLAME LEAPS TO LIFE!
HUH?
BURSTING THROUGH THE GLASS, THE TORCH LEAPS AFTER THE CROOKS!
HEY-- BEAT IT! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED!
NOT SO FAST, YOU RATS! I WANT TO MAKE SURE YOU HANG TOGETHER!
POW!
THE TORCH HURLS A STREAMER OF FLAME AT THE CROOKS...WHICH FORMS INTO A CONNECTED SERIES OF LEG CHAINS!
OW! I CAN'T MOVE MY FOOT!
Then...
NOW FOR BLACKJACK!

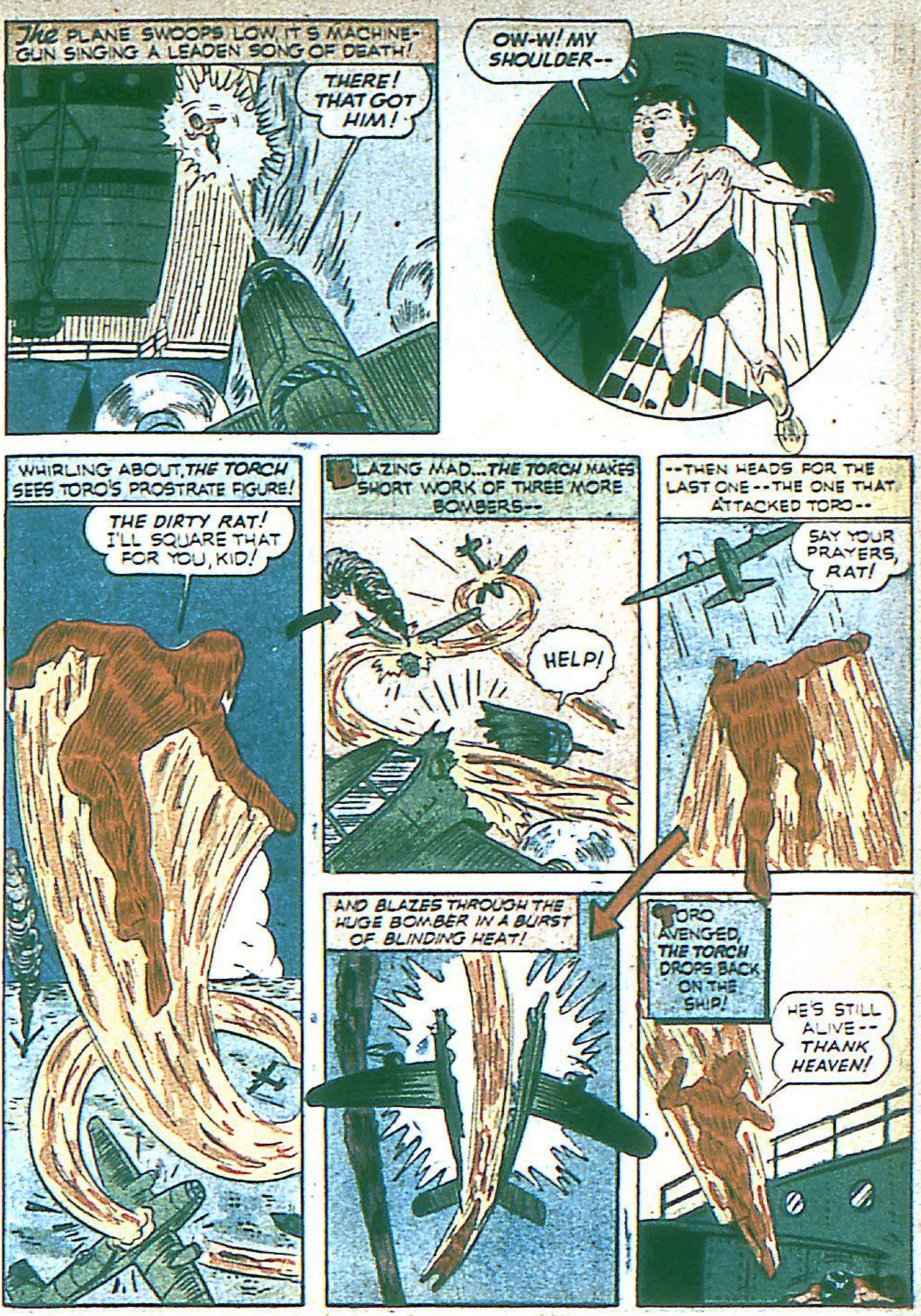

RACING THROUGH THE SHIP...THE TORCH SOON FINDS BLACKJACK'S QUARTERS!
DOESN'T KNOW I'M HERE YET-- WONDER WHAT HE'S READING?
HAH! THE FOOLS STILL DON'T KNOW ANYTHING! NOR WILL THEY EVER KNOW-- WITH THE TORCH CAUGHT!
The DAILY STAR
MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF CRIMINALS STILL UNSOLVED
CREEPING UP BEHIND BLACKJACK, THE TORCH POINTS A BLAZING FINGER AT THE PAPER--
WHAT TH'--?
and--
SURPRISED, BLACKJACK?
You Can't Win
- The Torch
NIT
WHIRLING, BLACKJACK HURLS A VIAL OF NITROGEN AT THE TORCH!
HA! THE TORCH'S FLAME IS OUT, AND THE SMOKE MAKES A PERFECT SCREEN!
WHAT THE--?
BLACKJACK DISAPPEARS THROUGH A SECRET PANEL!
MY EYES! I CAN'T SEE!
But...
WILL BLACKJACK ESCAPE?
Continue
this EXCITING STORY ON THE NEXT PAGE...

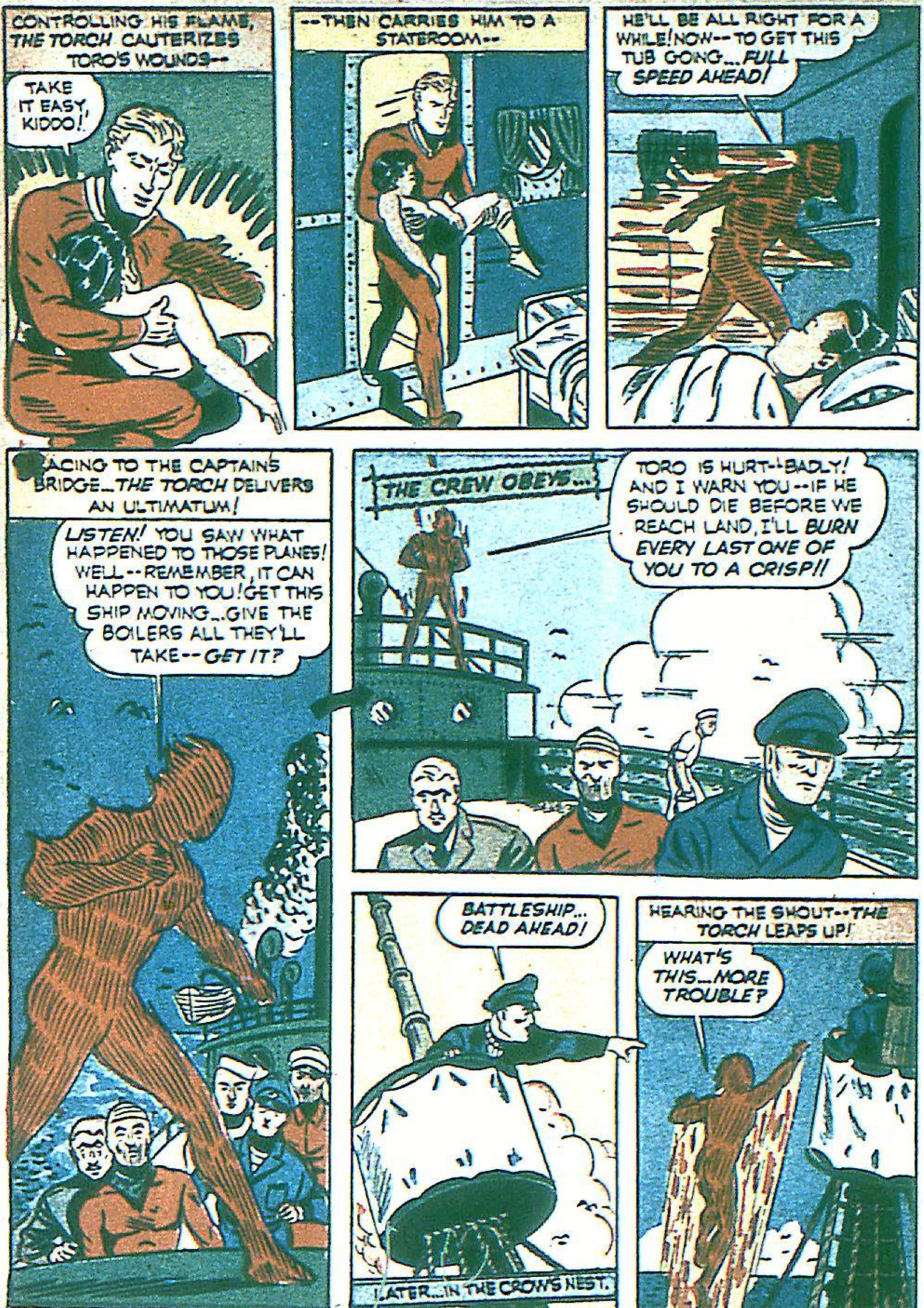

WATCH FOR THIS WINNER
ALL-ACES
COMICS
FEATURING THE GREATEST COMBINATION OF THE WORLD'S LEADING COMIC-BOOK HEROES EVER ASSEMBLED IN ONE BOOK!
CAPTAIN AMERICA
THE ANGEL
SUB-MARINER
HUMAN TORCH and TORO
HURRICANE
The FIERY MASK
DON'T MISS THE FIRST BIG ISSUE!!

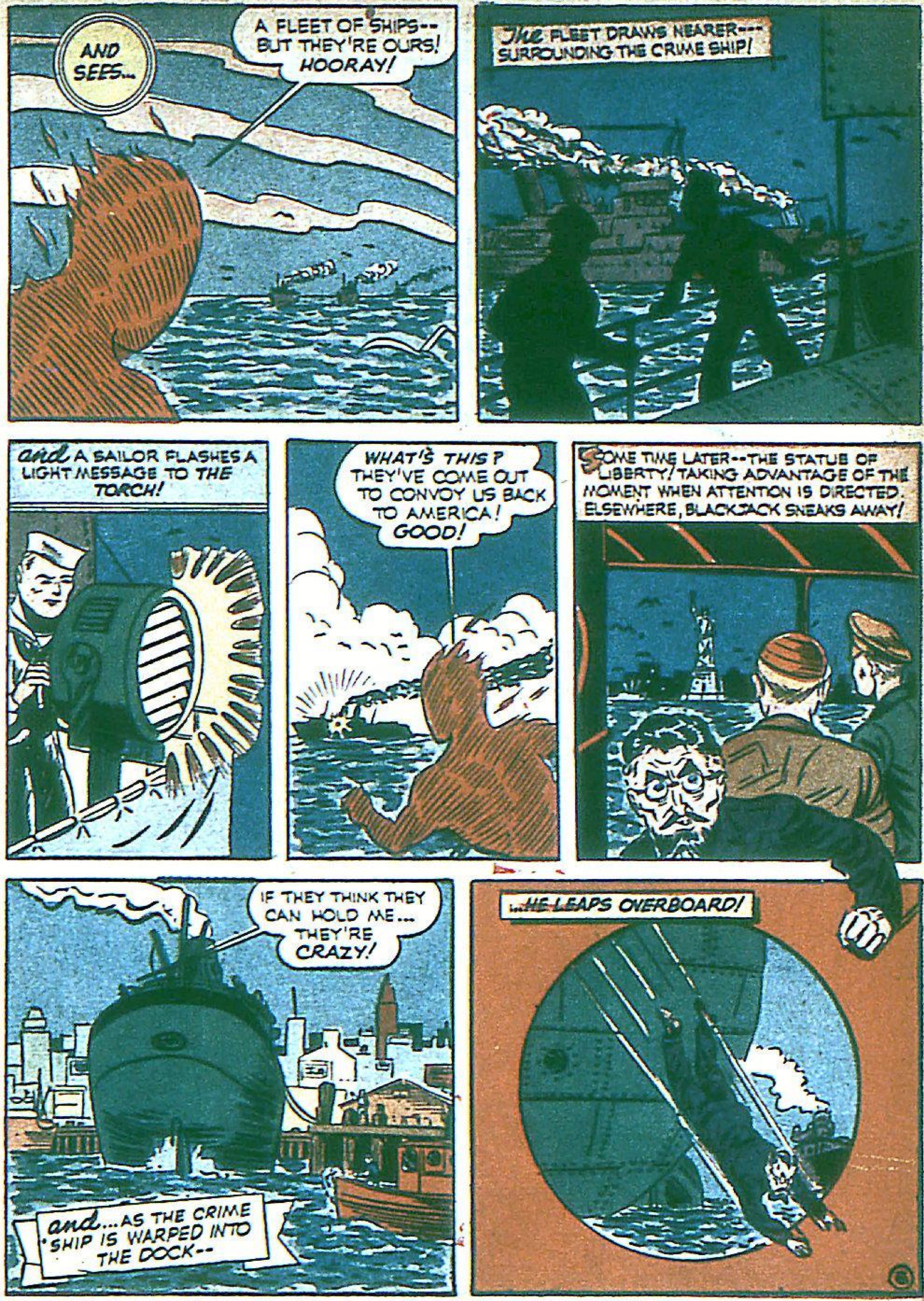

The HUMAN TORCH
REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940. COPYRIGHT 1941.
by CARL BURGOS
and TORO The FLAMING KID
The EFFECTS OF THE NITROGEN HAVING WORN OFF, THE TORCH SUMMONS TORO WHO HAD STRIPPED TO TIGHTS--AND THEY PREPARE TO RETURN TO THE U.S.!
THAT CHAIN OF FIRE WILL KEEP YOU TOGETHER! NOW...GET UP STEAM! WE'RE HEADED BACK TO THE STATES! EVEN IF I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO BLACKJACK!
A SHORT WHILE LATER--AFTER THE CRIME SHIP HAS GOTTEN UNDER WAY--
TORCH--THERE'S SOMETHING THAT'S BEEN PUZZLING ME...
WHAT'S THAT--TORO?
HOW DID YOU KNOW JIMMY WILSON'S FATHER WAS MURDERED?
HA! THAT WAS EASY! THERE WAS A SMALL RED MARK BETWEEN HIS FINGERS...A MARK MADE BY A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE---
1

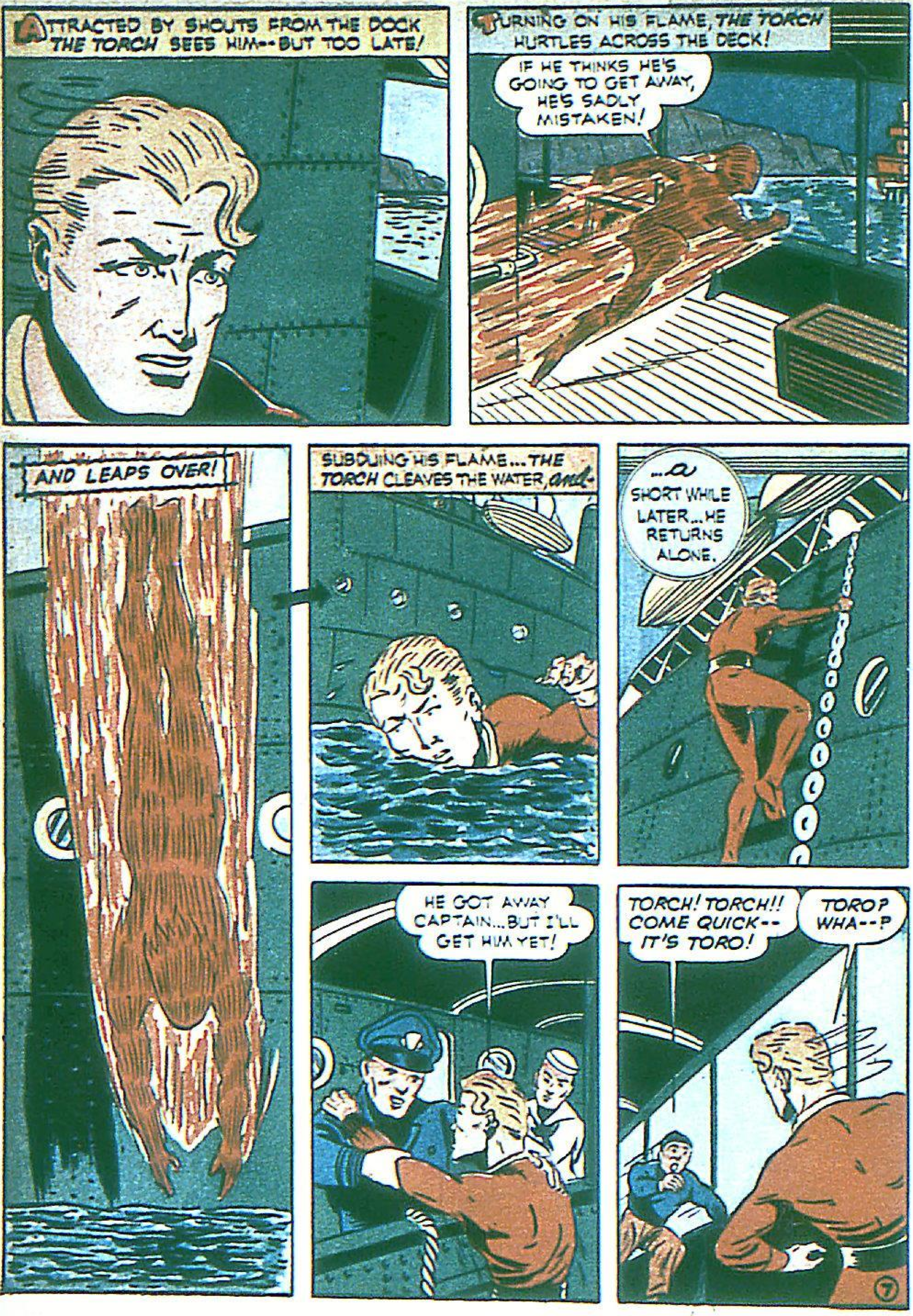

---YET THE DOCTOR'S REPORT FAILED TO MENTION A POISON OR DRUG...THE SAME MARK WAS ON THAT FELLOW KILLED AT THE HIDEOUT...THAT MEANS ONLY ONE THING--A BUBBLE OF AIR WAS INJECTED INTO THE BLOOD STREAM! WHEN THIS BUBBLE REACHED THE HEART, IT CAUSED IT TO STOP!
GEE!
MEANWHILE, BLACKJACK OPENS A HIDDEN LONG WAVE RADIO SET IN A SECRET ROOM ON BOARD SHIP.
X 241--CALLING X 241--B.J. CALLING X 241!
--AND MAKES CONNECTIONS WITH A HIDDEN ISLAND AIRPLANE BASE!
HELLO...X 241? THIS IS B.J. CALLING...THE TORCH HAS US TRAPPED!
AT THE OTHER END...
GET HERE AS FAST AS YOU CAN WITH THE NITRO BOMBS! LOCATION---
O.K., B.J.--
HEY-- GET YOUR BOMBERS READY-- B.J.'S IN TROUBLE WITH THE TORCH!
THE TORCH? I KNEW HE'D FIND OUT!!
A SHORT WHILE LATER, A SQUADRON OF HUGE BOMBERS ROAR OUT OF A HIDDEN HANGAR--
--AND SOON ARRIVE AT THE CRIME SHIP'S LOCATION...LOADED WITH DEADLY NITRO BOMBS!
2

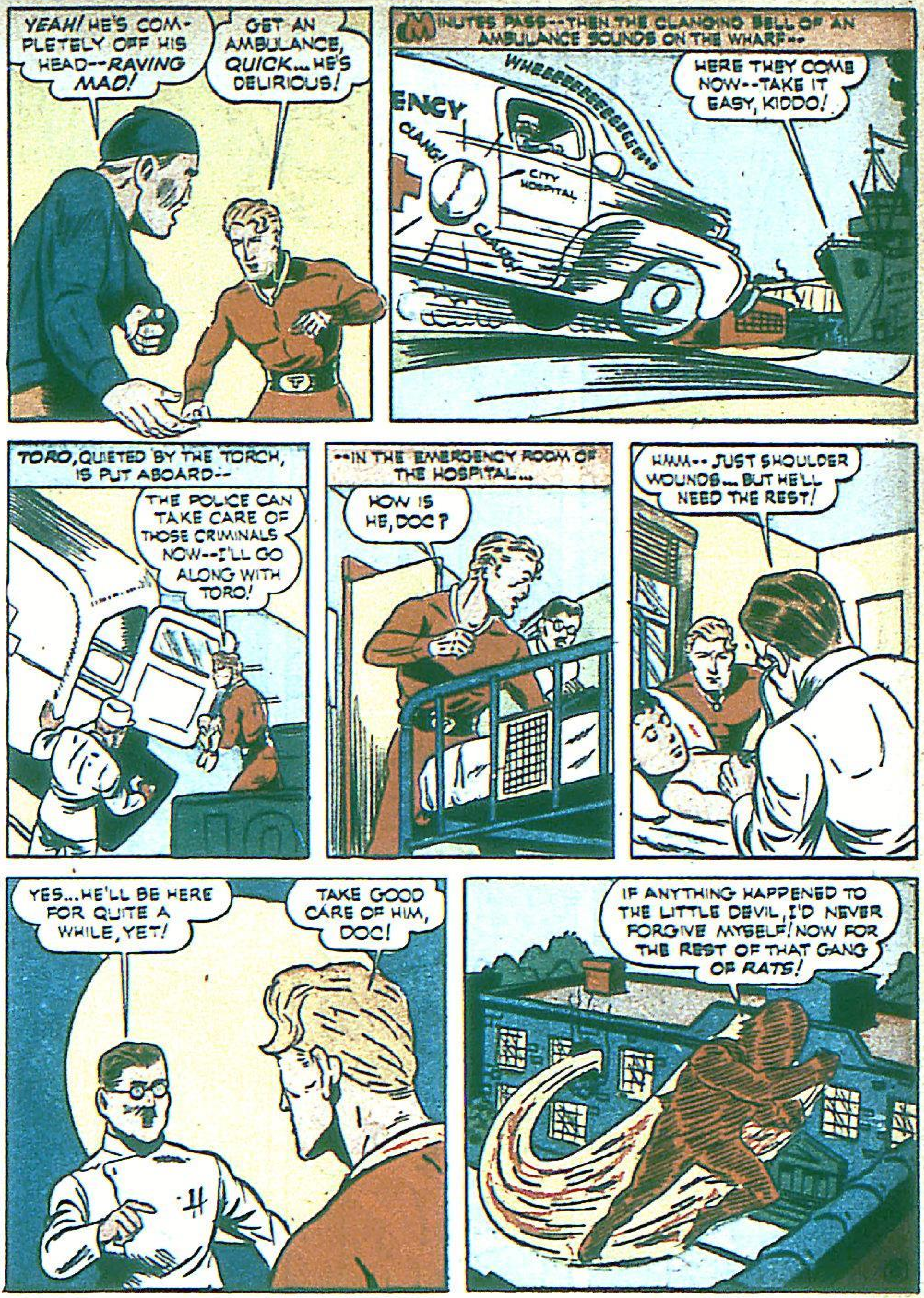

The BOMBERS ARRIVE...
WHAT'S THAT-- AIRPLANES! BOMBERS!!
TORCH...WAIT! MY FLAME WON'T WORK!
CAN'T, TORO-- I'VE GOT A JOB TO DO! YOU STAY HERE!
TORCH TRIES TO INTERCEPT THE BOMBERS LOADED WITH DEATH DEALING BOMBS!
RACING ACROSS THE BOILER ROOM, THE TORCH DIVES INTO A FURNACE--
OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE!
-and ROARS UP THROUGH THE STACK!
HERE I COME, RATS!
WINGING THROUGH THE AIR...THE TORCH BURNS PLANE AFTER PLANE IN HALF!
MEANWHILE, TORO HAS REACHED THE DECK--STILL TRYING TO MAKE HIS FLAME WORK!
WHILE... IN ONE OF THE HUGE BOMBERS--
AH-HA! THERE'S THAT LITTLE BRAT-- ALL ALONE!

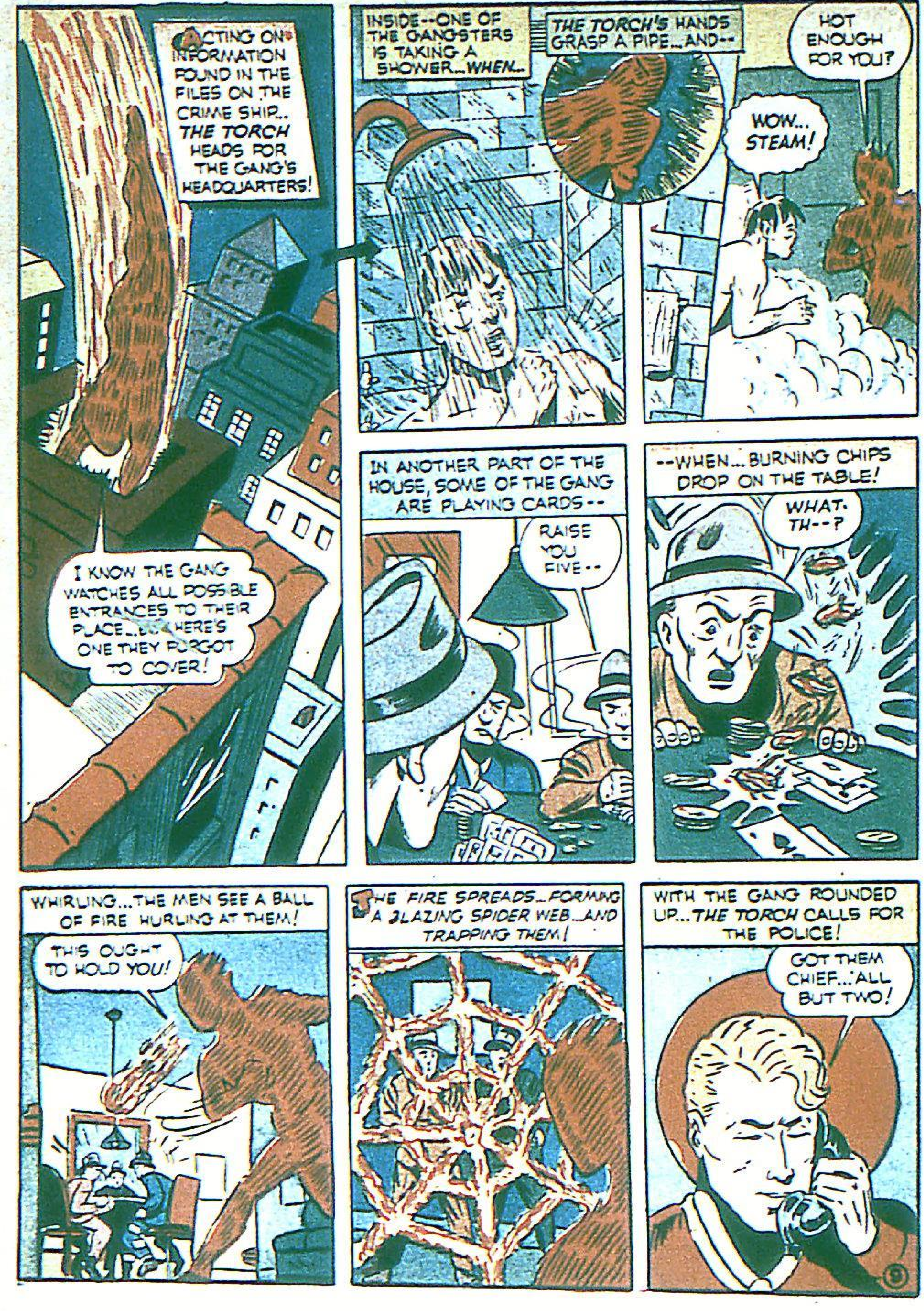

The PLANE SWOOPS LOW, IT'S MACHINE-GUN SINGING A LEADEN SONG OF DEATH!
THERE! THAT GOT HIM!
OW-W! MY SHOULDER--
WHIRLING ABOUT, THE TORCH SEES TORO'S PROSTRATE FIGURE!
THE DIRTY RAT! I'LL SQUARE THAT FOR YOU, KID!
BLAZING MAD...THE TORCH MAKES SHORT WORK OF THREE MORE BOMBERS--
HELP!
--THEN HEADS FOR THE LAST ONE--THE ONE THAT ATTACKED TORO--
SAY YOUR PRAYERS, RAT!
AND BLAZES THROUGH THE HUGE BOMBER IN A BURST OF BLINDING HEAT!
TORO AVENGED, THE TORCH DROPS BACK ON THE SHIP!
HE'S STILL ALIVE--THANK HEAVEN!

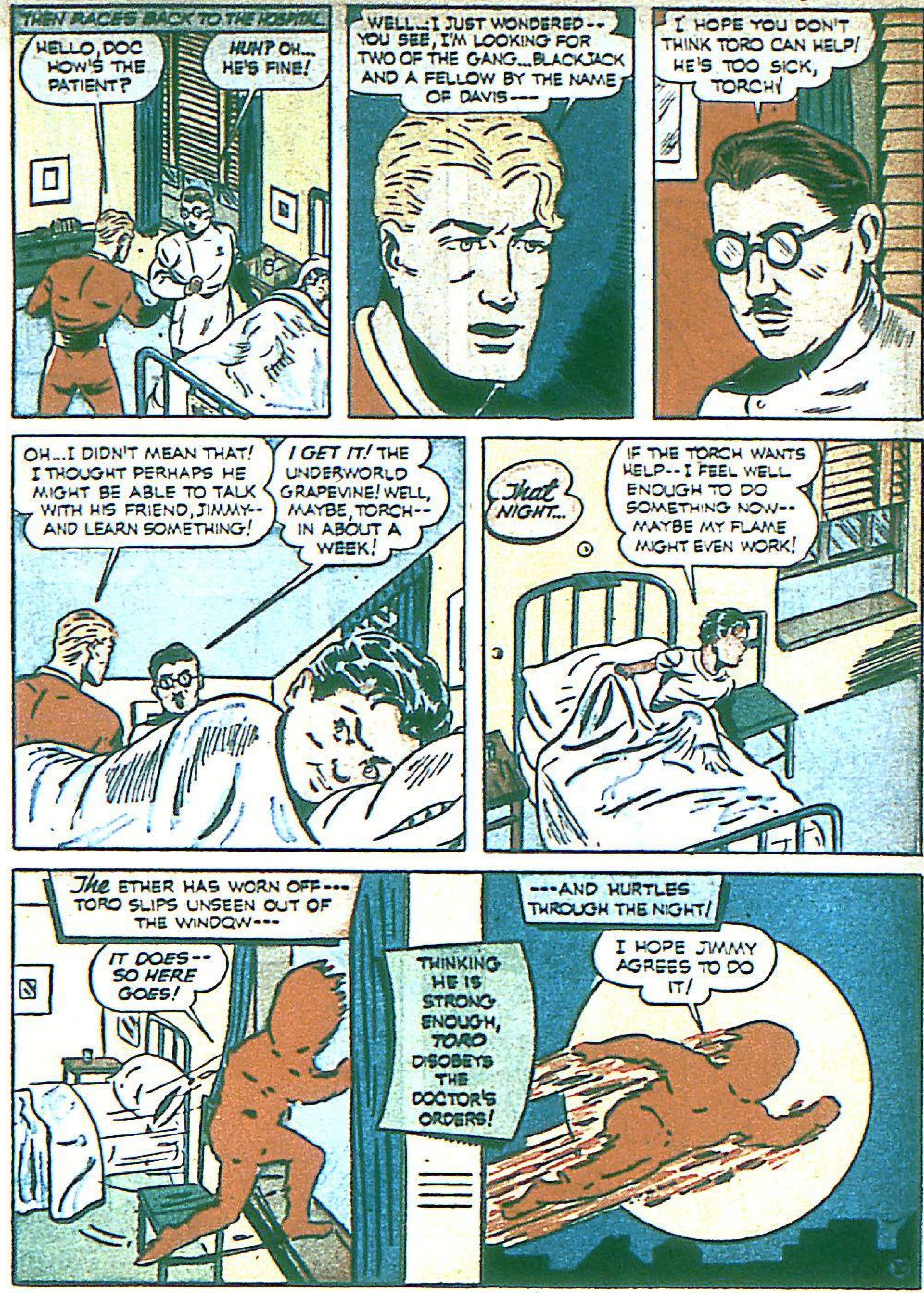

CONTROLLING HIS FLAME, *THE TORCH* CAUTERIZES TORO'S WOUNDS--
TAKE IT EASY, KIDDO!
--THEN CARRIES HIM TO A STATEROOM--
HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT FOR A WHILE! NOW--TO GET THIS TUB GOING... *FULL SPEED AHEAD!*
RACING TO THE CAPTAINS BRIDGE... *THE TORCH* DELIVERS AN ULTIMATUM!
LISTEN! YOU SAW WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE PLANES! WELL--REMEMBER, IT CAN HAPPEN TO YOU! GET THIS SHIP *MOVING*... GIVE THE BOILERS ALL THEY'LL TAKE--*GET IT?*
THE CREW OBEYS...
TORO IS HURT--*BADLY!* AND I WARN YOU--IF HE SHOULD DIE BEFORE WE REACH LAND, I'LL *BURN EVERY LAST ONE OF YOU TO A CRISP!!*
BATTLESHIP... DEAD AHEAD!
LATER... IN THE CROW'S NEST.
HEARING THE SHOUT--*THE TORCH* LEAPS UP!
WHAT'S THIS... MORE TROUBLE?

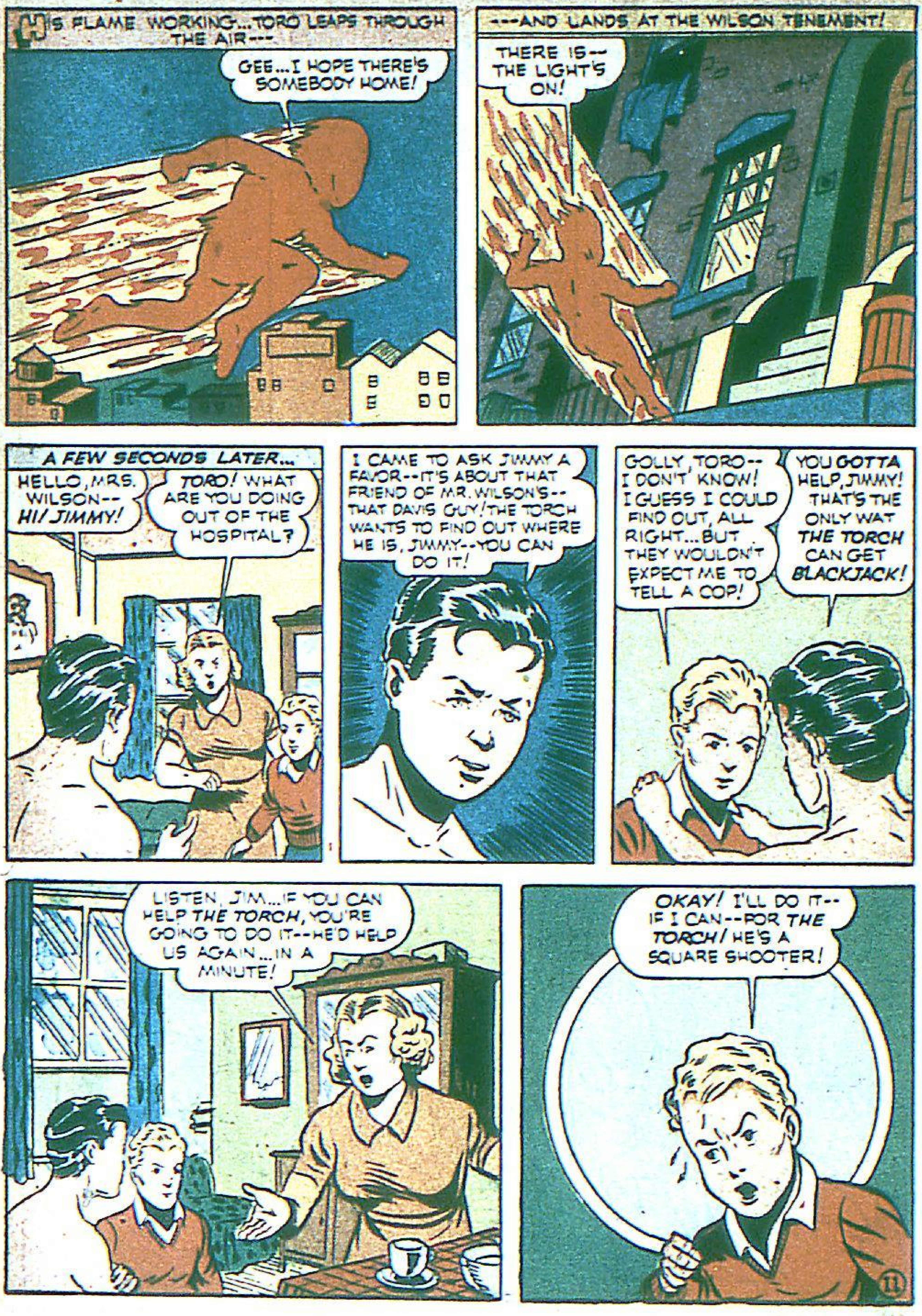

AND SEES...
A FLEET OF SHIPS-- BUT THEY'RE OURS! HOORAY!
The FLEET DRAWS NEARER--- SURROUNDING THE CRIME SHIP!
and A SAILOR FLASHES A LIGHT MESSAGE TO THE TORCH!
WHAT'S THIS? THEY'VE COME OUT TO CONVOY US BACK TO AMERICA! GOOD!
SOME TIME LATER--THE STATUE OF LIBERTY! TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE MOMENT WHEN ATTENTION IS DIRECTED ELSEWHERE, BLACKJACK SNEAKS AWAY!
IF THEY THINK THEY CAN HOLD ME... THEY'RE CRAZY!
and... AS THE CRIME SHIP IS WARPED INTO THE DOCK--
...HE LEAPS OVERBOARD!
8

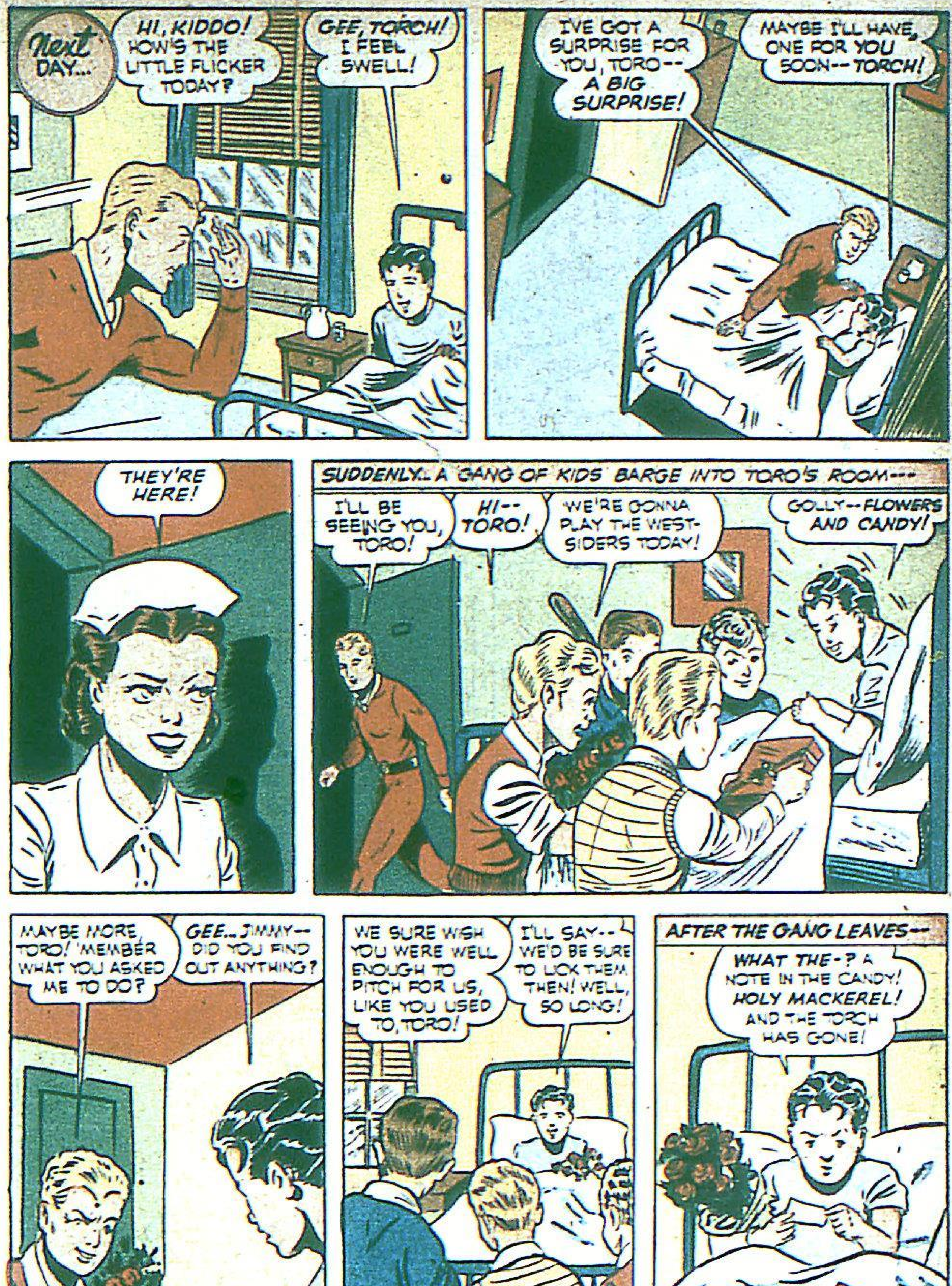

ATTRACTED BY SHOUTS FROM THE DOCK THE TORCH SEES HIM-- BUT TOO LATE!
TURNING ON HIS FLAME, THE TORCH HURTLES ACROSS THE DECK!
IF HE THINKS HE'S GOING TO GET AWAY, HE'S SADLY MISTAKEN!
AND LEAPS OVER!
SUBDUING HIS FLAME... THE TORCH CLEAVES THE WATER, and-
...a SHORT WHILE LATER... HE RETURNS ALONE.
HE GOT AWAY CAPTAIN... BUT I'LL GET HIM YET!
TORCH! TORCH!! COME QUICK-- IT'S TORO!
TORO? WHA--P
7

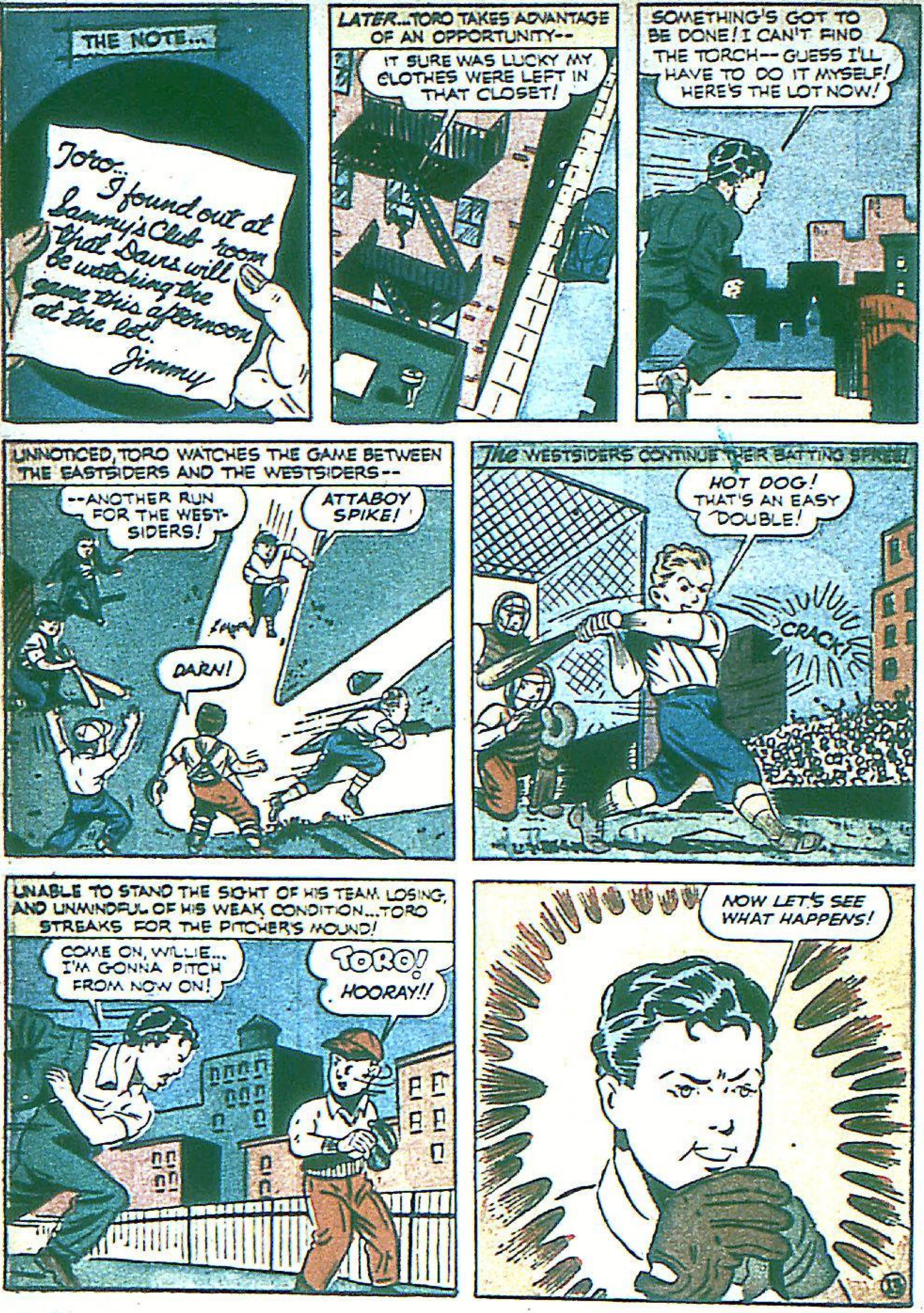

YEAH! HE'S COMPLETELY OFF HIS HEAD--RAVING MAD!
GET AN AMBULANCE, QUICK... HE'S DELIRIOUS!
MINUTES PASS--THEN THE CLANGING BELL OF AN AMBULANCE SOUNDS ON THE WHARF--
WHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
ENCY
CLANG!
CITY HOSPITAL
CLANG!
HERE THEY COME NOW--TAKE IT EASY, KIDDO!
TORO, QUIETED BY THE TORCH, IS PUT ABOARD--
THE POLICE CAN TAKE CARE OF THOSE CRIMINALS NOW--I'LL GO ALONG WITH TORO!
--IN THE EMERGENCY ROOM OF THE HOSPITAL...
HOW IS HE, DOC?
HMM-- JUST SHOULDER WOUNDS... BUT HE'LL NEED THE REST!
YES...HE'LL BE HERE FOR QUITE A WHILE, YET!
TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM, DOC!
IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO THE LITTLE DEVIL, I'D NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF! NOW FOR THE REST OF THAT GANG OF RATS!

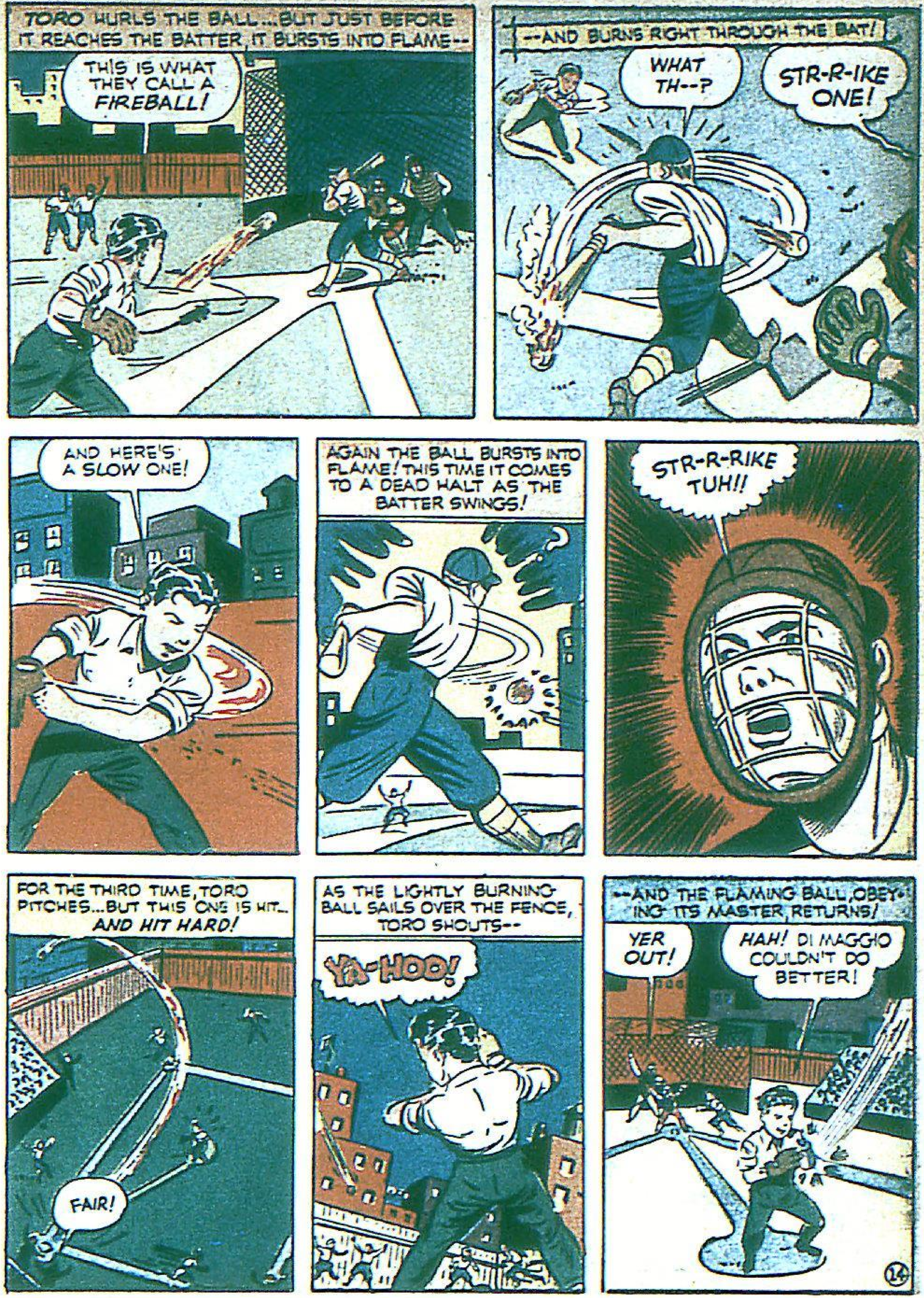

ACTING ON INFORMATION FOUND IN THE FILES ON THE CRIME SHIP.. THE TORCH HEADS FOR THE GANG'S HEADQUARTERS!
I KNOW THE GANG WATCHES ALL POSSIBLE ENTRANCES TO THEIR PLACE...BUT HERE'S ONE THEY FORGOT TO COVER!
INSIDE--ONE OF THE GANGSTERS IS TAKING A SHOWER...WHEN..
THE TORCH'S HANDS GRASP A PIPE...AND--
HOT ENOUGH FOR YOU?
WOW... STEAM!
IN ANOTHER PART OF THE HOUSE, SOME OF THE GANG ARE PLAYING CARDS--
RAISE YOU FIVE--
--WHEN... BURNING CHIPS DROP ON THE TABLE!
WHAT-TH--?
WHIRLING...THE MEN SEE A BALL OF FIRE HURLING AT THEM!
THIS OUGHT TO HOLD YOU!
THE FIRE SPREADS...FORMING A BLAZING SPIDER WEB...AND TRAPPING THEM!
WITH THE GANG ROUNDED UP...THE TORCH CALLS FOR THE POLICE!
GOT THEM CHIEF...ALL BUT TWO!
5

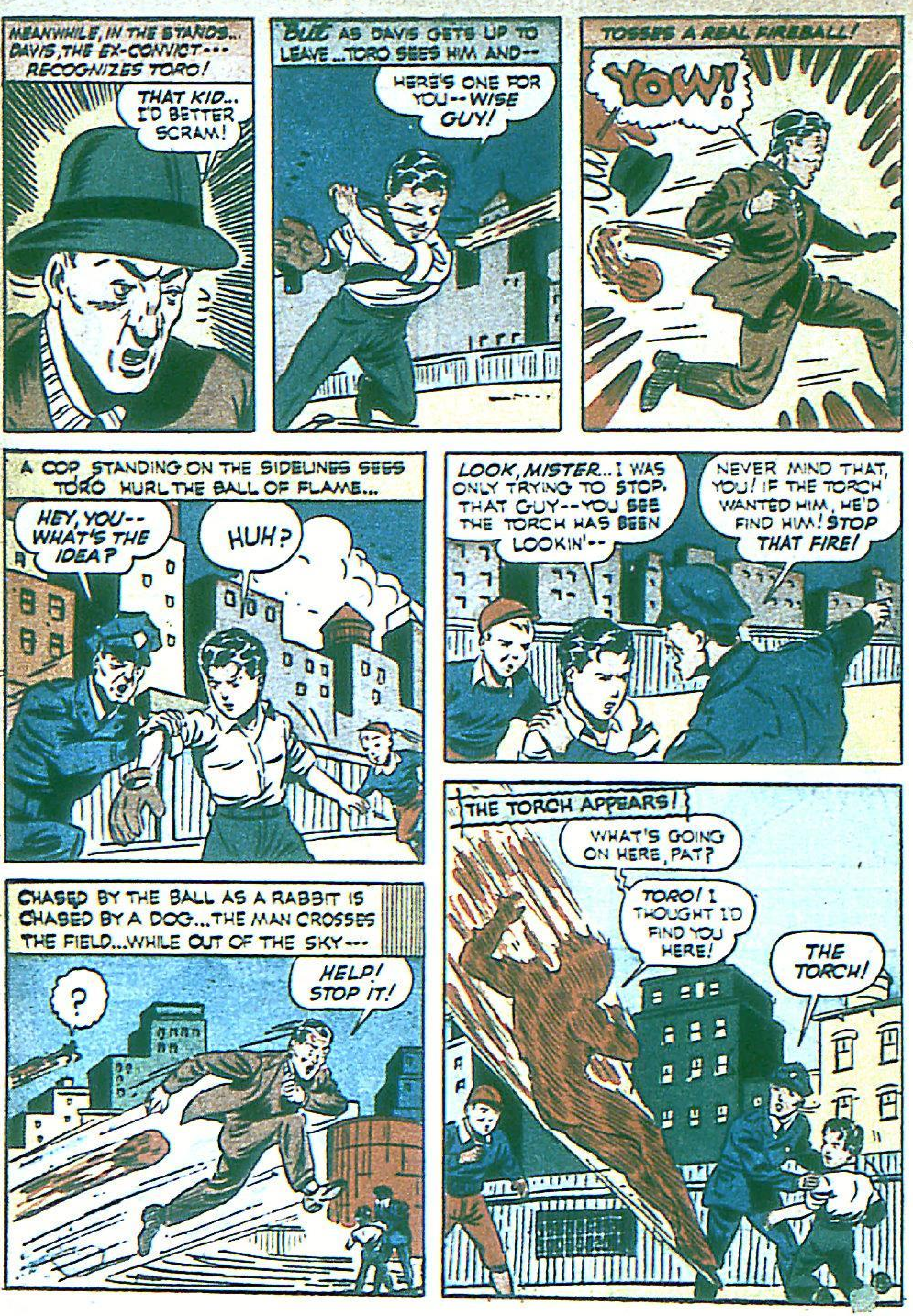

THEN RACES BACK TO THE HOSPITAL
HELLO, DOC HOW'S THE PATIENT?
HUH? OH... HE'S FINE!
WELL...I JUST WONDERED-- YOU SEE, I'M LOOKING FOR TWO OF THE GANG...BLACKJACK AND A FELLOW BY THE NAME OF DAVIS---
I HOPE YOU DON'T THINK TORO CAN HELP! HE'S TOO SICK, TORCH!
OH...I DIDN'T MEAN THAT! I THOUGHT PERHAPS HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO TALK WITH HIS FRIEND, JIMMY-- AND LEARN SOMETHING!
I GET IT! THE UNDERWORLD GRAPEVINE! WELL, MAYBE, TORCH-- IN ABOUT A WEEK!
That NIGHT...
IF THE TORCH WANTS HELP-- I FEEL WELL ENOUGH TO DO SOMETHING NOW-- MAYBE MY FLAME MIGHT EVEN WORK!
The ETHER HAS WORN OFF--- TORO SLIPS UNSEEN OUT OF THE WINDOW---
IT DOES-- SO HERE GOES!
THINKING HE IS STRONG ENOUGH, TORO DISOBEYS THE DOCTOR'S ORDERS!
---AND HURTLES THROUGH THE NIGHT!
I HOPE JIMMY AGREES TO DO IT!

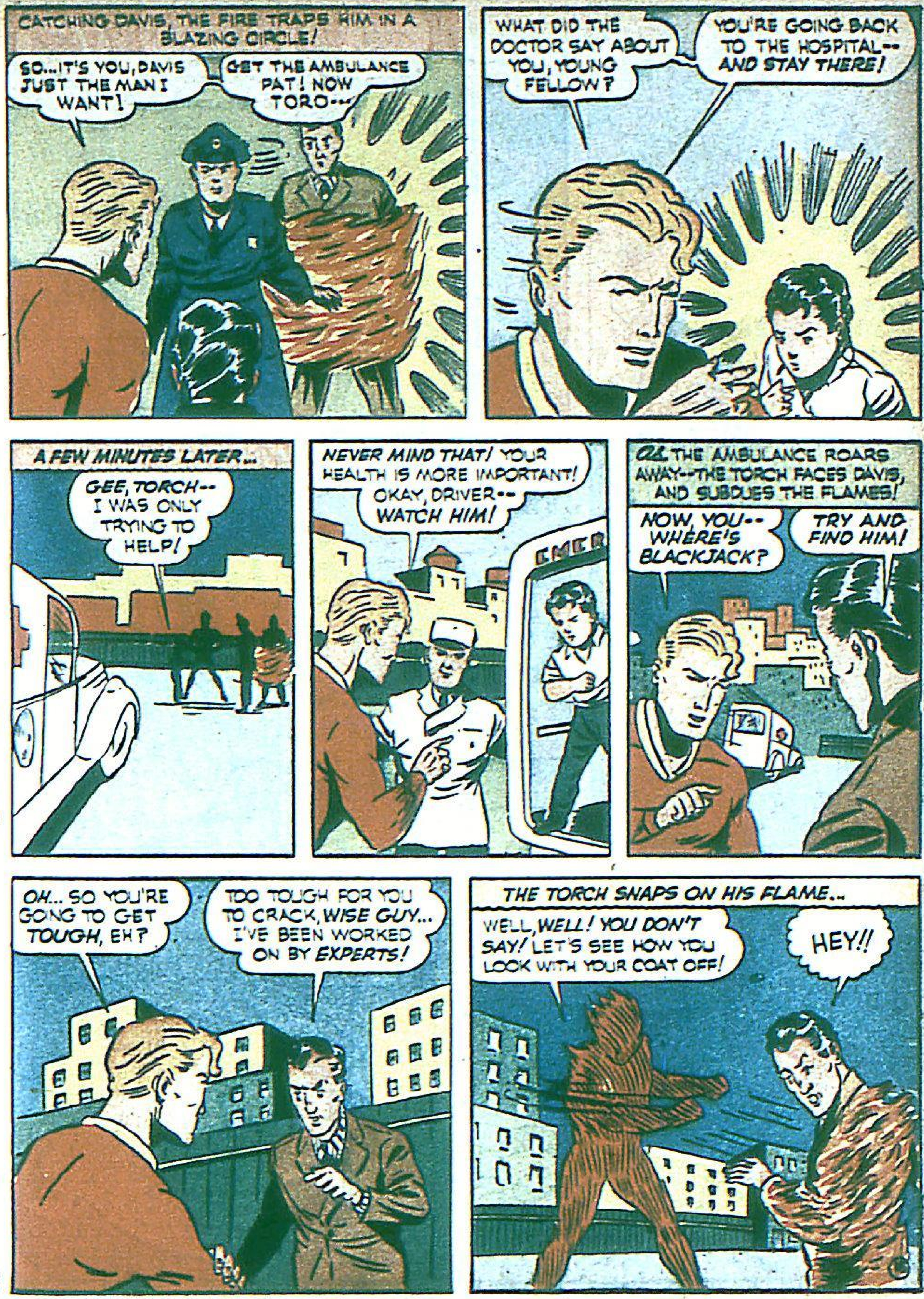

HIS FLAME WORKING...TORO LEAPS THROUGH THE AIR---
GEE...I HOPE THERE'S SOMEBODY HOME!
---AND LANDS AT THE WILSON TENEMENT!
THERE IS-- THE LIGHT'S ON!
A FEW SECONDS LATER...
HELLO, MRS. WILSON-- *HI! JIMMY!*
TORO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT OF THE HOSPITAL?
I CAME TO ASK JIMMY A FAVOR--IT'S ABOUT THAT FRIEND OF MR. WILSON'S--THAT DAVIS GUY! THE TORCH WANTS TO FIND OUT WHERE HE IS, JIMMY--YOU CAN DO IT!
GOLLY, TORO-- I DON'T KNOW! I GUESS I COULD FIND OUT, ALL RIGHT...BUT THEY WOULDN'T EXPECT ME TO TELL A COP!
YOU ***GOTTA*** HELP, JIMMY! THAT'S THE ONLY WAT ***THE TORCH*** CAN GET ***BLACKJACK!***
LISTEN, JIM...IF YOU CAN HELP *THE TORCH*, YOU'RE GOING TO DO IT--HE'D HELP US AGAIN...IN A MINUTE!
OKAY! I'LL DO IT-- IF I CAN--FOR *THE TORCH!* HE'S A SQUARE SHOOTER!

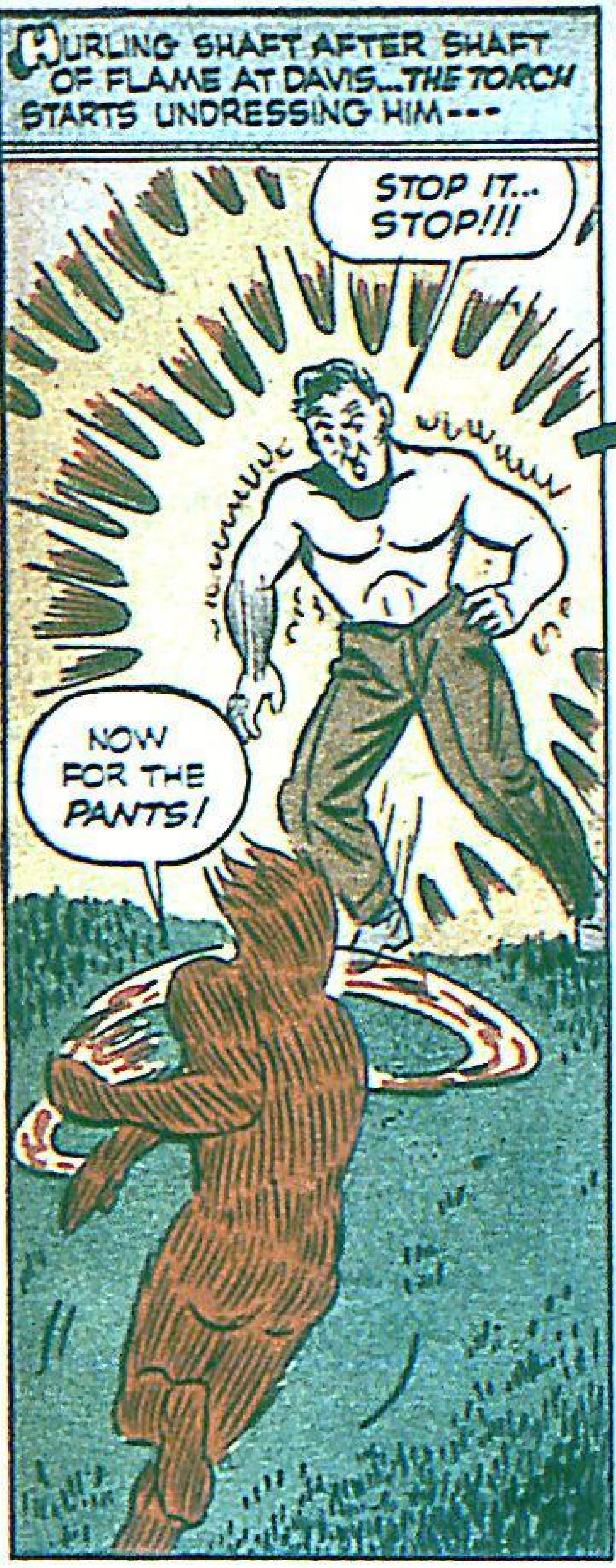

Next DAY...
HI, KIDDO! HOW'S THE LITTLE FLICKER TODAY?
GEE, TORCH! I FEEL SWELL!
I'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU, TORO-- A BIG SURPRISE!
MAYBE I'LL HAVE ONE FOR YOU SOON-- TORCH!
THEY'RE HERE!
SUDDENLY... A GANG OF KIDS BARGE INTO TORO'S ROOM---
I'LL BE SEEING YOU, TORO!
HI-- TORO!
WE'RE GONNA PLAY THE WEST-SIDERS TODAY!
GOLLY-- FLOWERS AND CANDY!
MAYBE MORE, TORO! 'MEMBER WHAT YOU ASKED ME TO DO?
GEE... JIMMY-- DID YOU FIND OUT ANYTHING?
WE SURE WISH YOU WERE WELL ENOUGH TO PITCH FOR US, LIKE YOU USED TO, TORO!
I'LL SAY-- WE'D BE SURE TO LICK THEM THEN! WELL, SO LONG!
AFTER THE GANG LEAVES--
WHAT THE-? A NOTE IN THE CANDY! HOLY MACKEREL! AND THE TORCH HAS GONE!

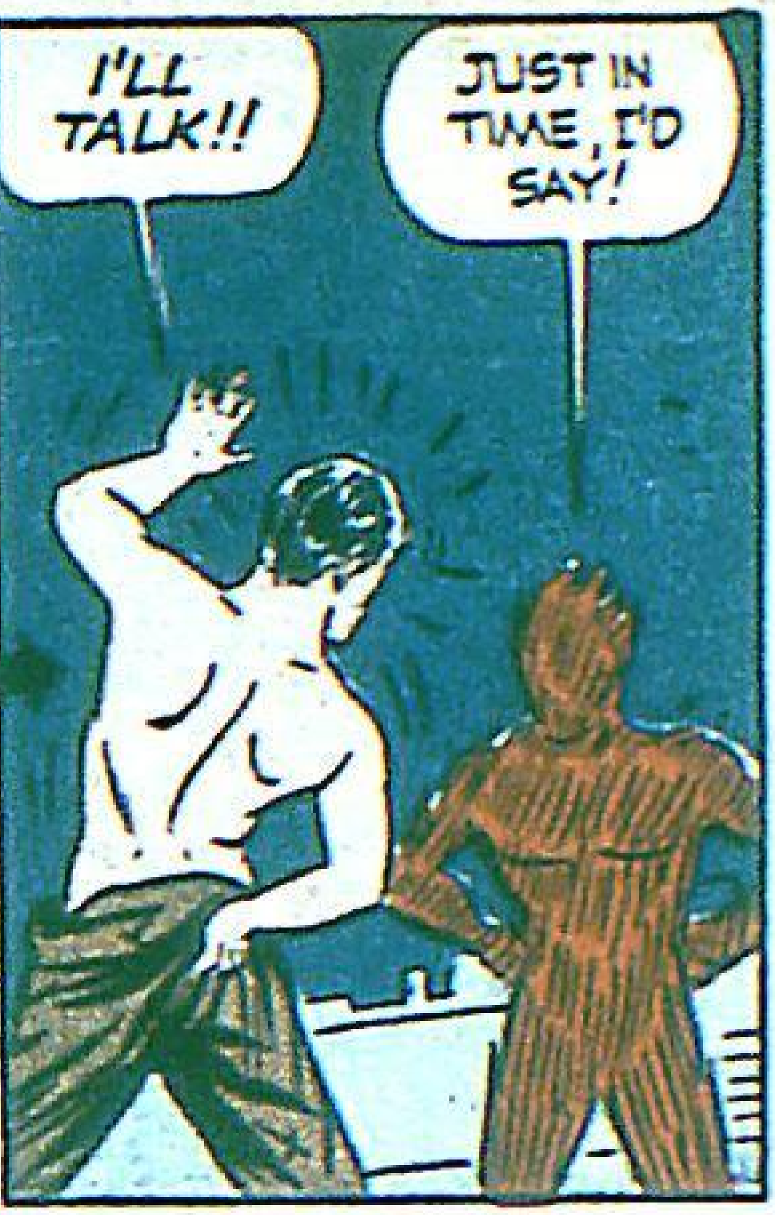

THE NOTE...
Toro...
I found out at
Sammy's Club room
that Davis will
be watching the
game this afternoon
at the lot.
Jimmy
LATER...TORO TAKES ADVANTAGE OF AN OPPORTUNITY--
IT SURE WAS LUCKY MY CLOTHES WERE LEFT IN THAT CLOSET!
SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE! I CAN'T FIND THE TORCH-- GUESS I'LL HAVE TO DO IT MYSELF! HERE'S THE LOT NOW!
UNNOTICED, TORO WATCHES THE GAME BETWEEN THE EASTSIDERS AND THE WESTSIDERS--
--ANOTHER RUN FOR THE WESTSIDERS!
ATTABOY SPIKE!
DARN!
THE WESTSIDERS CONTINUE THEIR BATTING SPREE!
HOT DOG! THAT'S AN EASY DOUBLE!
CRACK!
UNABLE TO STAND THE SIGHT OF HIS TEAM LOSING, AND UNMINDFUL OF HIS WEAK CONDITION...TORO STREAKS FOR THE PITCHER'S MOUND!
COME ON, WILLIE... I'M GONNA PITCH FROM NOW ON!
TORO! HOORAY!!
NOW LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

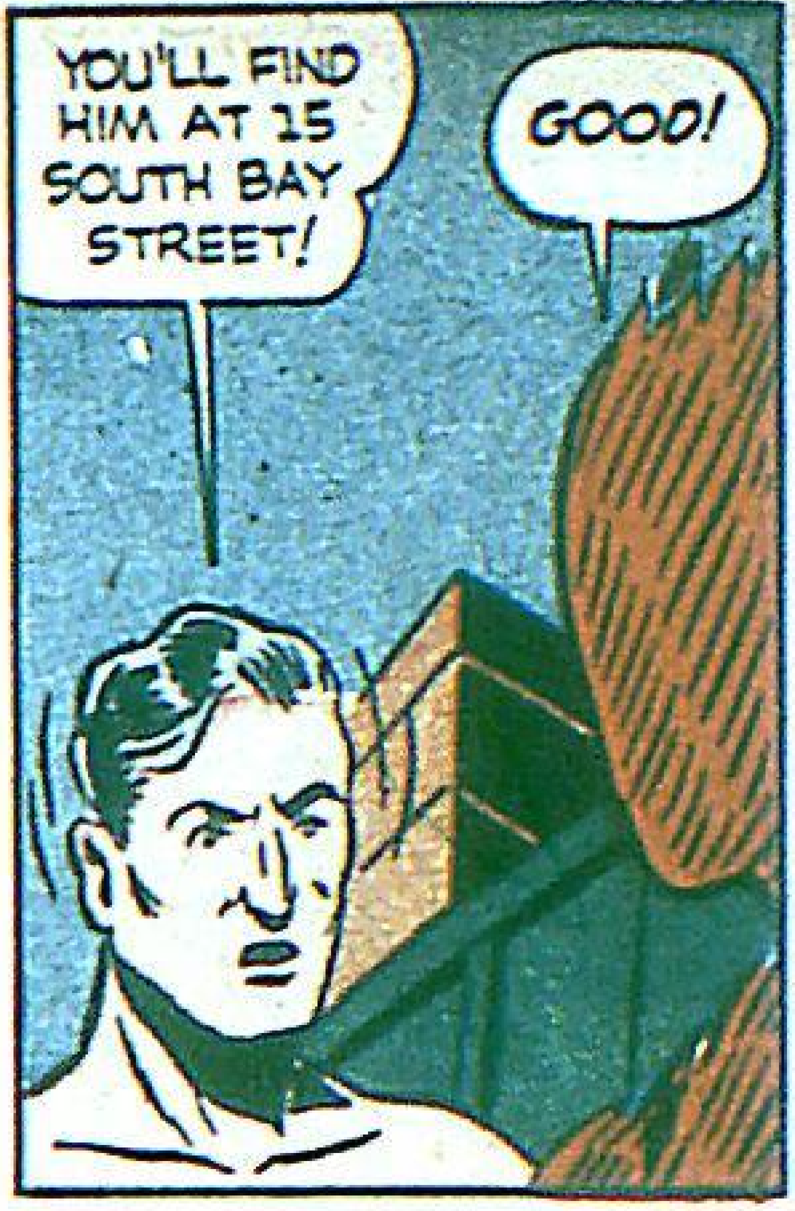

TORO HURLS THE BALL...BUT JUST BEFORE IT REACHES THE BATTER, IT BURSTS INTO FLAME--
THIS IS WHAT THEY CALL A FIREBALL!
--AND BURNS RIGHT THROUGH THE BAT!
WHAT TH--?
STR-R-IKE ONE!
AND HERE'S A SLOW ONE!
AGAIN THE BALL BURSTS INTO FLAME! THIS TIME IT COMES TO A DEAD HALT AS THE BATTER SWINGS!
STR-R-RIKE TUH!!
FOR THE THIRD TIME, TORO PITCHES...BUT THIS ONE IS HIT... AND HIT HARD!
FAIR!
AS THE LIGHTLY BURNING BALL SAILS OVER THE FENCE, TORO SHOUTS--
YA-HOO!
--AND THE FLAMING BALL, OBEYING ITS MASTER, RETURNS!
YER OUT!
HAH! DI MAGGIO COULDN'T DO BETTER!
14

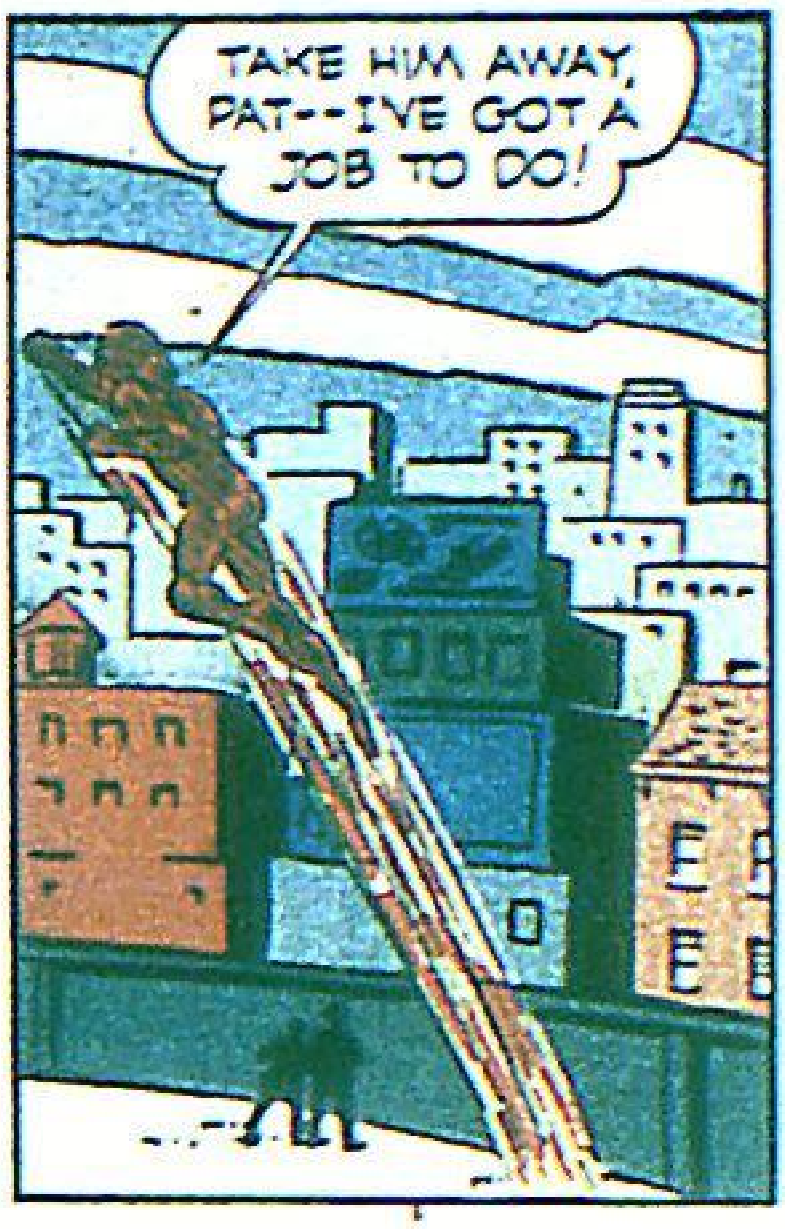

MEANWHILE, IN THE STANDS... DAVIS, THE EX-CONVICT--- RECOGNIZES TORO!
THAT KID... I'D BETTER SCRAM!
BUT AS DAVIS GETS UP TO LEAVE ...TORO SEES HIM AND--
HERE'S ONE FOR YOU--WISE GUY!
TOSSES A REAL FIREBALL!
YOW!
A COP STANDING ON THE SIDELINES SEES TORO HURL THE BALL OF FLAME...
HEY, YOU-- WHAT'S THE IDEA?
HUH?
LOOK, MISTER...I WAS ONLY TRYING TO STOP THAT GUY--YOU SEE THE TORCH HAS BEEN LOOKIN'--
NEVER MIND THAT, YOU! IF THE TORCH WANTED HIM, HE'D FIND HIM! STOP THAT FIRE!
CHASED BY THE BALL AS A RABBIT IS CHASED BY A DOG...THE MAN CROSSES THE FIELD...WHILE OUT OF THE SKY---
?
HELP! STOP IT!
THE TORCH APPEARS!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, PAT?
TORO! I THOUGHT I'D FIND YOU HERE!
THE TORCH!

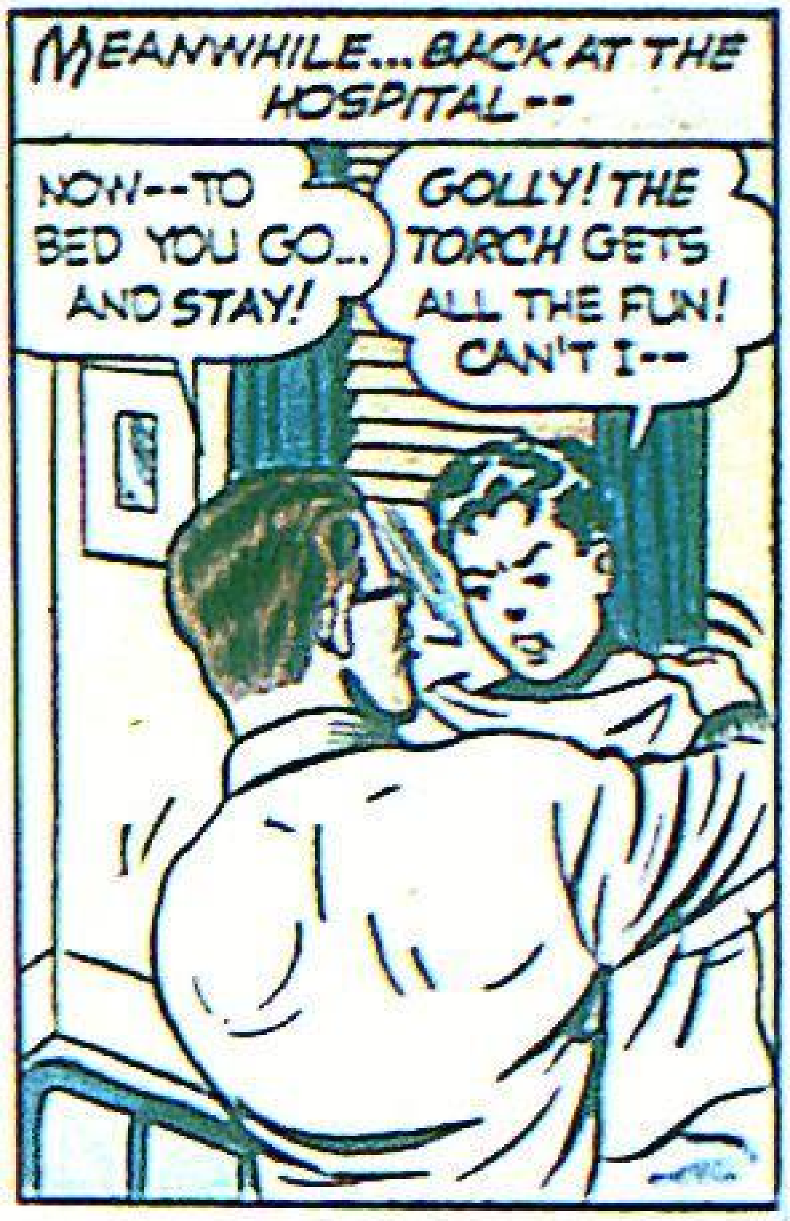

CATCHING DAVIS, THE FIRE TRAPS HIM IN A BLAZING CIRCLE!
SO...IT'S YOU, DAVIS JUST THE MAN I WANT!
GET THE AMBULANCE PAT! NOW TORO---
WHAT DID THE DOCTOR SAY ABOUT YOU, YOUNG FELLOW?
YOU'RE GOING BACK TO THE HOSPITAL-- AND STAY THERE!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
GEE, TORCH-- I WAS ONLY TRYING TO HELP!
NEVER MIND THAT! YOUR HEALTH IS MORE IMPORTANT! OKAY, DRIVER-- WATCH HIM!
EMER
AS THE AMBULANCE ROARS AWAY--THE TORCH FACES DAVIS, AND SUBDUES THE FLAMES!
NOW, YOU-- WHERE'S BLACKJACK?
TRY AND FIND HIM!
OH... SO YOU'RE GOING TO GET TOUGH, EH?
TOO TOUGH FOR YOU TO CRACK, WISE GUY... I'VE BEEN WORKED ON BY EXPERTS!
THE TORCH SNAPS ON HIS FLAME...
WELL, WELL! YOU DON'T SAY! LET'S SEE HOW YOU LOOK WITH YOUR COAT OFF!
HEY!!

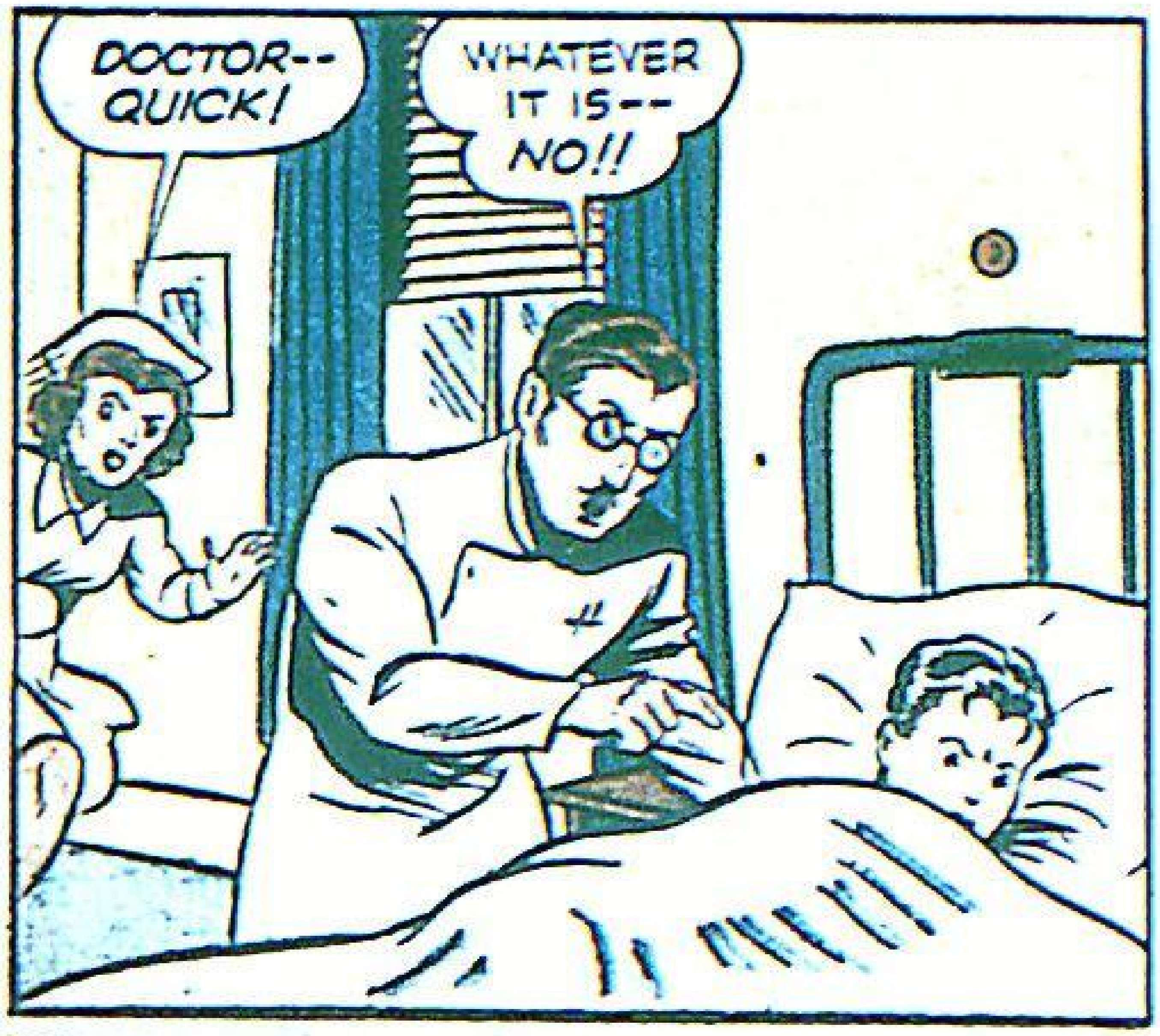

HURLING SHAFT AFTER SHAFT OF FLAME AT DAVIS...THE TORCH STARTS UNDRESSING HIM---
STOP IT... STOP!!!
NOW FOR THE PANTS!

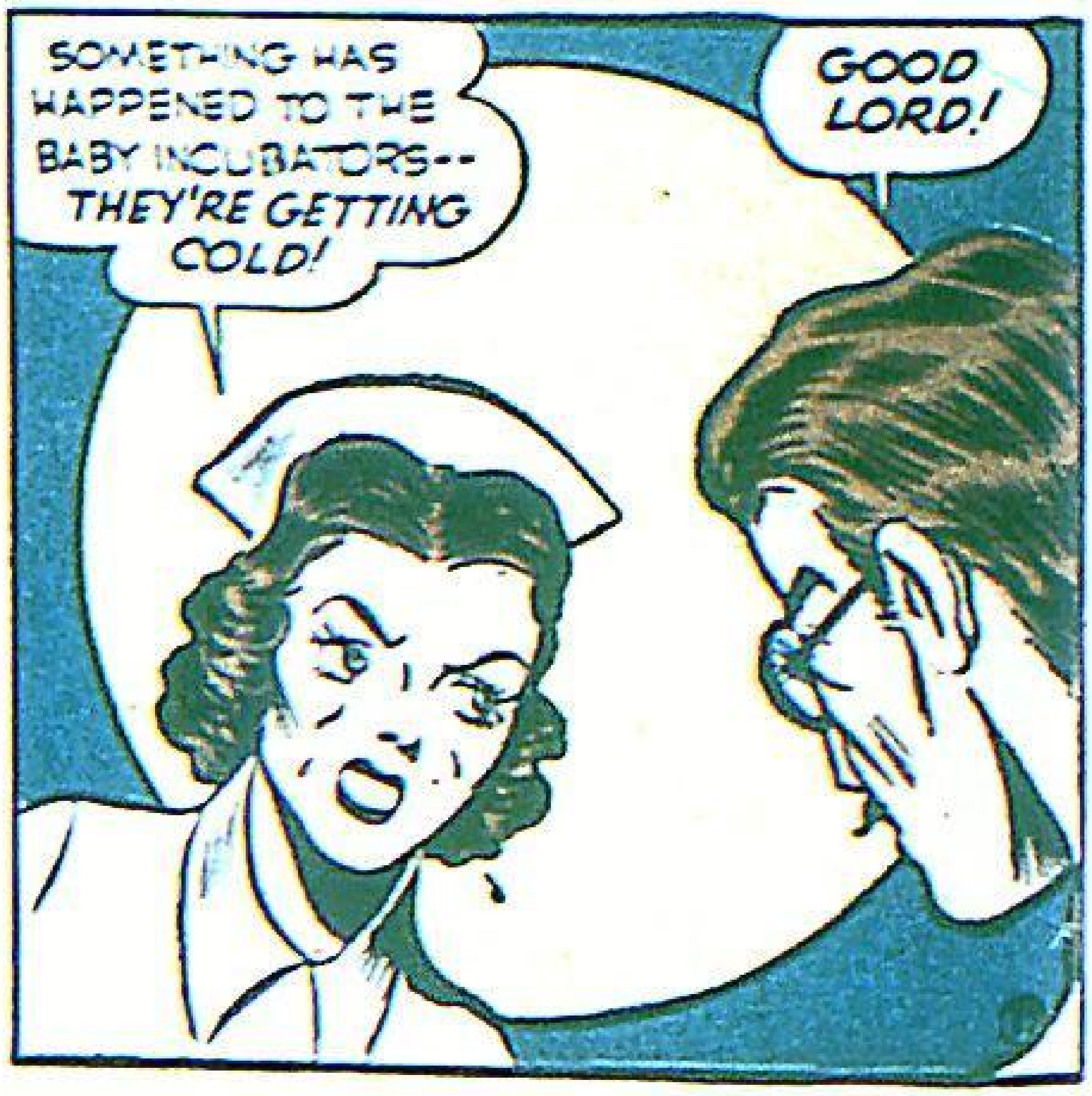

I'LL TALK!!
JUST IN TIME, I'D SAY!

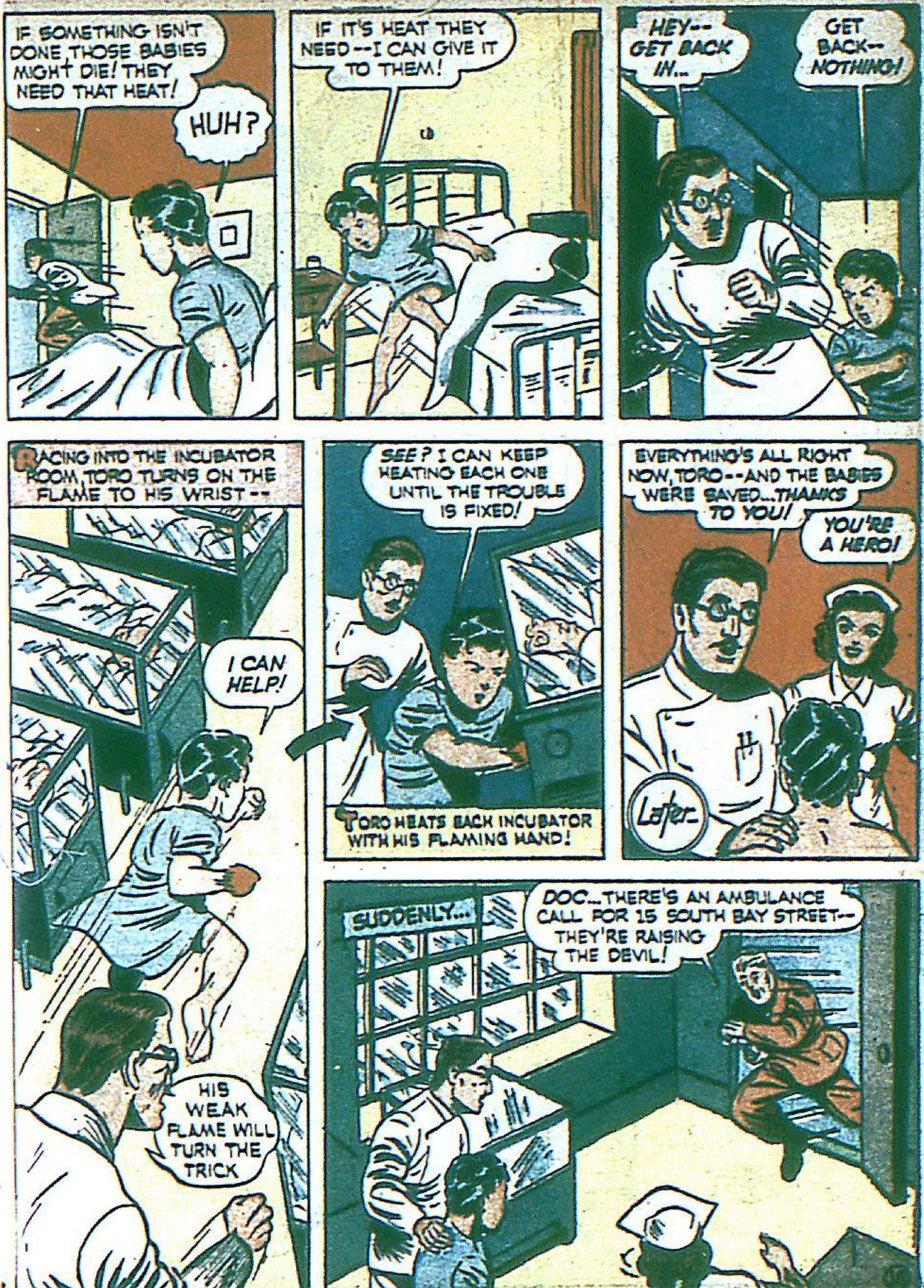

YOU'LL FIND HIM AT 15 SOUTH BAY STREET!
GOOD!

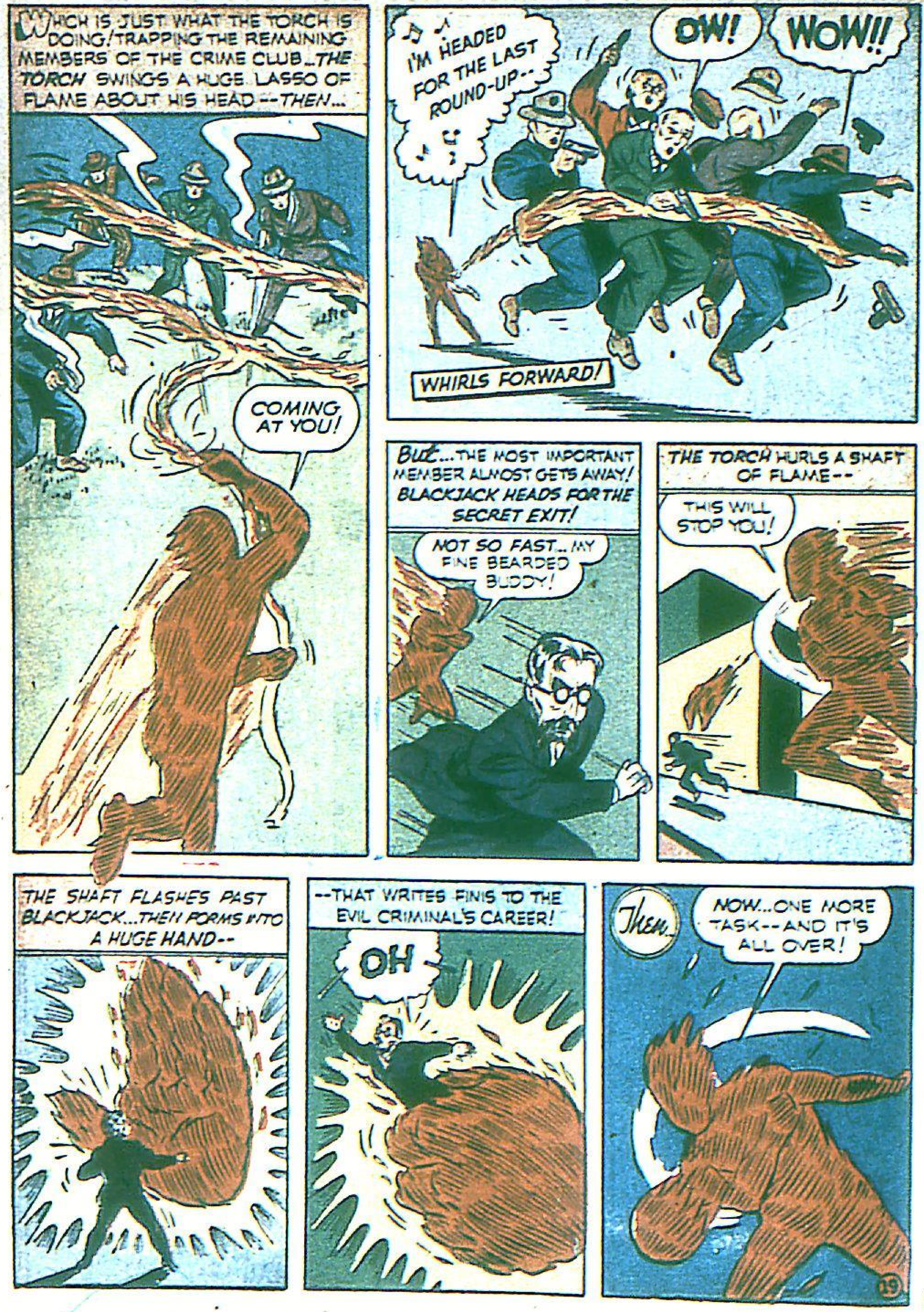

TAKE HIM AWAY, PAT--I'VE GOT A JOB TO DO!

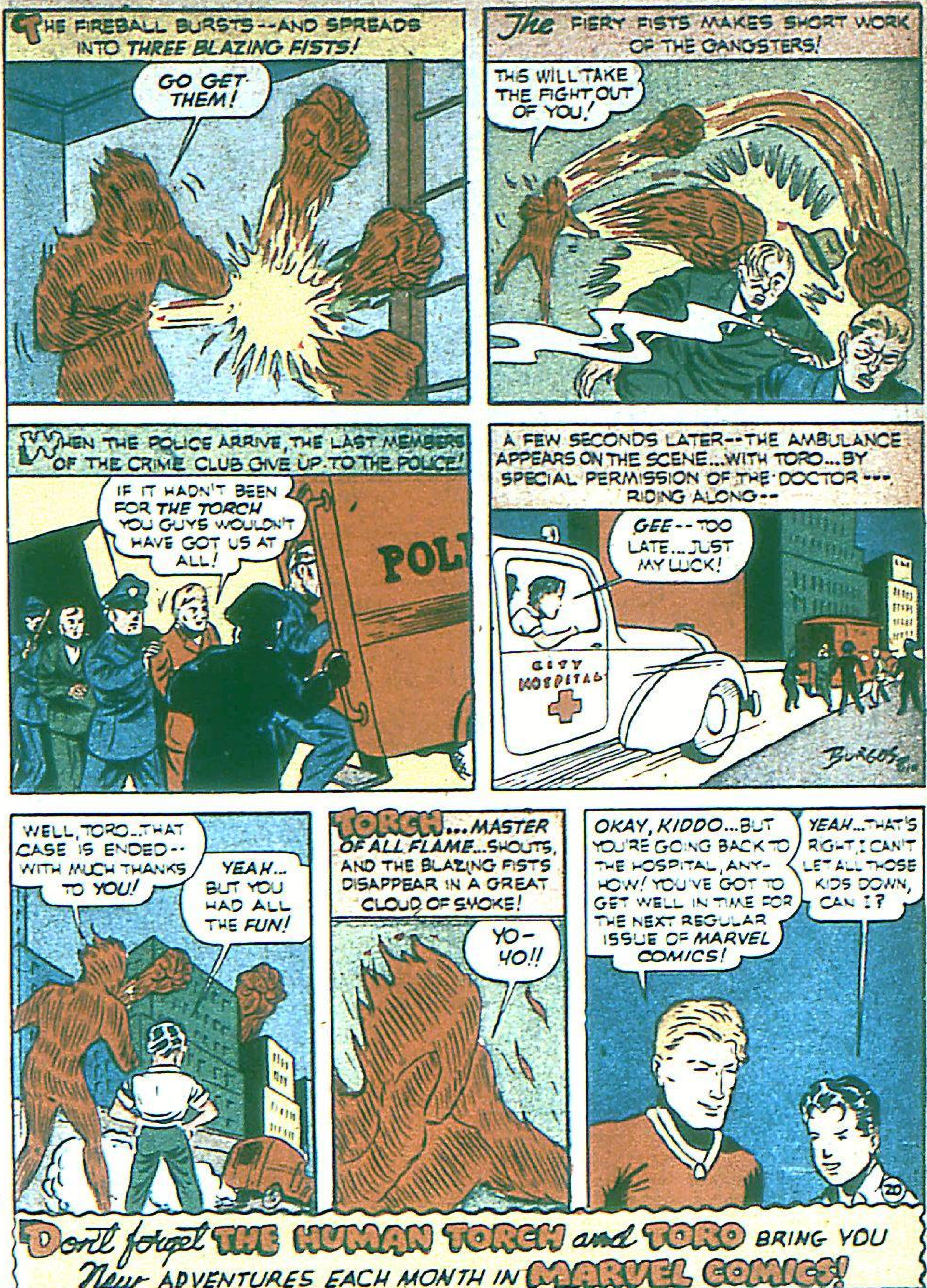

MEANWHILE...BACK AT THE HOSPITAL--
NOW--TO BED YOU GO... AND STAY!
GOLLY! THE TORCH GETS ALL THE FUN! CAN'T I--


DOCTOR-- QUICK!
WHATEVER IT IS-- NO!!

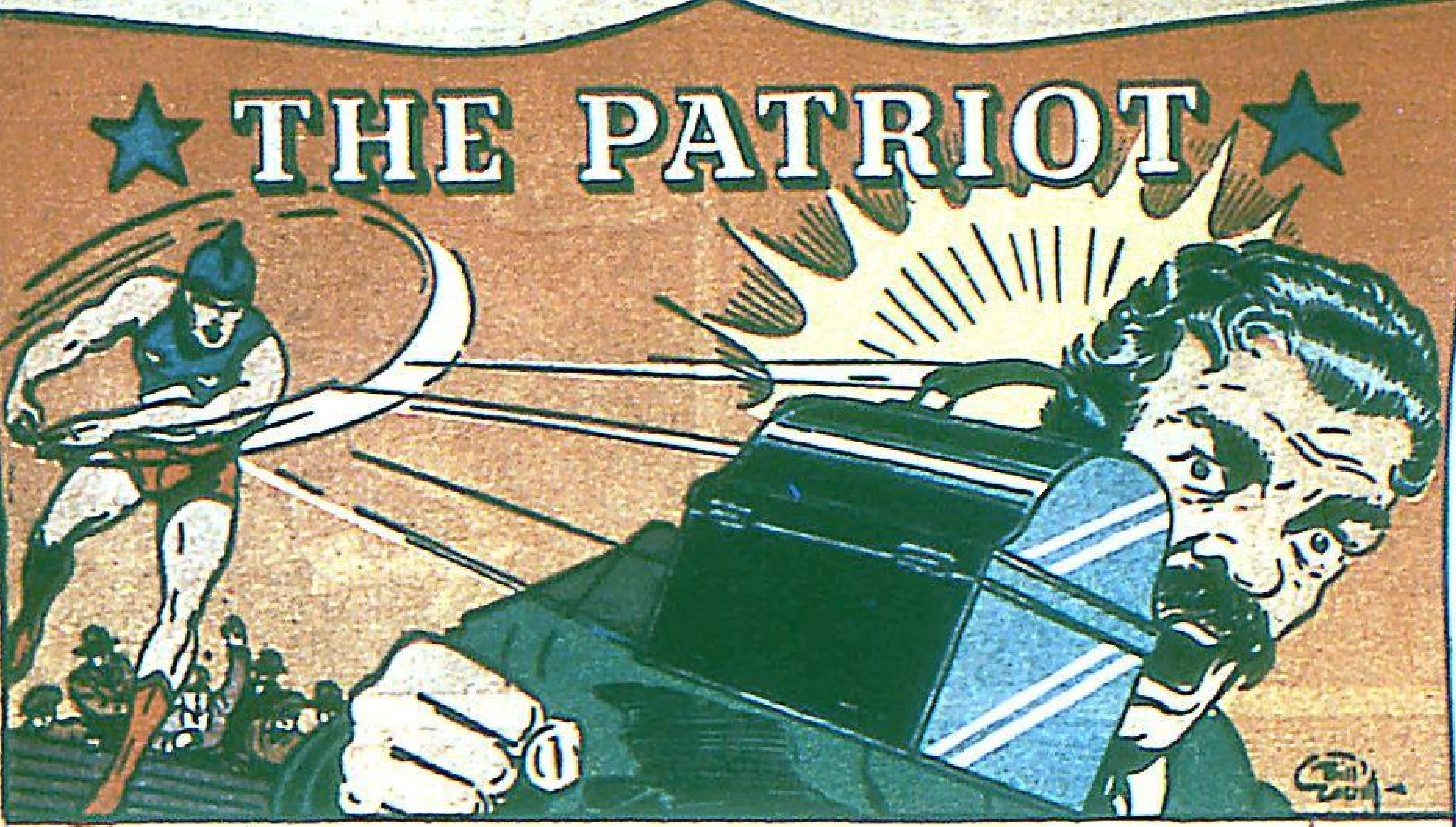

SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO THE BABY INCUBATORS-- THEY'RE GETTING COLD!
GOOD LORD!


IF SOMETHING ISN'T DONE THOSE BABIES MIGHT DIE! THEY NEED THAT HEAT!
HUH?
IF IT'S HEAT THEY NEED--I CAN GIVE IT TO THEM!
HEY--GET BACK IN...
GET BACK--NOTHING!
RACING INTO THE INCUBATOR ROOM, TORO TURNS ON THE FLAME TO HIS WRIST--
I CAN HELP!
HIS WEAK FLAME WILL TURN THE TRICK
SEE? I CAN KEEP HEATING EACH ONE UNTIL THE TROUBLE IS FIXED!
TORO HEATS EACH INCUBATOR WITH HIS FLAMING HAND!
EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT NOW, TORO--AND THE BABIES WERE SAVED...THANKS TO YOU!
YOU'RE A HERO!
Later_
SUDDENLY...
DOC...THERE'S AN AMBULANCE CALL FOR 15 SOUTH BAY STREET--THEY'RE RAISING THE DEVIL!


WHICH IS JUST WHAT THE TORCH IS DOING! TRAPPING THE REMAINING MEMBERS OF THE CRIME CLUB.. THE TORCH SWINGS A HUGE LASSO OF FLAME ABOUT HIS HEAD --THEN...
COMING AT YOU!
I'M HEADED FOR THE LAST ROUND-UP--
OW!
WOW!!
WHIRLS FORWARD!
But... THE MOST IMPORTANT MEMBER ALMOST GETS AWAY! BLACKJACK HEADS FOR THE SECRET EXIT!
NOT SO FAST... MY FINE BEARDED BUDDY!
THE TORCH HURLS A SHAFT OF FLAME--
THIS WILL STOP YOU!
THE SHAFT FLASHES PAST BLACKJACK...THEN FORMS INTO A HUGE HAND--
--THAT WRITES FINIS TO THE EVIL CRIMINAL'S CAREER!
OH
Then...
NOW...ONE MORE TASK--AND IT'S ALL OVER!


THE FIREBALL BURSTS--AND SPREADS INTO THREE BLAZING FISTS!
GO GET THEM!
The FIERY FISTS MAKES SHORT WORK OF THE GANGSTERS!
THIS WILL TAKE THE FIGHT OUT OF YOU!
WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE, THE LAST MEMBERS OF THE CRIME CLUB GIVE UP TO THE POLICE!
IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THE TORCH YOU GUYS WOULDN'T HAVE GOT US AT ALL!
POLI
A FEW SECONDS LATER--THE AMBULANCE APPEARS ON THE SCENE...WITH TORO...BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF THE DOCTOR---RIDING ALONG--
GEE--TOO LATE...JUST MY LUCK!
CITY HOSPITAL
BURGOS
WELL, TORO..THAT CASE IS ENDED--WITH MUCH THANKS TO YOU!
YEAH... BUT YOU HAD ALL THE FUN!
TORCH...MASTER OF ALL FLAME...SHOUTS, AND THE BLAZING FISTS DISAPPEAR IN A GREAT CLOUD OF SMOKE!
YO-HO!!
OKAY, KIDDO...BUT YOU'RE GOING BACK TO THE HOSPITAL, ANYHOW! YOU'VE GOT TO GET WELL IN TIME FOR THE NEXT REGULAR ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS!
YEAH...THAT'S RIGHT, I CAN'T LET ALL THOSE KIDS DOWN, CAN I?
20
Don't forget THE HUMAN TORCH and TORO BRING YOU New ADVENTURES EACH MONTH IN MARVEL COMICS!

THE PATRIOT



THIS IS THE STORY OF ONE AMERICAN
WHO DECIDED TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT ALL!

BY THE PATRIOT, AS TOLD TO RAY GILL

"HERE'S a little something from behind the headlines, and I'd appreciate it if you'd be careful that this information doesn't get into the wrong hands—spies, or fifth columnists, I mean. We Americans can't be too careful in these times. Well, I may as well begin at the beginning . . .

"I was writing a column for a big newspaper syndicate, from Washington, D. C.—covering all of the activity in the National Capitol that you and your folks might think interesting. And, believe me, there was *plenty* to write about—but I guess you know all that now, almost every big paper carried my yarns.

"And another thing—the reason you've never seen my name before—I was a *ghost* writer! A *ghost* in the newspaper business means a fellow that writes a story for somebody else . . . then they sign their name to it.

"Well, I was a ghost in more than one sense. I got myself in some of the craziest scrapes—I *had* to be a 'ghost' to get out with my whole skin. You know, you wouldn't believe the things that go on in this country! However, they don't go on for long . . . because there still are a few guys like myself that kind of step in at the wrong time and dump their apple carts!

"I REMEMBER one time, about a year ago, when I was assigned to cover a strike at a munitions plant in Virginia. It was an important event, since everybody in Washington was all hepped up about the future plans for national defense. I hopped on a plane from the Washington Airport and found myself in some pretty important company. A whole bunch of Government officials were bound for the same place.

"With my usual, and highly successful technique, I overheard these Federal Representatives discussing the time limit they had. It seems that they *had* to get there before sundown to avert a riot at the plant.

"As usual, and I could have guessed, they figured that this strike was the work of the insidious Fifth Column that was so unpopular at the time. Since then, however, we've more or less gotten this type of 'column' unsyndicated! In other words, we, the people, don't stand for that kind of nonsense anymore! I've developed a system of my own (as you know) that works pretty well . . .

"The big boys were plenty worried as the old sun began to duck down behind the sea of clouds under us. It was getting late. Suddenly one of them, a tall, dignified gentleman, jumped up out of his seat and shouted: 'What is this?' He pointed out of the window to a hole in the floor of billowy clouds. 'We're not over Virginia—we're flying over a large body of water!' I looked too—and found that he was right!

"But, if they thought the world had all gone wrong at that discovery, they had much to learn—for the next thing the tall man saw was the forms of our two pilots gently floating down under their large parachutes . . . while the plane roared on a steady slant toward certain destruction. If we smacked a wave at that speed, there wouldn't be any pieces of our ship to pick up!

"Everybody seemed to get the same idea at the same time, for we all rushed foreward to try and get at the controls. I tried to get through but they wouldn't listen to me—they were panic stricken. It was only a matter of minutes until—

"I REALIZED that I must do something—and fast! Their added weight served to make the great plane go into an even steeper glide. I stepped back and shed my coat—I was prepared for trouble, and had my costume underneath. In a second I rushed through them, taking advantage of the psychological effect of my uniform. They stepped back, taking an attitude of confidence in my strikingly patriotic outfit, and followed my orders.

"Even though they wondered where I came from, as the Patriot, nobody asked even a single question. They didn't miss Jeff Mace, the young reporter, so my identity was kept a secret. I had used the uniform only once before in a newspaper promotion stunt—but now I realized its true value.

"They stayed to the rear of the cabin while I forced the door of the pilot's compartment open. I don't know why, I guess I'm pretty well built anyhow, but when I get into my outfit and I become the Patriot, I feel as though I can lick the world for good old Uncle Sammy! It took only one shove against the door—I took the whole thing off, lock, hinges, everything.

"Once inside (I have my pilot's license), it didn't take long to pull the ship out of the spin and on an even keel again. I told the men to relax, and that I'd get them to the munitions plant in plenty of time. I found a map that the pilots had been using, and realized that we were over the Atlantic, off the coast of Virginia.

"There were other papers there that proved the pilots were members of the fifth column, attempting to destroy a number of government officials.

"We reached the plant just as the sun set—and found a large crowd of excited people about to storm the grounds. A big fellow, foreign-looking, was doing the agitating — but I sort of knocked a hole in his argument with a handy metal lunch box that one of the workmen had dropped in the excitement. It hit him squarely in the face—while his big mouth was spieling words of hatred to the gullible workers.

"The crowd didn't exactly know what happened—and before they had a chance to realize it, I had rushed the tall, dignified statesman to the platform in his place. The government man won over the crowd immediately with a few choice words . . . words they had been waiting to hear.

"I realized that my work, as the Patriot, was completed, so I changed my clothes behind a shack and emerged again as Jeff Mace, an ordinary newspaperman.

"The strike was settled, and I wrote my story—leaving out the details of the plane incident. I always figure that that sort of thing should be taken care of and then forgotten! There's enough trouble and grief in the newspapers these days without my adding to it!

"And that, my young friend, is why I happened to become the Patriot. I saw so much 'foreign' activity going on that I felt I'd like to do something about it!"

THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF HUMAN TORCH COMICS, published quarterly at Meriden, Connecticut, for October 1st, 1940.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Abraham Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Owner of the Human Torch Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

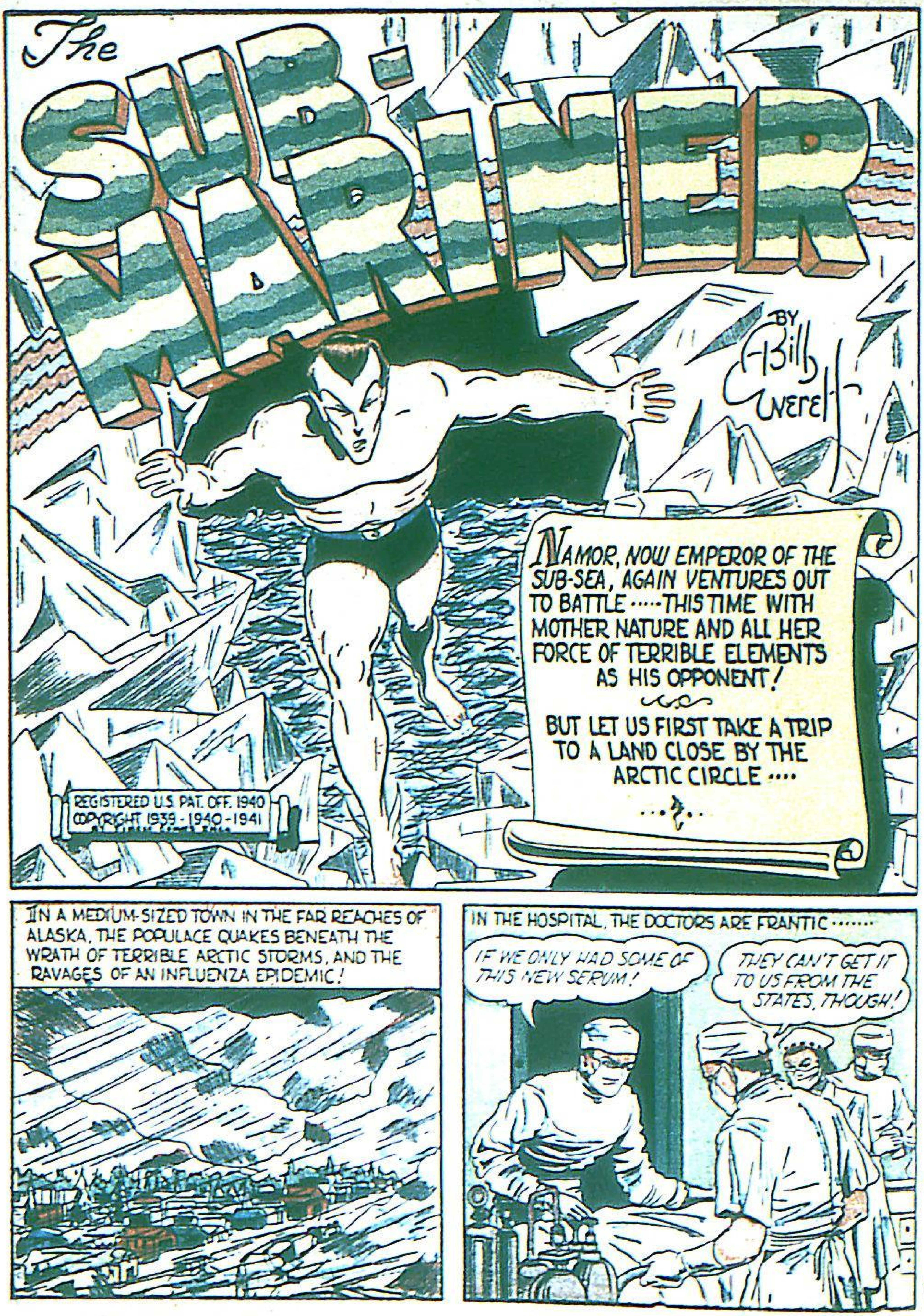
1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Abraham Goodman, 330 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Martin Goodman, 330 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Martin Goodman, 330 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., Business Manager, Martin Goodman, 330 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

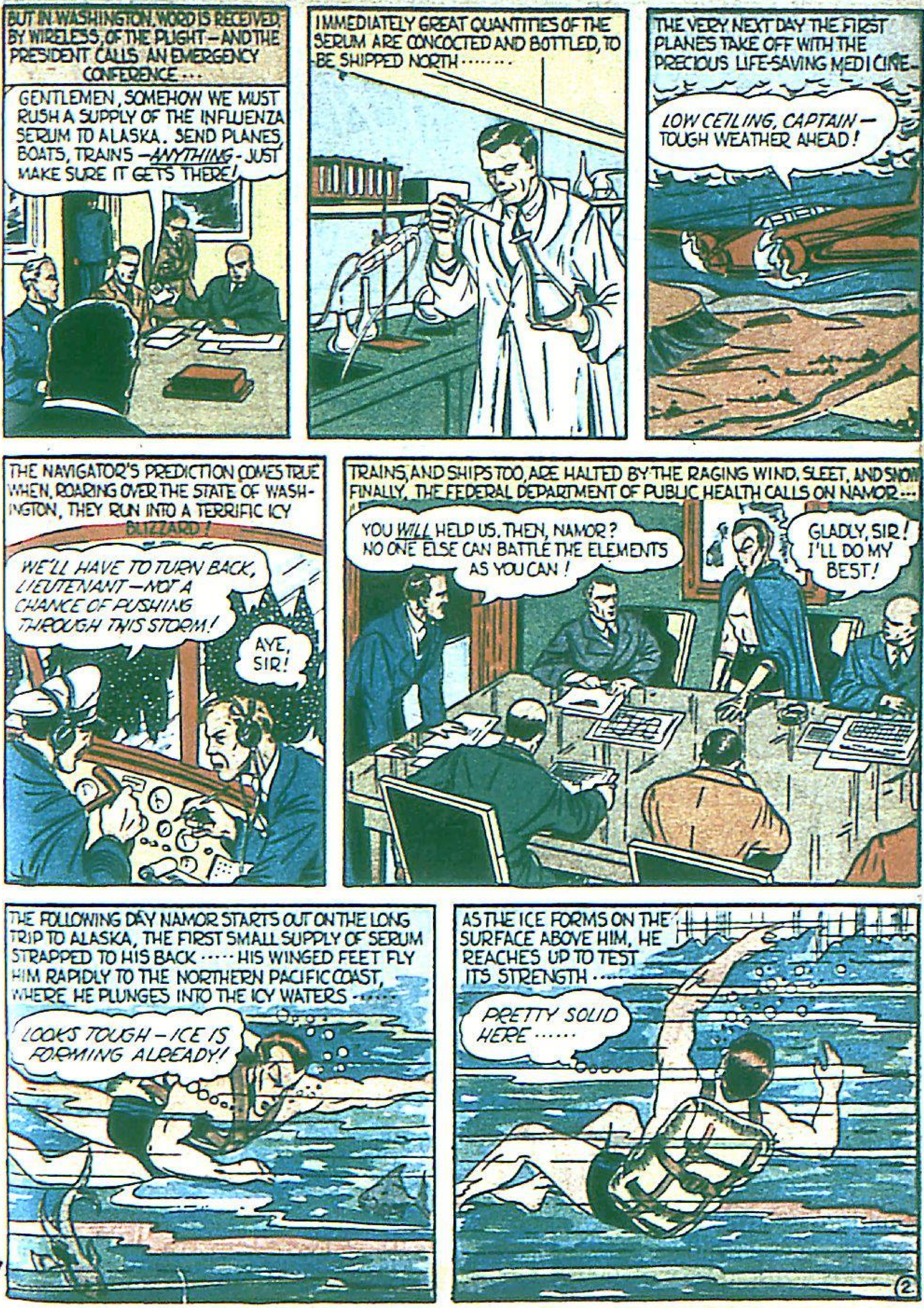
2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Timely Publications, 330 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; Abraham Goodman, 330 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

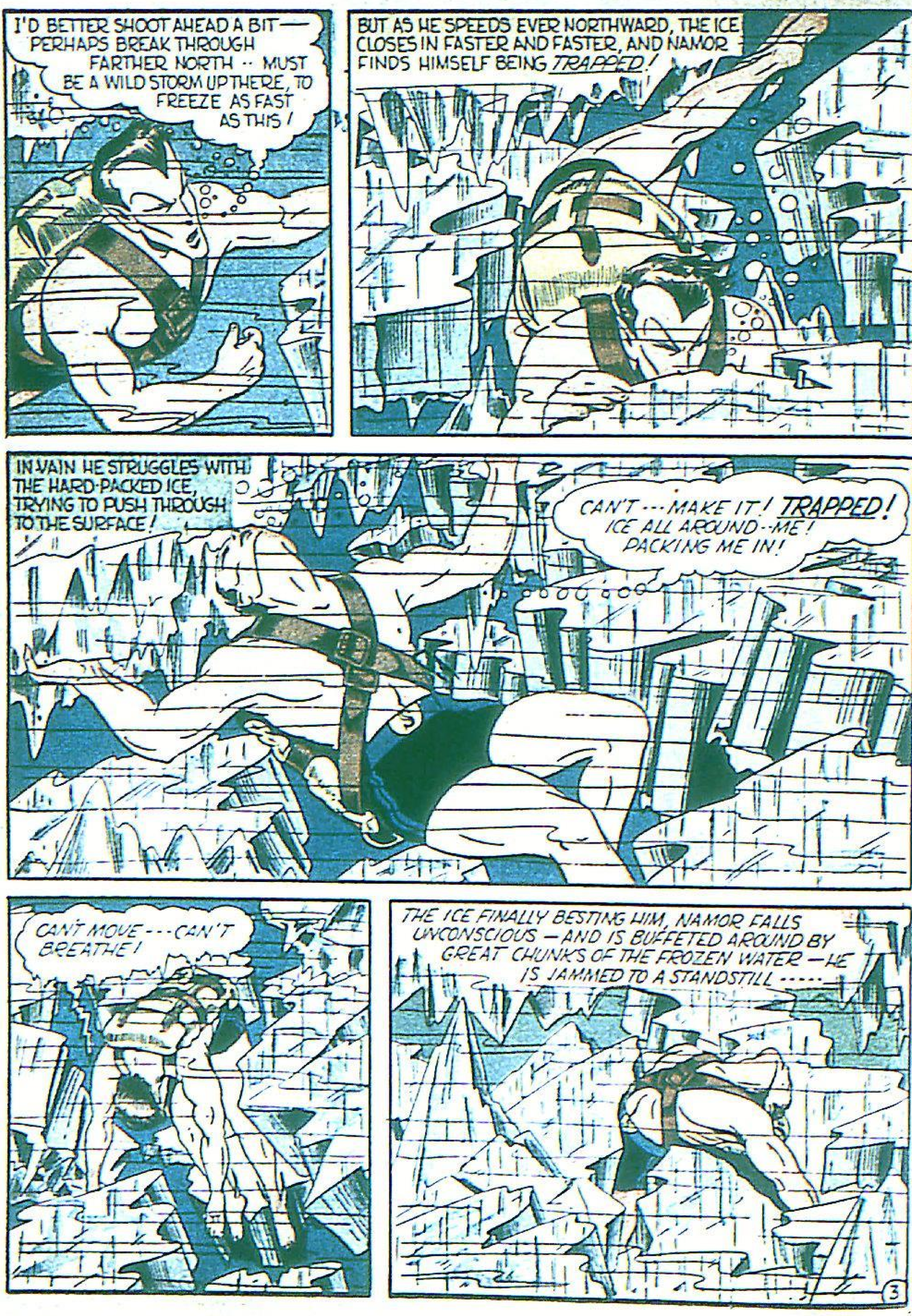
2. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

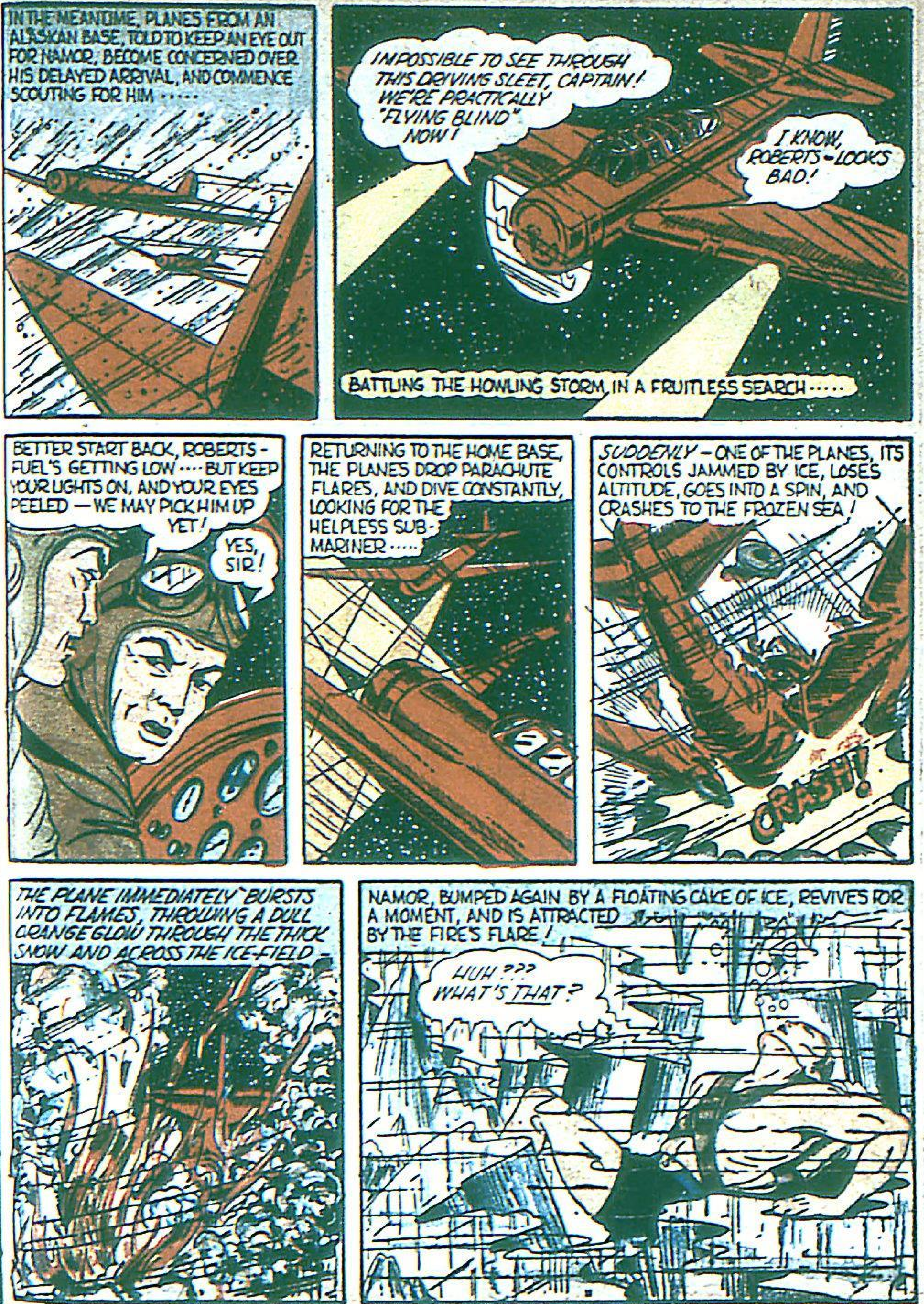
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

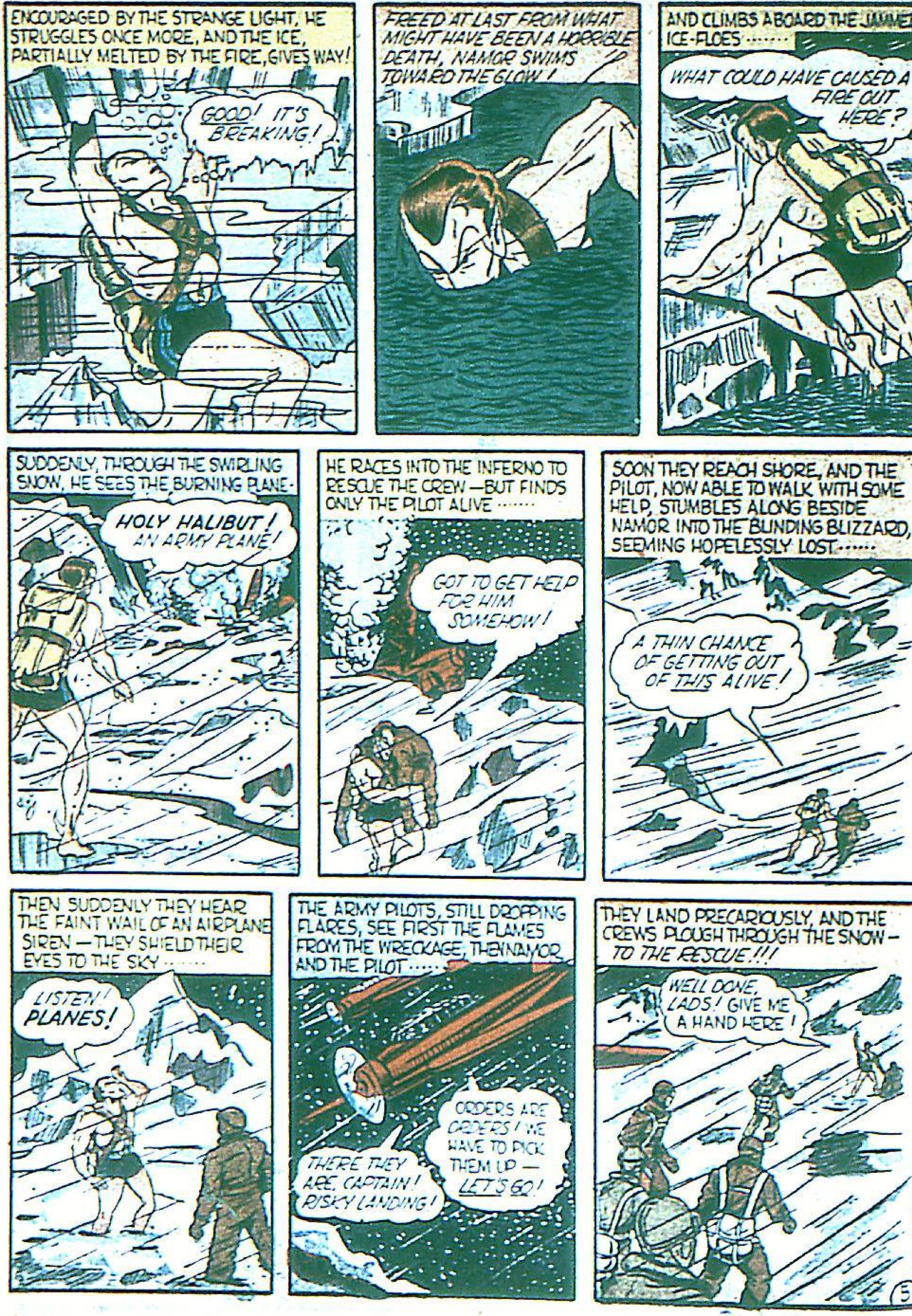
Timely Publications
Abraham Goodman, Owner.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1940.
Maurice Coyne, Notary Public.
(My commission expires March 30, 1942.)

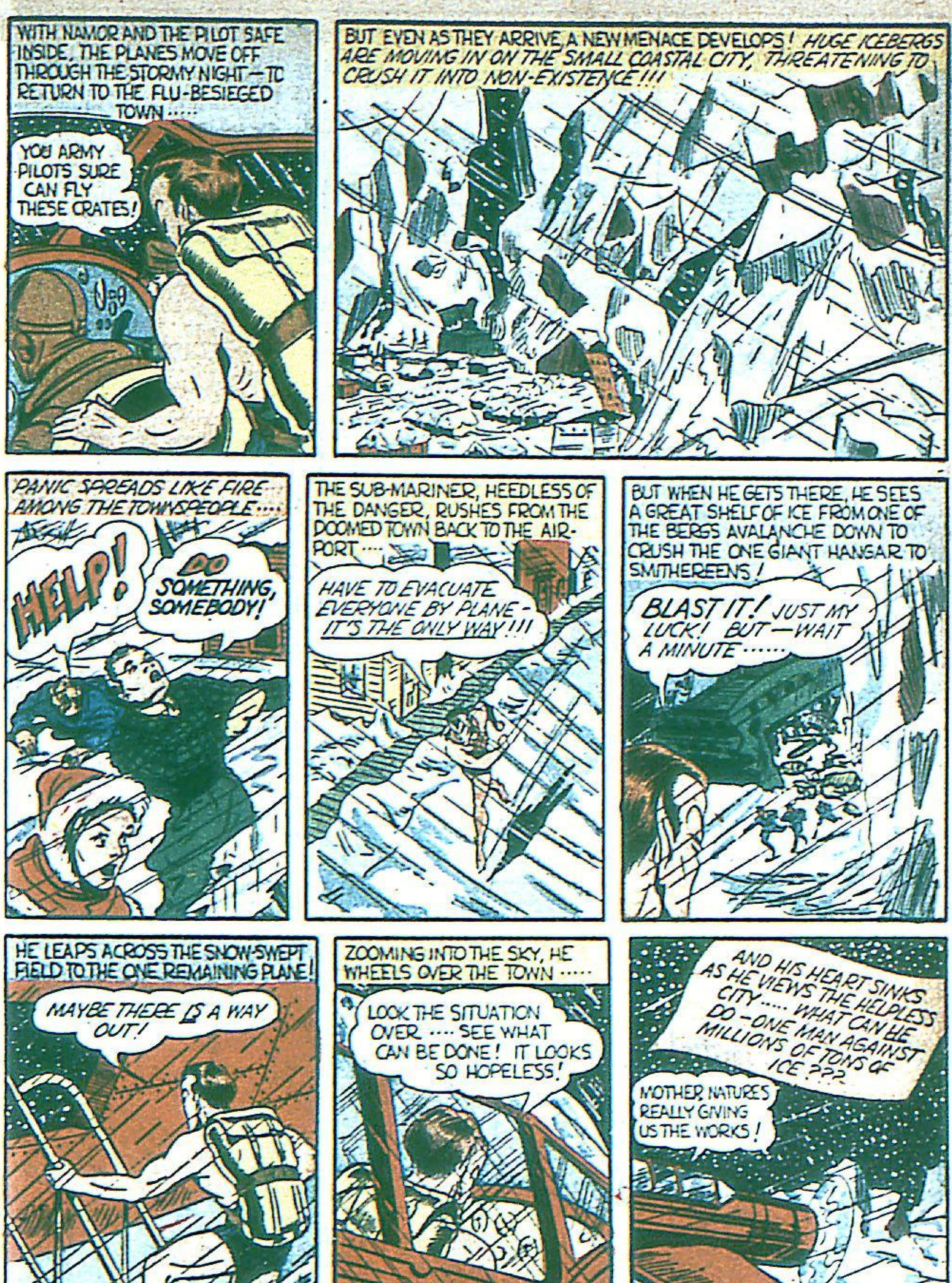

The SUB-MARINER
BY Bill Everett
NAMOR, NOW EMPEROR OF THE SUB-SEA, AGAIN VENTURES OUT TO BATTLE ..... THIS TIME WITH MOTHER NATURE AND ALL HER FORCE OF TERRIBLE ELEMENTS AS HIS OPPONENT!
BUT LET US FIRST TAKE A TRIP TO A LAND CLOSE BY THE ARCTIC CIRCLE ....
REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940
COPYRIGHT 1939-1940-1941
IN A MEDIUM-SIZED TOWN IN THE FAR REACHES OF ALASKA, THE POPULACE QUAKES BENEATH THE WRATH OF TERRIBLE ARCTIC STORMS, AND THE RAVAGES OF AN INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC!
IN THE HOSPITAL, THE DOCTORS ARE FRANTIC ....
IF WE ONLY HAD SOME OF THIS NEW SERUM!
THEY CAN'T GET IT TO US FROM THE STATES, THOUGH!

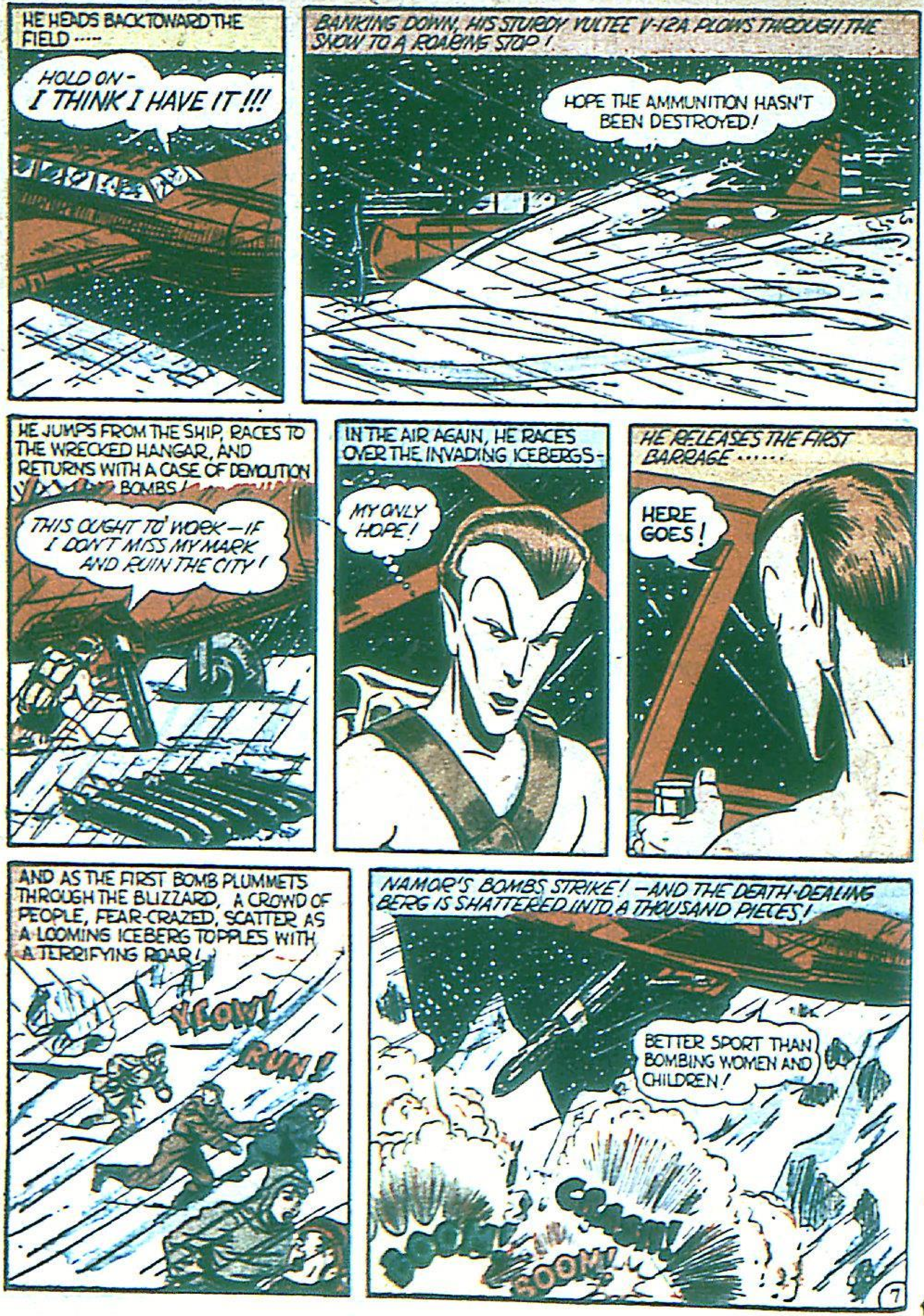

BUT IN WASHINGTON, WORD IS RECEIVED BY WIRELESS, OF THE PLIGHT—AND THE PRESIDENT CALLS AN EMERGENCY CONFERENCE...
GENTLEMEN, SOMEHOW WE MUST RUSH A SUPPLY OF THE INFLUENZA SERUM TO ALASKA. SEND PLANES, BOATS, TRAINS —*ANYTHING*- JUST MAKE SURE IT GETS THERE!
IMMEDIATELY GREAT QUANTITIES OF THE SERUM ARE CONCOCTED AND BOTTLED, TO BE SHIPPED NORTH........
THE VERY NEXT DAY THE FIRST PLANES TAKE OFF WITH THE PRECIOUS LIFE-SAVING MEDICINE-
LOW CEILING, CAPTAIN— TOUGH WEATHER AHEAD!
THE NAVIGATOR'S PREDICTION COMES TRUE WHEN, ROARING OVER THE STATE OF WASHINGTON, THEY RUN INTO A TERRIFIC ICY BLIZZARD!
WE'LL HAVE TO TURN BACK, LIEUTENANT—NOT A CHANCE OF PUSHING THROUGH THIS STORM!
AYE, SIR!
TRAINS, AND SHIPS TOO, ARE HALTED BY THE RAGING WIND, SLEET, AND SNOW FINALLY, THE FEDERAL DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC HEALTH CALLS ON NAMOR---
YOU *WILL* HELP US, THEN, NAMOR? NO ONE ELSE CAN BATTLE THE ELEMENTS AS YOU CAN!
GLADLY, SIR! I'LL DO MY BEST!
THE FOLLOWING DAY NAMOR STARTS OUT ON THE LONG TRIP TO ALASKA, THE FIRST SMALL SUPPLY OF SERUM STRAPPED TO HIS BACK ····· HIS WINGED FEET FLY HIM RAPIDLY TO THE NORTHERN PACIFIC COAST, WHERE HE PLUNGES INTO THE ICY WATERS ·····
LOOKS TOUGH—ICE IS FORMING ALREADY!
AS THE ICE FORMS ON THE SURFACE ABOVE HIM, HE REACHES UP TO TEST ITS STRENGTH ·····
PRETTY SOLID HERE ·····
2

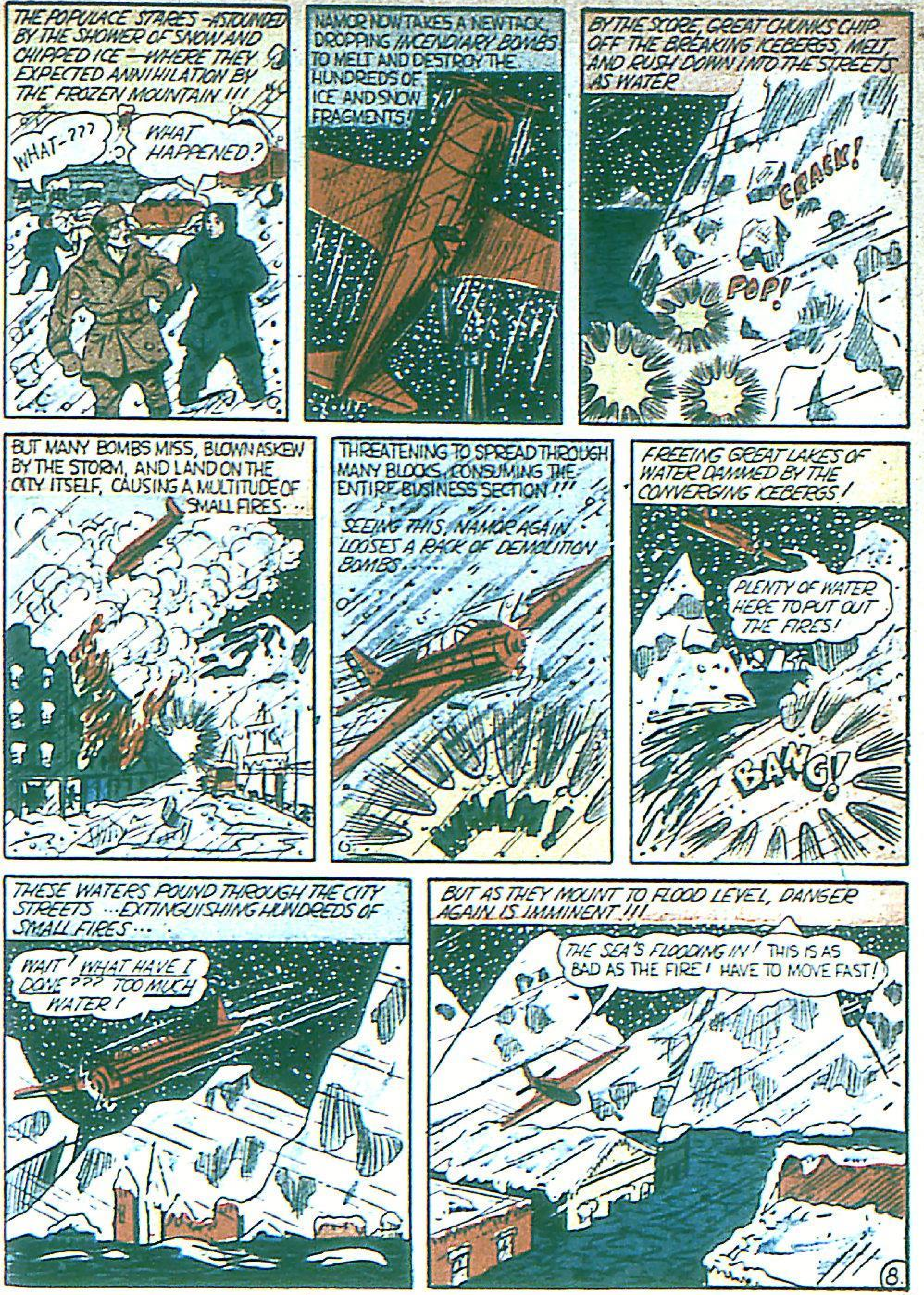

I'D BETTER SHOOT AHEAD A BIT — PERHAPS BREAK THROUGH FARTHER NORTH -- MUST BE A WILD STORM UP THERE, TO FREEZE AS FAST AS THIS!
BUT AS HE SPEEDS EVER NORTHWARD, THE ICE CLOSES IN FASTER AND FASTER, AND NAMOR FINDS HIMSELF BEING *TRAPPED*!
IN VAIN HE STRUGGLES WITH THE HARD-PACKED ICE, TRYING TO PUSH THROUGH TO THE SURFACE!
CAN'T --- MAKE IT! **TRAPPED!** ICE ALL AROUND--ME! PACKING ME IN!
CAN'T MOVE --- CAN'T BREATHE!
THE ICE FINALLY BESTING HIM, NAMOR FALLS UNCONSCIOUS — AND IS BUFFETED AROUND BY GREAT CHUNKS OF THE FROZEN WATER — HE IS JAMMED TO A STANDSTILL ----
3

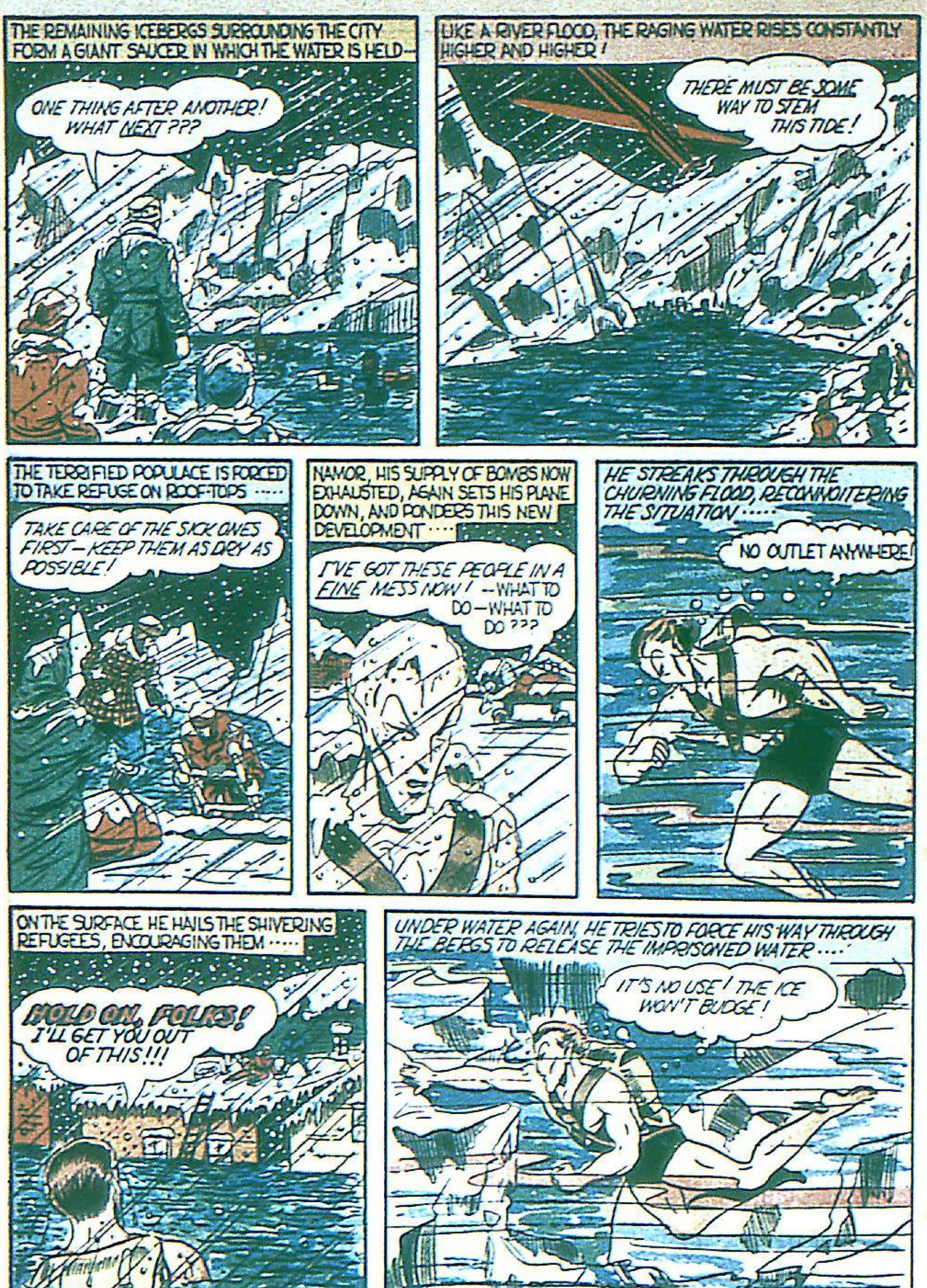

IN THE MEANTIME, PLANES FROM AN ALASKAN BASE, TOLD TO KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR NAMOR, BECOME CONCERNED OVER HIS DELAYED ARRIVAL, AND COMMENCE SCOUTING FOR HIM .....
IMPOSSIBLE TO SEE THROUGH THIS DRIVING SLEET, CAPTAIN! WE'RE PRACTICALLY "FLYING BLIND" NOW!
I KNOW, ROBERTS—LOOKS BAD!
BATTLING THE HOWLING STORM, IN A FRUITLESS SEARCH .....
BETTER START BACK, ROBERTS - FUEL'S GETTING LOW .... BUT KEEP YOUR LIGHTS ON, AND YOUR EYES PEELED — WE MAY PICK HIM UP YET!
YES, SIR!
RETURNING TO THE HOME BASE, THE PLANES DROP PARACHUTE FLARES, AND DIVE CONSTANTLY, LOOKING FOR THE HELPLESS SUB-MARINER .....
SUDDENLY — ONE OF THE PLANES, ITS CONTROLS JAMMED BY ICE, LOSES ALTITUDE, GOES INTO A SPIN, AND CRASHES TO THE FROZEN SEA!
CRASH!
THE PLANE IMMEDIATELY BURSTS INTO FLAMES, THROWING A DULL ORANGE GLOW THROUGH THE THICK SNOW AND ACROSS THE ICE-FIELD —
NAMOR, BUMPED AGAIN BY A FLOATING CAKE OF ICE, REVIVES FOR A MOMENT, AND IS ATTRACTED BY THE FIRE'S FLARE!
HUH??? WHAT'S THAT?

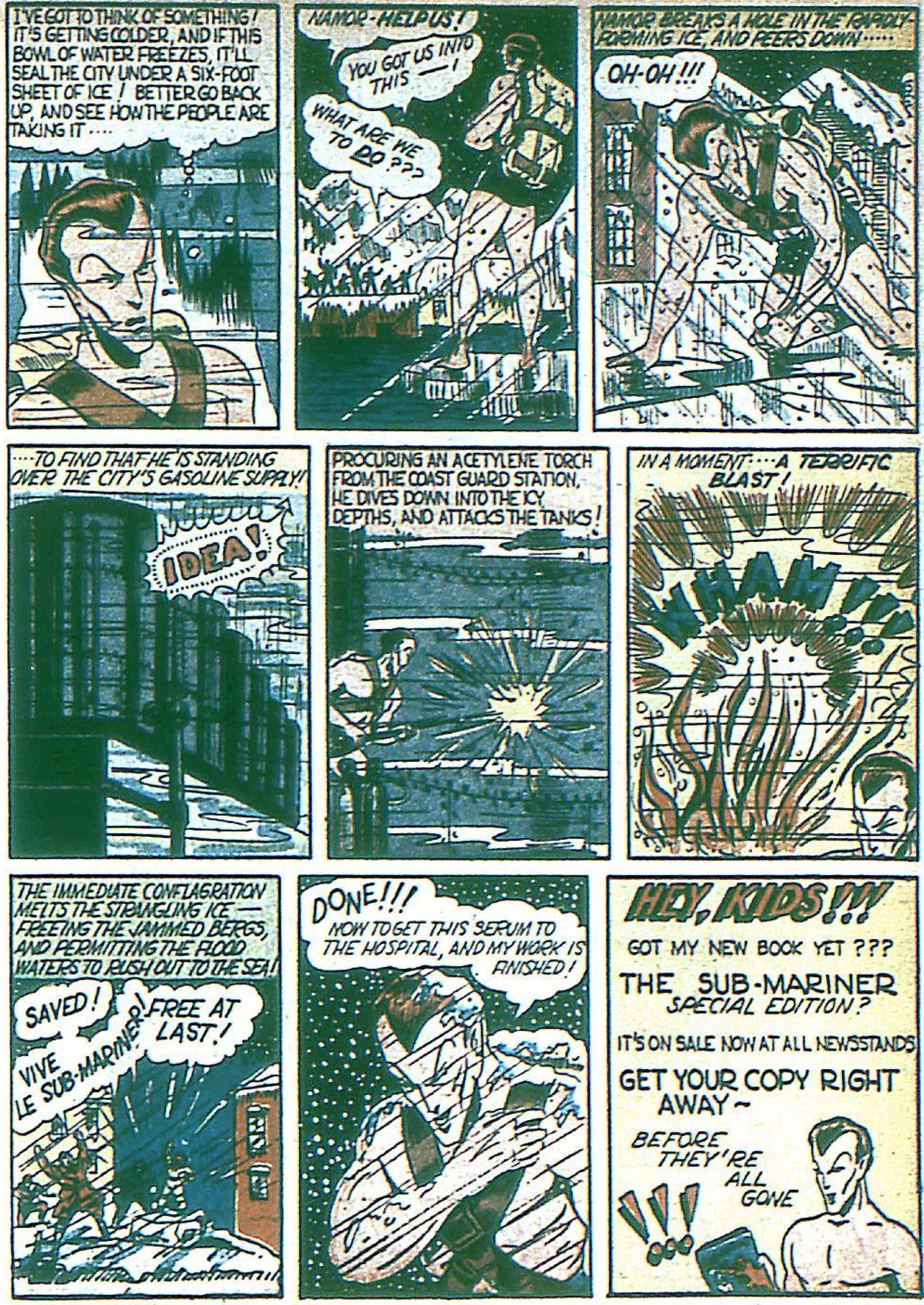

ENCOURAGED BY THE STRANGE LIGHT, HE STRUGGLES ONCE MORE, AND THE ICE, PARTIALLY MELTED BY THE FIRE, GIVES WAY!
GOOD! IT'S BREAKING!
FREED AT LAST FROM WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A HORRIBLE DEATH, NAMOR SWIMS TOWARD THE GLOW!
AND CLIMBS ABOARD THE JAMMED ICE-FLOES.......
WHAT COULD HAVE CAUSED A FIRE OUT HERE?
SUDDENLY, THROUGH THE SWIRLING SNOW, HE SEES THE BURNING PLANE-
HOLY HALIBUT! AN ARMY PLANE!
HE RACES INTO THE INFERNO TO RESCUE THE CREW—BUT FINDS ONLY THE PILOT ALIVE.......
GOT TO GET HELP FOR HIM SOMEHOW!
SOON THEY REACH SHORE, AND THE PILOT, NOW ABLE TO WALK WITH SOME HELP, STUMBLES ALONG BESIDE NAMOR INTO THE BLINDING BLIZZARD, SEEMING HOPELESSLY LOST......
A THIN CHANCE OF GETTING OUT OF THIS ALIVE!
THEN SUDDENLY THEY HEAR THE FAINT WAIL OF AN AIRPLANE SIREN — THEY SHIELD THEIR EYES TO THE SKY.......
LISTEN! PLANES!
THE ARMY PILOTS, STILL DROPPING FLARES, SEE FIRST THE FLAMES FROM THE WRECKAGE, THEN NAMOR AND THE PILOT.....
THERE THEY ARE, CAPTAIN! RISKY LANDING!
ORDERS ARE ORDERS! WE HAVE TO PICK THEM UP — LET'S GO!
THEY LAND PRECARIOUSLY, AND THE CREWS PLOUGH THROUGH THE SNOW — TO THE RESCUE!!!
WELL DONE, LADS! GIVE ME A HAND HERE!


WITH NAMOR AND THE PILOT SAFE INSIDE, THE PLANES MOVE OFF THROUGH THE STORMY NIGHT—TO RETURN TO THE FLU-BESIEGED TOWN.....
YOU ARMY PILOTS SURE CAN FLY THESE CRATES!
BUT EVEN AS THEY ARRIVE A NEW MENACE DEVELOPS! HUGE ICEBERGS ARE MOVING IN ON THE SMALL COASTAL CITY, THREATENING TO CRUSH IT INTO NON-EXISTENCE!!!
PANIC SPREADS LIKE FIRE AMONG THE TOWNSPEOPLE....
HELP!
DO SOMETHING, SOMEBODY!
THE SUB-MARINER, HEEDLESS OF THE DANGER, RUSHES FROM THE DOOMED TOWN BACK TO THE AIR-PORT....
HAVE TO EVACUATE EVERYONE BY PLANE - IT'S THE ONLY WAY!!!
BUT WHEN HE GETS THERE, HE SEES A GREAT SHELF OF ICE FROM ONE OF THE BERGS AVALANCHE DOWN TO CRUSH THE ONE GIANT HANGAR TO SMITHEREENS!
BLAST IT! JUST MY LUCK! BUT—WAIT A MINUTE......
HE LEAPS ACROSS THE SNOW-SWEPT FIELD TO THE ONE REMAINING PLANE!
MAYBE THERE IS A WAY OUT!
ZOOMING INTO THE SKY, HE WHEELS OVER THE TOWN.....
LOOK THE SITUATION OVER .... SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE! IT LOOKS SO HOPELESS!
AND HIS HEART SINKS AS HE VIEWS THE HELPLESS CITY..... WHAT CAN HE DO—ONE MAN AGAINST MILLIONS OF TONS OF ICE???
MOTHER NATURES REALLY GIVING US THE WORKS!


HE HEADS BACK TOWARD THE FIELD ·····
HOLD ON – I THINK I HAVE IT !!!
BANKING DOWN, HIS STURDY VULTEE V-12A PLOWS THROUGH THE SNOW TO A ROARING STOP !
HOPE THE AMMUNITION HASN'T BEEN DESTROYED !
HE JUMPS FROM THE SHIP, RACES TO THE WRECKED HANGAR, AND RETURNS WITH A CASE OF DEMOLITION BOMBS !
THIS OUGHT TO' WORK – IF I DON'T MISS MY MARK AND RUIN THE CITY !
IN THE AIR AGAIN, HE RACES OVER THE INVADING ICEBERGS –
MY ONLY HOPE !
HE RELEASES THE FIRST BARRAGE ······
HERE GOES !
AND AS THE FIRST BOMB PLUMMETS THROUGH THE BLIZZARD, A CROWD OF PEOPLE, FEAR-CRAZED, SCATTER AS A LOOMING ICEBERG TOPPLES WITH A TERRIFYING ROAR !
YEOW!
RUN!
NAMOR'S BOMBS STRIKE ! – AND THE DEATH-DEALING BERG IS SHATTERED INTO A THOUSAND PIECES !
BETTER SPORT THAN BOMBING WOMEN AND CHILDREN !
BOOOM!
CRASH!
BOOM!


THE POPULACE STARES —ASTOUNDED BY THE SHOWER OF SNOW AND CHIPPED ICE —WHERE THEY EXPECTED ANNIHILATION BY THE FROZEN MOUNTAIN !!!
WHAT-???
WHAT HAPPENED?
NAMOR NOW TAKES A NEW TACK, DROPPING INCENDIARY BOMBS TO MELT AND DESTROY THE HUNDREDS OF ICE AND SNOW FRAGMENTS!
BY THE SCORE, GREAT CHUNKS CHIP OFF THE BREAKING ICEBERGS, MELT, AND RUSH DOWN INTO THE STREETS AS WATER
CRACK!
POP!
BUT MANY BOMBS MISS, BLOWN ASKEW BY THE STORM, AND LAND ON THE CITY ITSELF, CAUSING A MULTITUDE OF SMALL FIRES...
THREATENING TO SPREAD THROUGH MANY BLOCKS, CONSUMING THE ENTIRE BUSINESS SECTION!!!
SEEING THIS, NAMOR AGAIN LOOSES A RACK OF DEMOLITION BOMBS......
WHAM!
FREEING GREAT LAKES OF WATER DAMMED BY THE CONVERGING ICEBERGS!
PLENTY OF WATER HERE TO PUT OUT THE FIRES!
BANG!
THESE WATERS POUND THROUGH THE CITY STREETS ...EXTINGUISHING HUNDREDS OF SMALL FIRES...
WAIT! WHAT HAVE I DONE??? TOO MUCH WATER!
BUT AS THEY MOUNT TO FLOOD LEVEL, DANGER AGAIN IS IMMINENT!!!
THE SEA'S FLOODING IN! THIS IS AS BAD AS THE FIRE! HAVE TO MOVE FAST!
8.


THE REMAINING ICEBERGS SURROUNDING THE CITY FORM A GIANT SAUCER IN WHICH THE WATER IS HELD---
ONE THING AFTER ANOTHER! WHAT NEXT???
LIKE A RIVER FLOOD, THE RAGING WATER RISES CONSTANTLY HIGHER AND HIGHER!
THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO STEM THIS TIDE!
THE TERRIFIED POPULACE IS FORCED TO TAKE REFUGE ON ROOF-TOPS .....
TAKE CARE OF THE SICK ONES FIRST—KEEP THEM AS DRY AS POSSIBLE!
NAMOR, HIS SUPPLY OF BOMBS NOW EXHAUSTED, AGAIN SETS HIS PLANE DOWN, AND PONDERS THIS NEW DEVELOPMENT ....
I'VE GOT THESE PEOPLE IN A FINE MESS NOW! —WHAT TO DO—WHAT TO DO???
HE STREAKS THROUGH THE CHURNING FLOOD, RECONNOITERING THE SITUATION .....
NO OUTLET ANYWHERE!
ON THE SURFACE HE HAILS THE SHIVERING REFUGEES, ENCOURAGING THEM .....
HOLD ON, FOLKS! I'LL GET YOU OUT OF THIS!!!
UNDER WATER AGAIN, HE TRIES TO FORCE HIS WAY THROUGH THE BERGS TO RELEASE THE IMPRISONED WATER ....
IT'S NO USE! THE ICE WON'T BUDGE!


I'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING! IT'S GETTING COLDER, AND IF THIS BOWL OF WATER FREEZES, IT'LL SEAL THE CITY UNDER A SIX-FOOT SHEET OF ICE! BETTER GO BACK UP, AND SEE HOW THE PEOPLE ARE TAKING IT....
NAMOR - HELP US!
YOU GOT US INTO THIS —!
WHAT ARE WE TO DO???
NAMOR BREAKS A HOLE IN THE RAPIDLY-FORMING ICE, AND PEERS DOWN.....
OH-OH!!!
....TO FIND THAT HE IS STANDING OVER THE CITY'S GASOLINE SUPPLY!
IDEA!
PROCURING AN ACETYLENE TORCH FROM THE COAST GUARD STATION, HE DIVES DOWN INTO THE ICY DEPTHS, AND ATTACKS THE TANKS!
IN A MOMENT....A TERRIFIC BLAST!
WHAM!!
THE IMMEDIATE CONFLAGRATION MELTS THE STRANGLING ICE — FREEING THE JAMMED BERGS, AND PERMITTING THE FLOOD WATERS TO RUSH OUT TO THE SEA!
SAVED!
VIVE LE SUB-MARINER!
FREE AT LAST!
DONE!!! NOW TO GET THIS SERUM TO THE HOSPITAL, AND MY WORK IS FINISHED!
HEY, KIDS!!!
GOT MY NEW BOOK YET???
THE SUB-MARINER
SPECIAL EDITION?
IT'S ON SALE NOW AT ALL NEWSSTANDS
GET YOUR COPY RIGHT AWAY~
BEFORE THEY'RE ALL GONE
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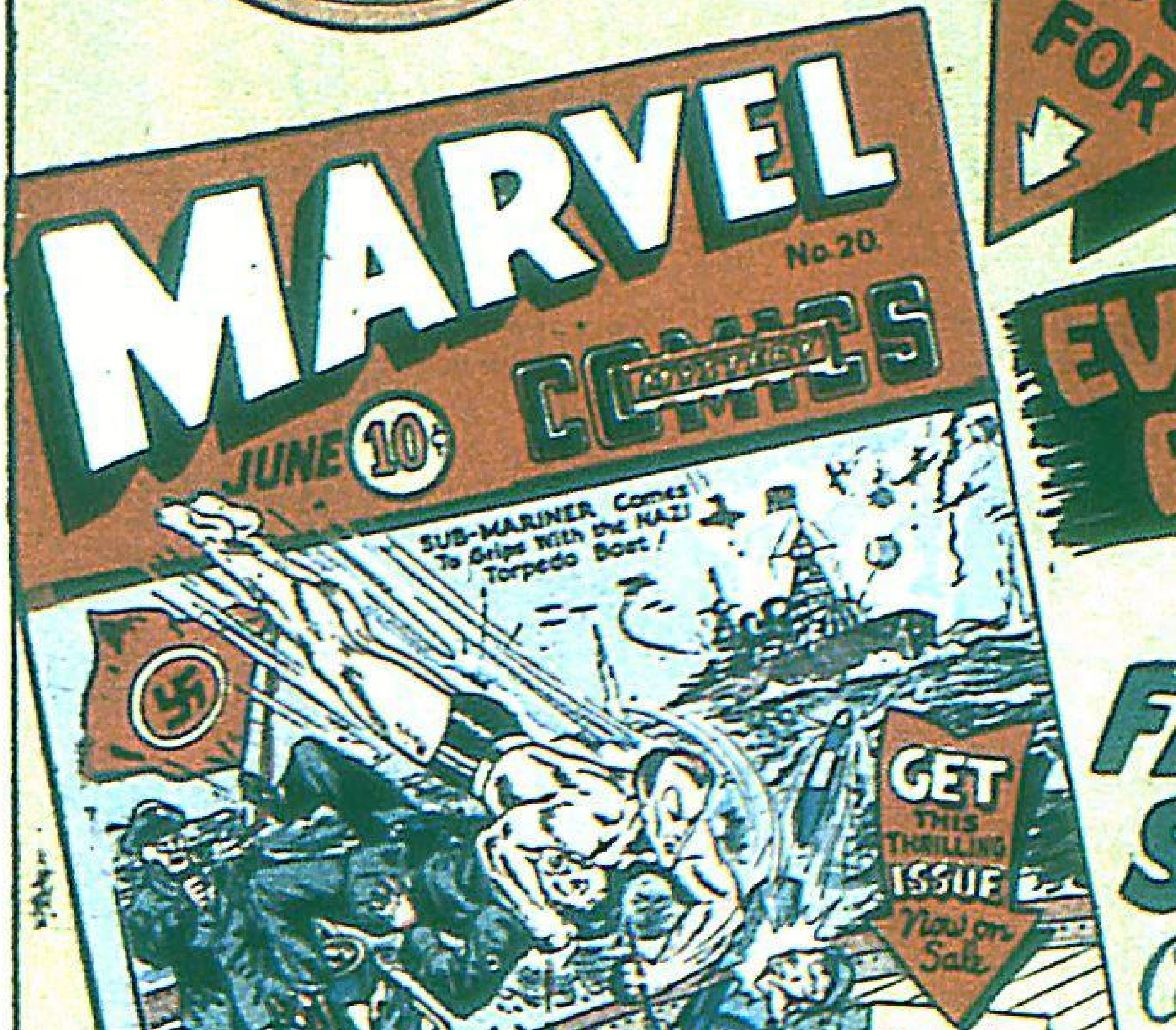
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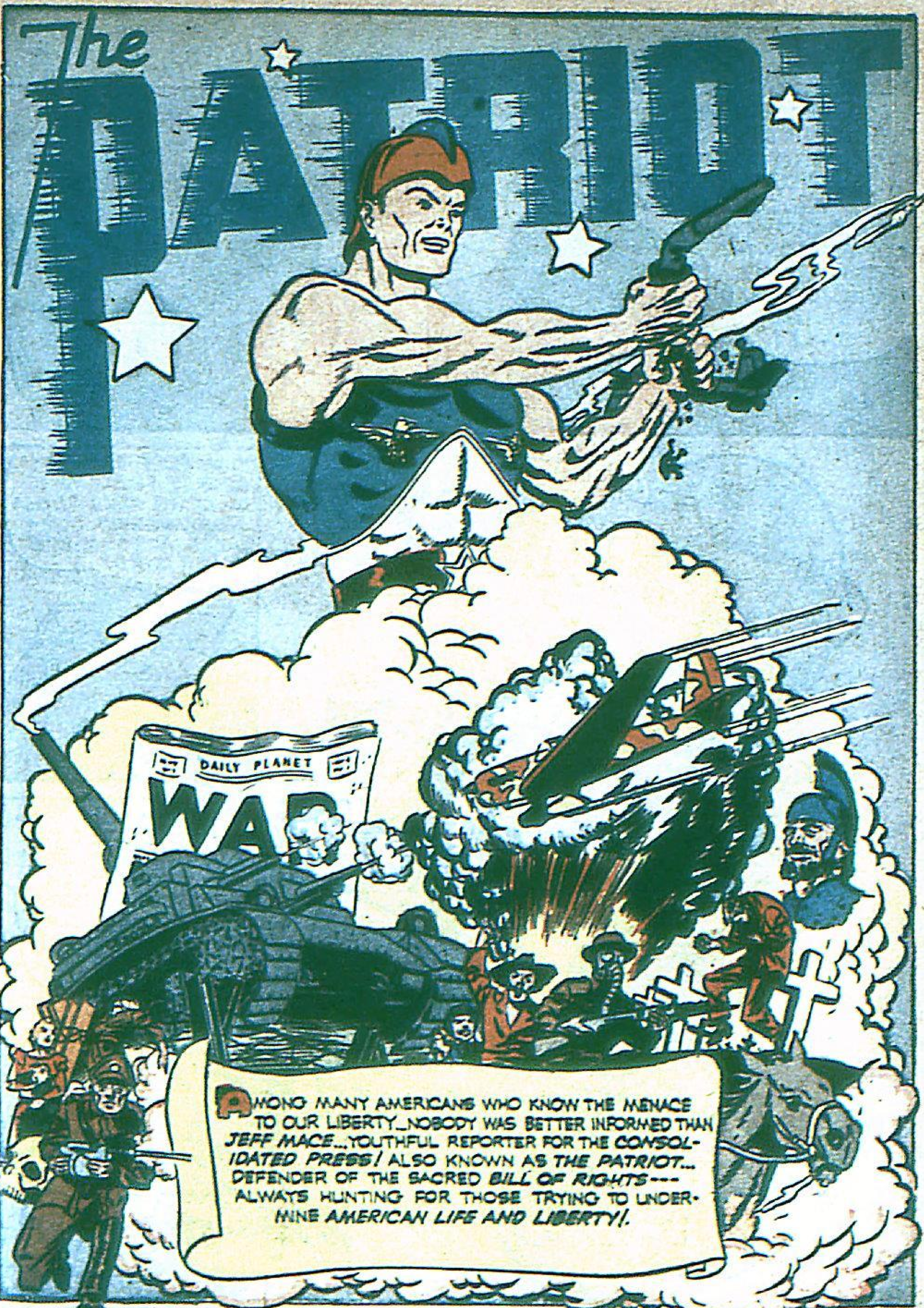
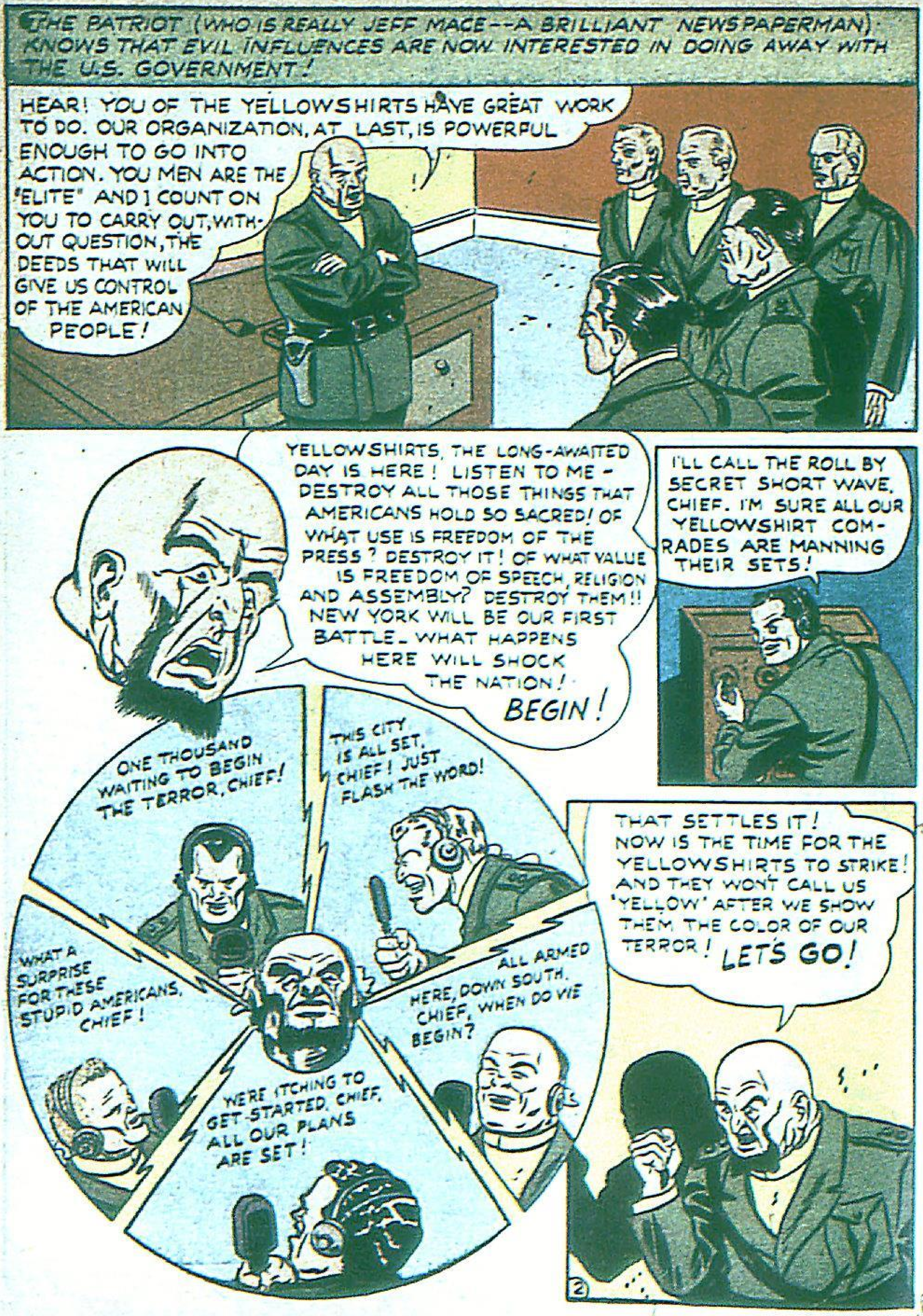
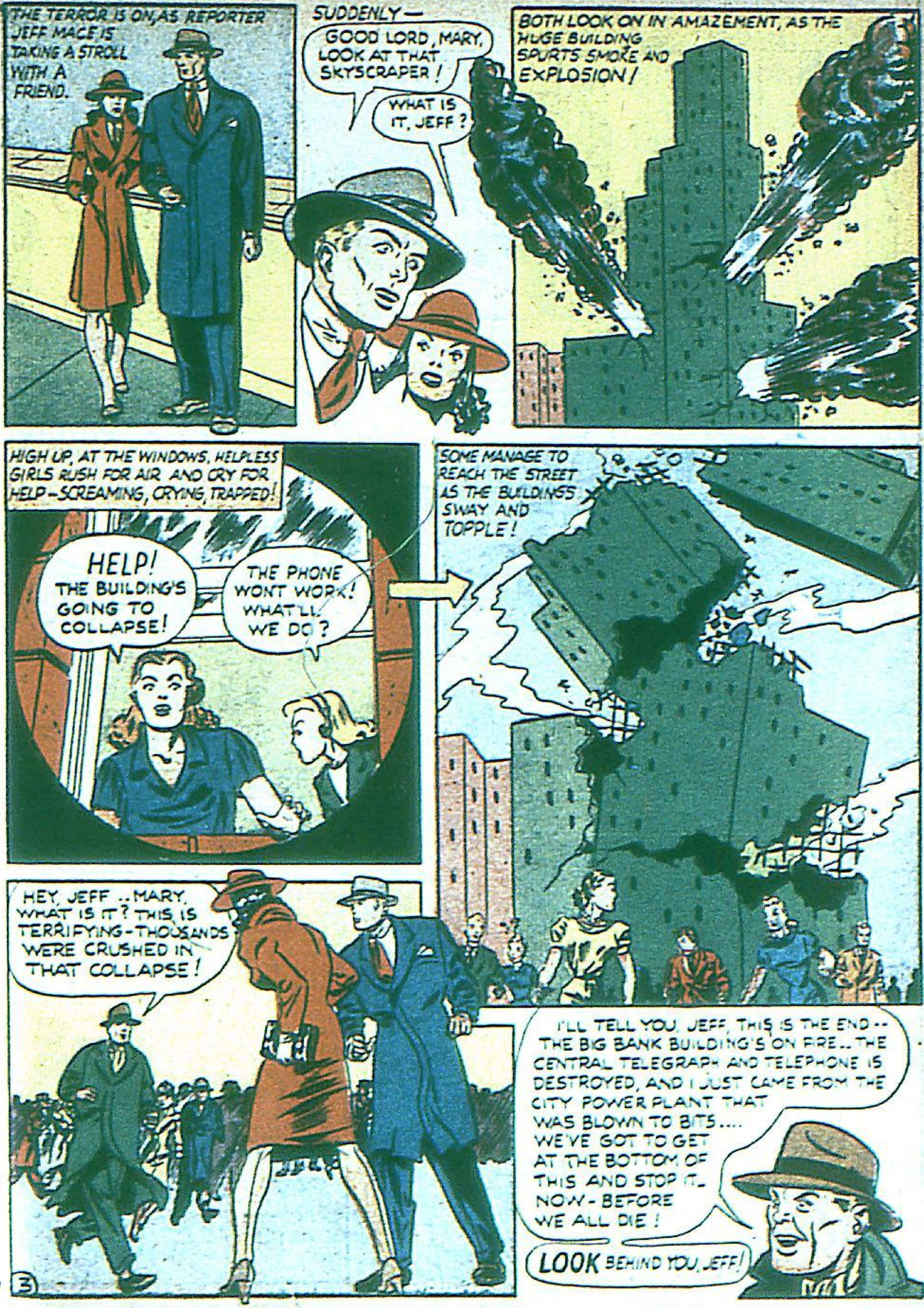
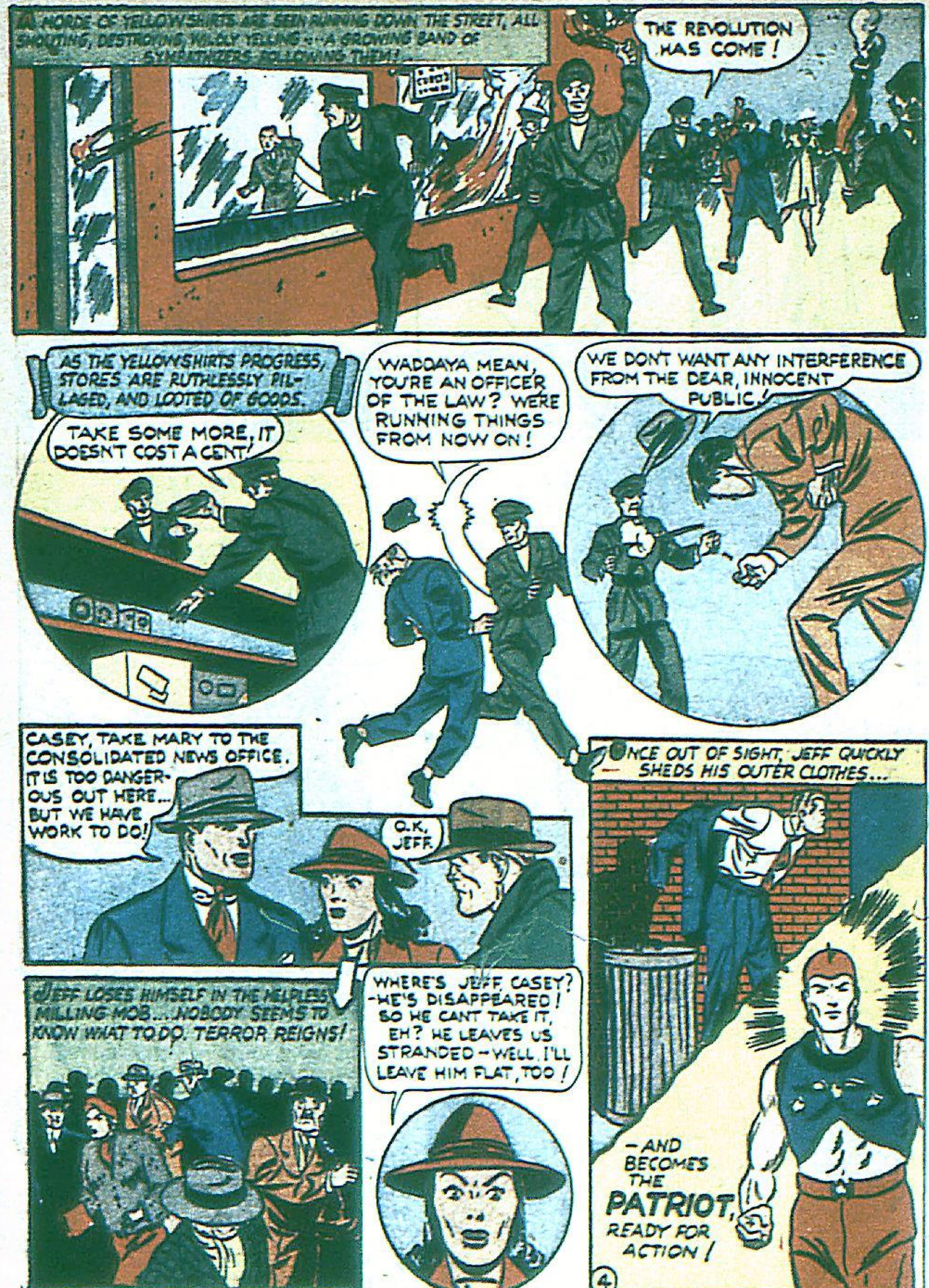
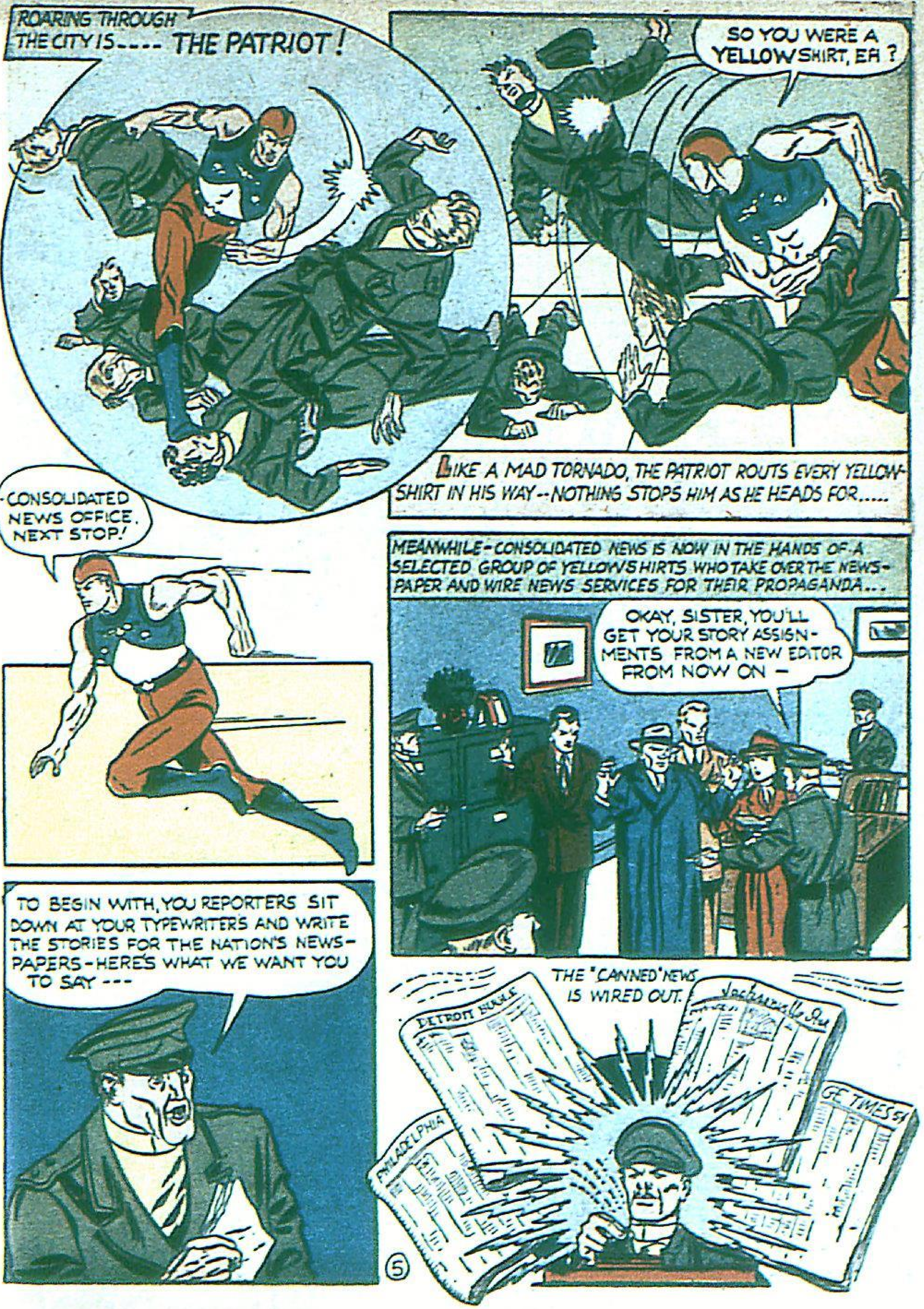
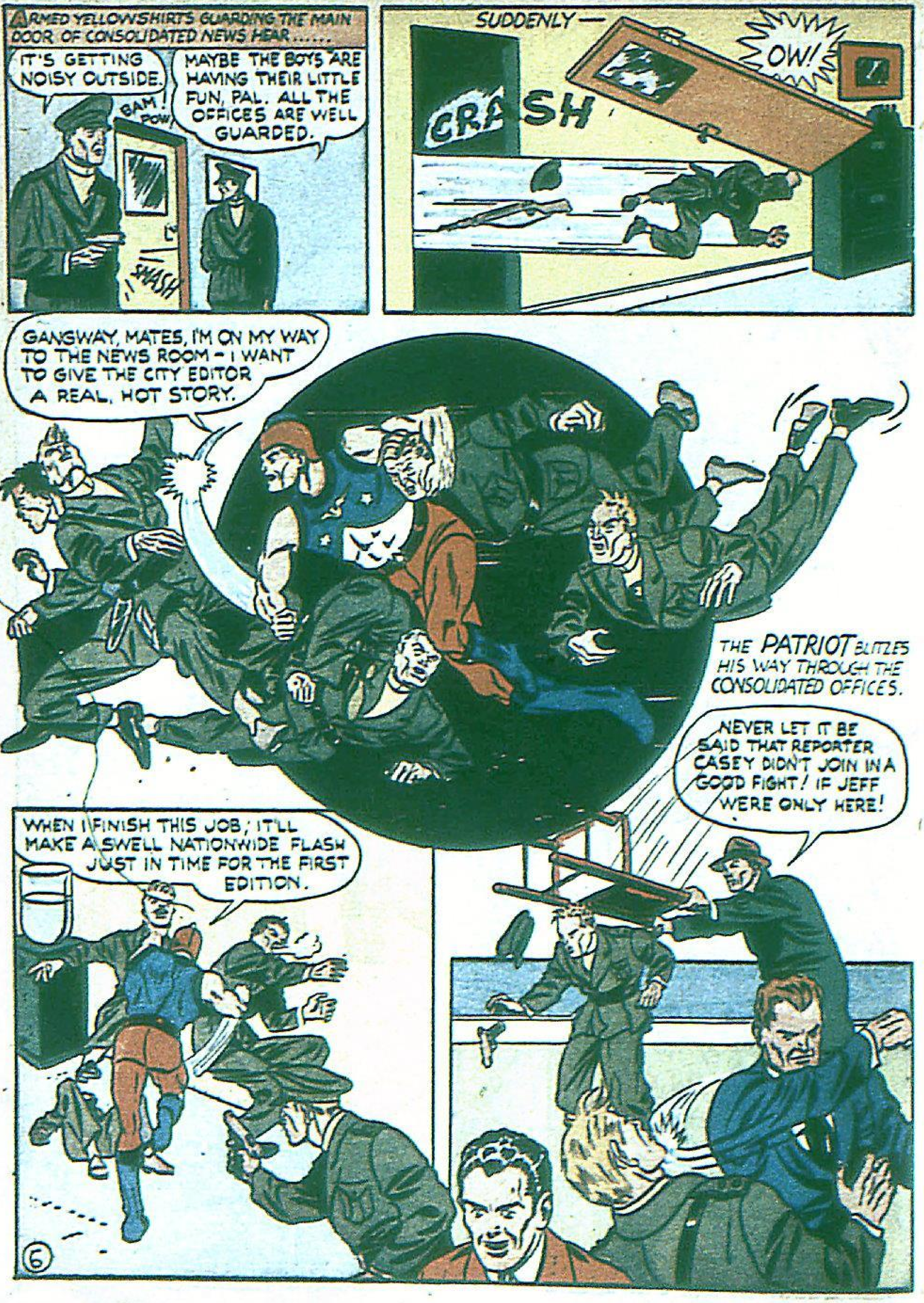

The PATRIOT
DAILY PLANET
WAR
AMONG MANY AMERICANS WHO KNOW THE MENACE TO OUR LIBERTY_NOBODY WAS BETTER INFORMED THAN JEFF MACE...YOUTHFUL REPORTER FOR THE CONSOLIDATED PRESS! ALSO KNOWN AS THE PATRIOT... DEFENDER OF THE SACRED BILL OF RIGHTS--- ALWAYS HUNTING FOR THOSE TRYING TO UNDERMINE AMERICAN LIFE AND LIBERTY!.

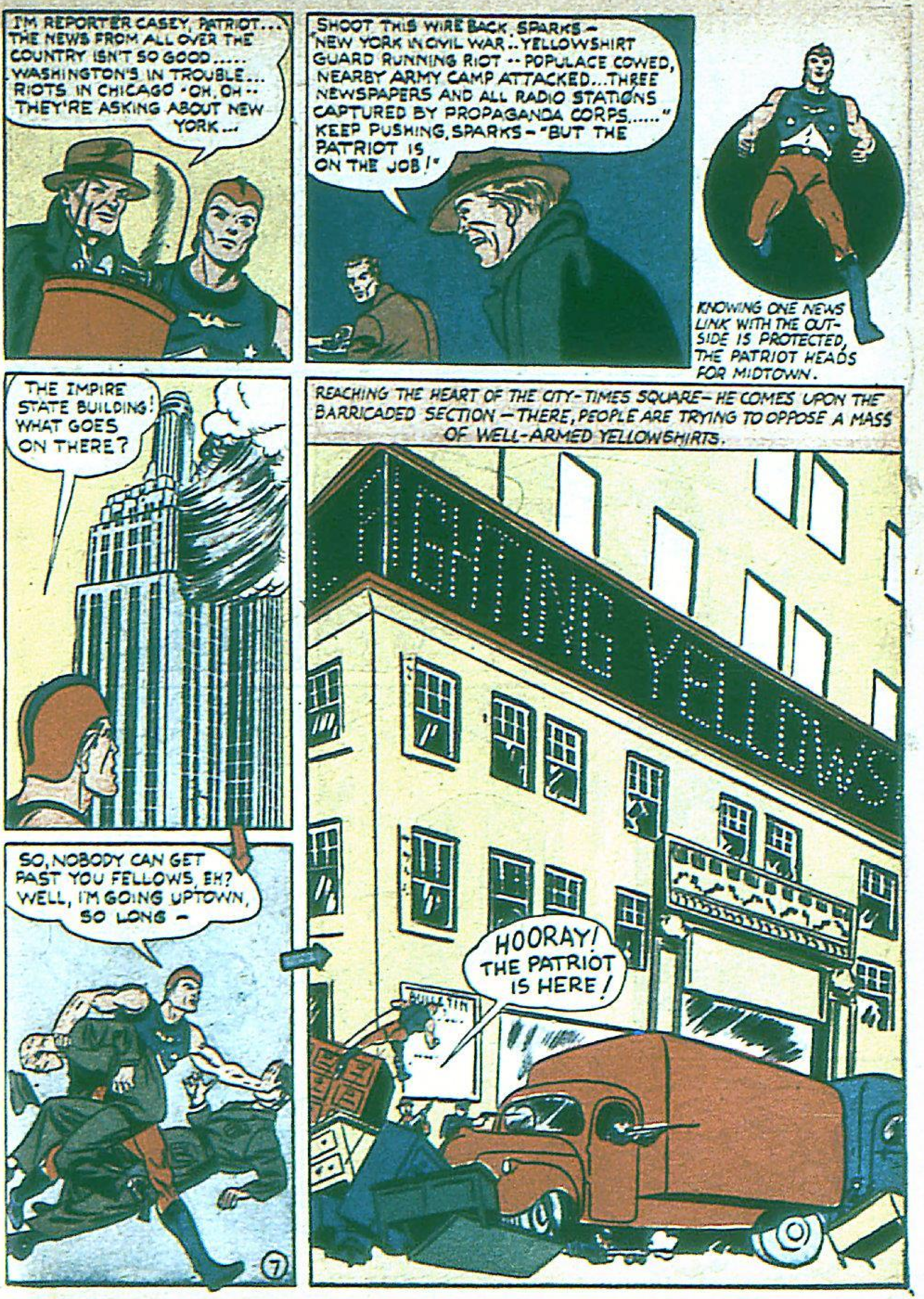

THE PATRIOT (WHO IS REALLY JEFF MACE--A BRILLIANT NEWSPAPERMAN) KNOWS THAT EVIL INFLUENCES ARE NOW INTERESTED IN DOING AWAY WITH THE U.S. GOVERNMENT!
HEAR! YOU OF THE YELLOWSHIRTS HAVE GREAT WORK TO DO. OUR ORGANIZATION, AT LAST, IS POWERFUL ENOUGH TO GO INTO ACTION. YOU MEN ARE THE "ELITE" AND I COUNT ON YOU TO CARRY OUT, WITHOUT QUESTION, THE DEEDS THAT WILL GIVE US CONTROL OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE!
YELLOWSHIRTS, THE LONG-AWAITED DAY IS HERE! LISTEN TO ME - DESTROY ALL THOSE THINGS THAT AMERICANS HOLD SO SACRED! OF WHAT USE IS FREEDOM OF THE PRESS? DESTROY IT! OF WHAT VALUE IS FREEDOM OF SPEECH, RELIGION AND ASSEMBLY? DESTROY THEM!! NEW YORK WILL BE OUR FIRST BATTLE- WHAT HAPPENS HERE WILL SHOCK THE NATION! BEGIN!
I'LL CALL THE ROLL BY SECRET SHORT WAVE, CHIEF. I'M SURE ALL OUR YELLOWSHIRT COMRADES ARE MANNING THEIR SETS!
ONE THOUSAND WAITING TO BEGIN THE TERROR, CHIEF!
THIS CITY IS ALL SET, CHIEF! JUST FLASH THE WORD!
WHAT A SURPRISE FOR THESE STUPID AMERICANS, CHIEF!
ALL ARMED HERE, DOWN SOUTH, CHIEF, WHEN DO WE BEGIN?
WE'RE ITCHING TO GET STARTED, CHIEF, ALL OUR PLANS ARE SET!
THAT SETTLES IT! NOW IS THE TIME FOR THE YELLOWSHIRTS TO STRIKE! AND THEY WON'T CALL US 'YELLOW' AFTER WE SHOW THEM THE COLOR OF OUR TERROR! LET'S GO!
2

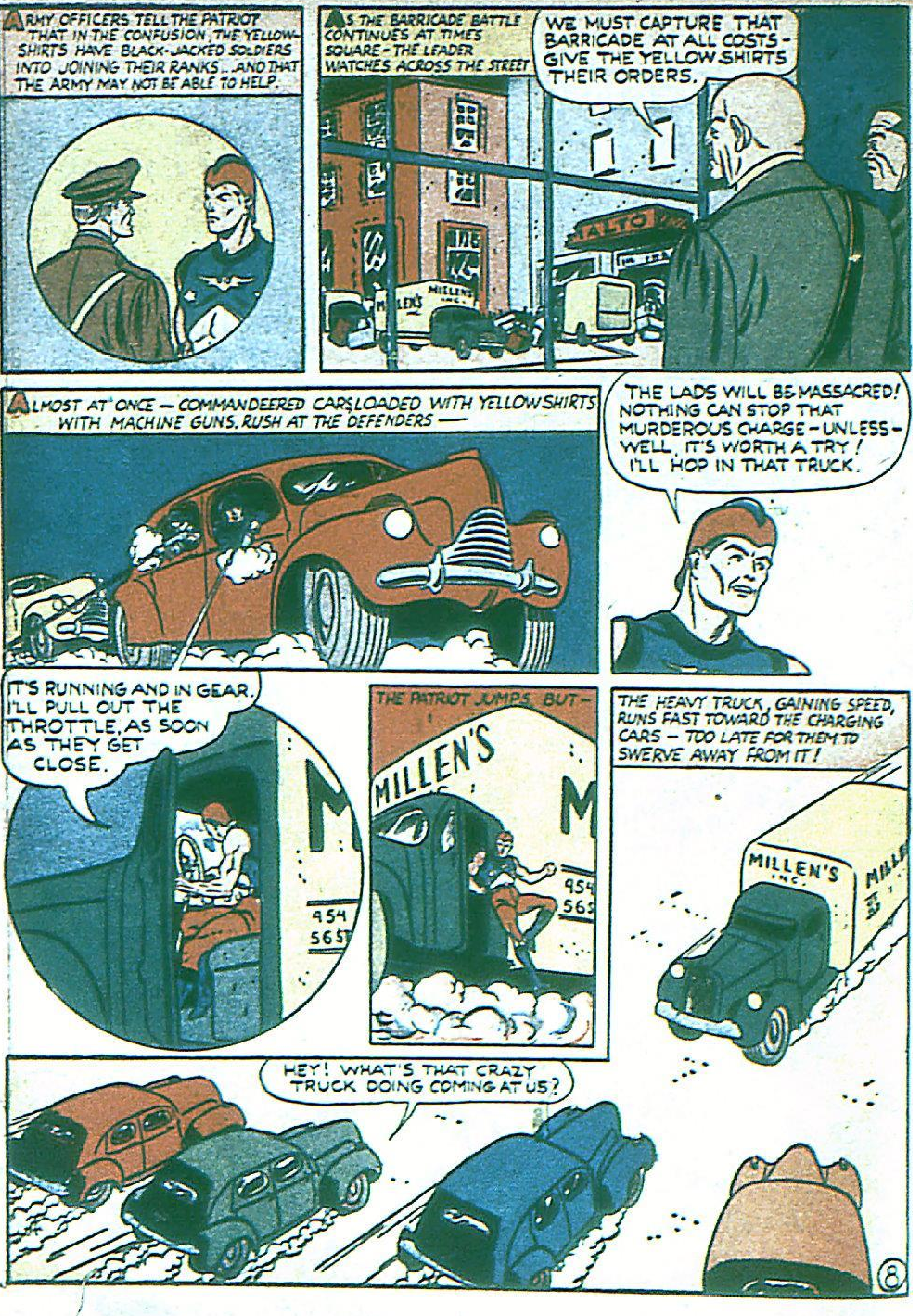

THE TERROR IS ON, AS REPORTER JEFF MACE IS TAKING A STROLL WITH A FRIEND.
SUDDENLY—
GOOD LORD, MARY, LOOK AT THAT SKYSCRAPER!
WHAT IS IT, JEFF?
BOTH LOOK ON IN AMAZEMENT, AS THE HUGE BUILDING SPURTS SMOKE AND EXPLOSION!
HIGH UP, AT THE WINDOWS, HELPLESS GIRLS RUSH FOR AIR AND CRY FOR HELP—SCREAMING, CRYING, TRAPPED!
HELP! THE BUILDING'S GOING TO COLLAPSE!
THE PHONE WONT WORK! WHAT'LL WE DO?
SOME MANAGE TO REACH THE STREET AS THE BUILDINGS SWAY AND TOPPLE!
HEY, JEFF .. MARY, WHAT IS IT? THIS IS TERRIFYING—THOUSANDS WERE CRUSHED IN THAT COLLAPSE!
I'LL TELL YOU, JEFF, THIS IS THE END -- THE BIG BANK BUILDING'S ON FIRE .. THE CENTRAL TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE IS DESTROYED, AND I JUST CAME FROM THE CITY POWER PLANT THAT WAS BLOWN TO BITS .... WE'VE GOT TO GET AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS AND STOP IT NOW—BEFORE WE ALL DIE!
LOOK BEHIND YOU, JEFF!

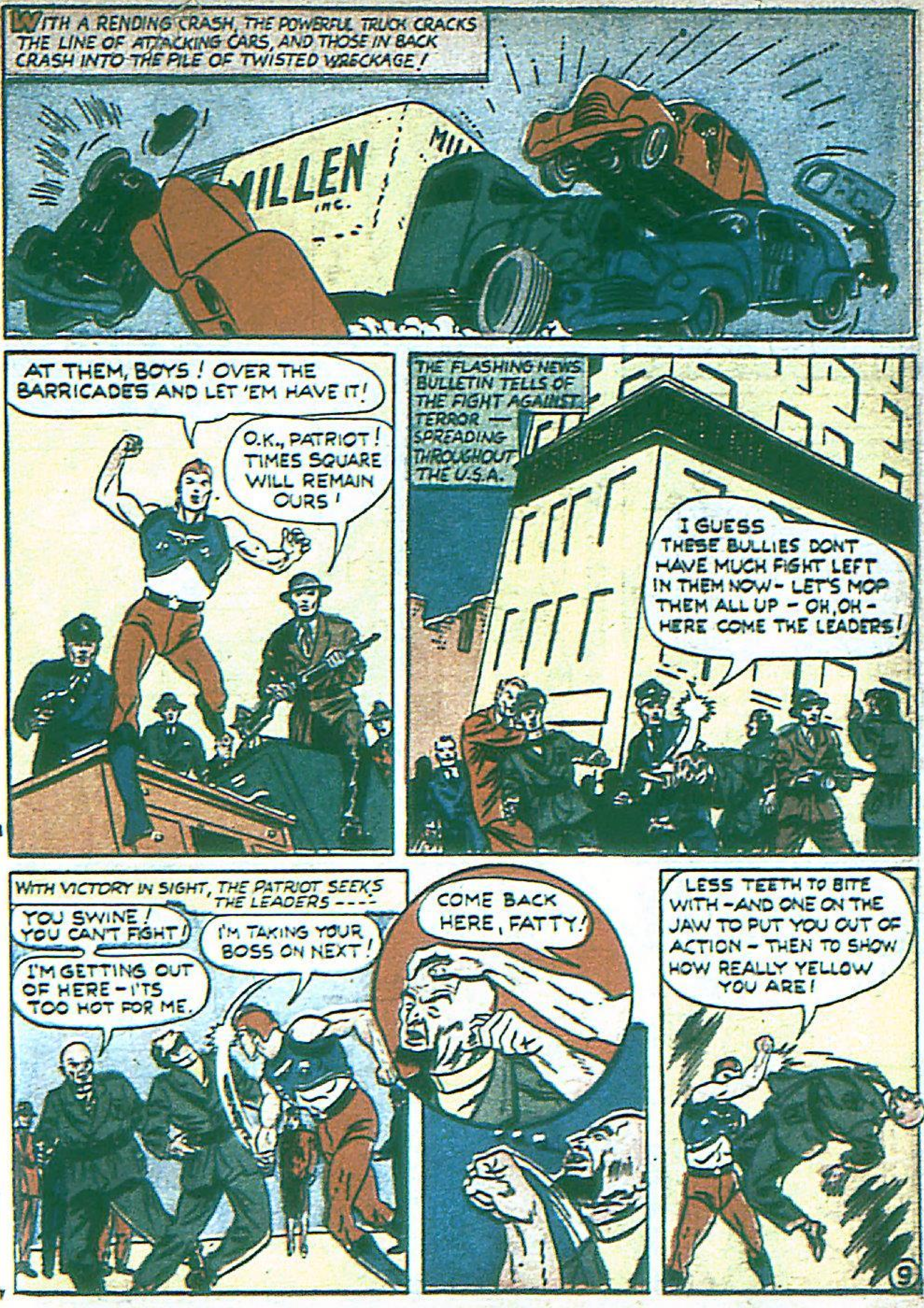

A HORDE OF YELLOWSHIRTS ARE SEEN RUNNING DOWN THE STREET, ALL SHOUTING, DESTROYING, WILDLY YELLING --- A GROWING BAND OF SYMPATHIZERS FOLLOWING THEM!...
THE REVOLUTION HAS COME!
AS THE YELLOWSHIRTS PROGRESS, STORES ARE RUTHLESSLY PILLAGED, AND LOOTED OF GOODS.
TAKE SOME MORE, IT DOESN'T COST A CENT!
WADDAYA MEAN, YOU'RE AN OFFICER OF THE LAW? WE'RE RUNNING THINGS FROM NOW ON!
WE DON'T WANT ANY INTERFERENCE FROM THE DEAR, INNOCENT PUBLIC!
CASEY, TAKE MARY TO THE CONSOLIDATED NEWS OFFICE. IT IS TOO DANGEROUS OUT HERE... BUT WE HAVE WORK TO DO!
O.K., JEFF.
ONCE OUT OF SIGHT, JEFF QUICKLY SHEDS HIS OUTER CLOTHES...
JEFF LOSES HIMSELF IN THE HELPLESS MILLING MOB... NOBODY SEEMS TO KNOW WHAT TO DO. TERROR REIGNS!
WHERE'S JEFF CASEY? -HE'S DISAPPEARED! SO HE CAN'T TAKE IT, EH? HE LEAVES US STRANDED - WELL, I'LL LEAVE HIM FLAT, TOO!
-AND BECOMES THE PATRIOT, READY FOR ACTION!
4

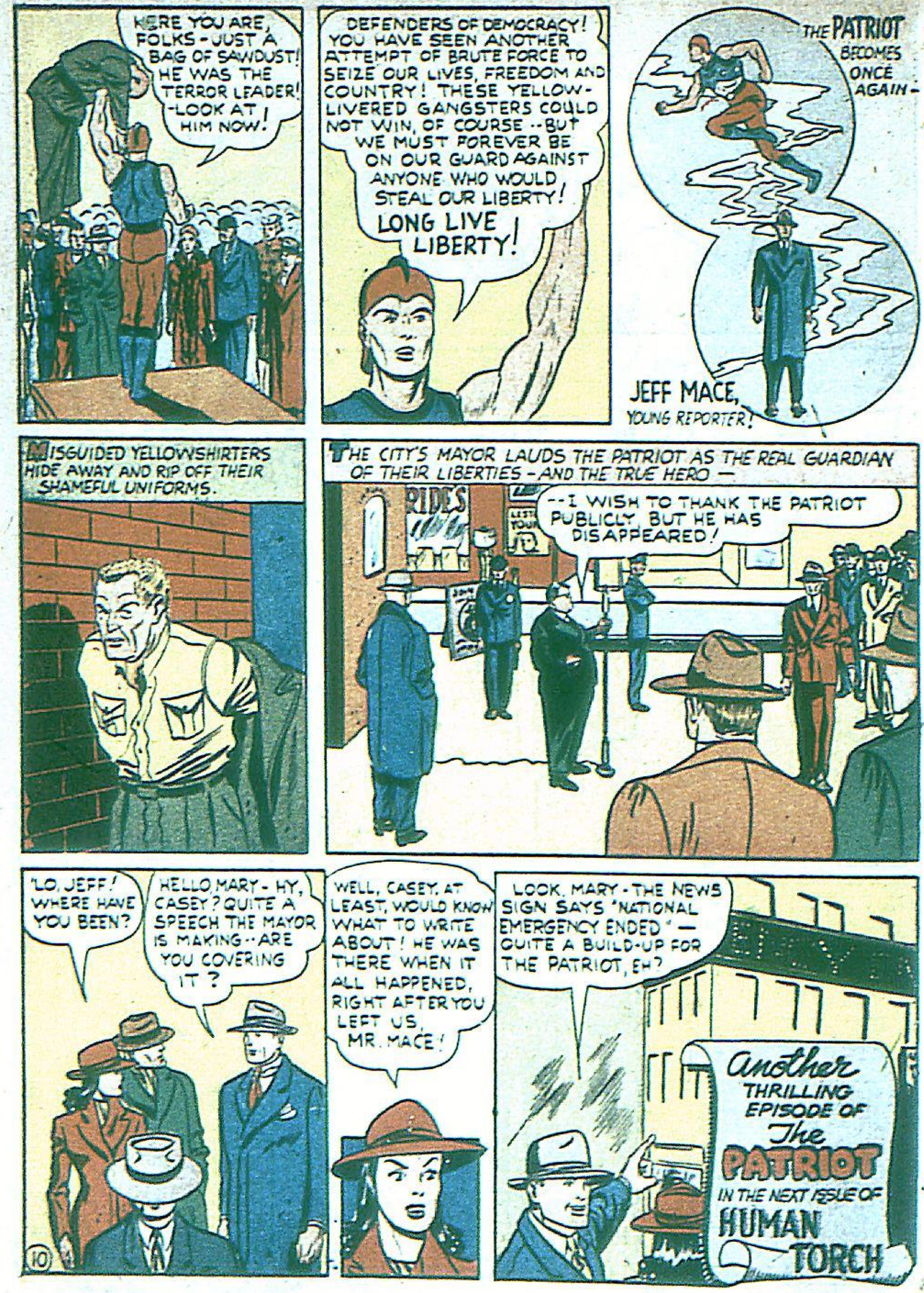

ROARING THROUGH THE CITY IS---- THE PATRIOT!
SO YOU WERE A YELLOWSHIRT, EH?
LIKE A MAD TORNADO, THE PATRIOT ROUTS EVERY YELLOW-SHIRT IN HIS WAY--NOTHING STOPS HIM AS HE HEADS FOR.....
-CONSOLIDATED NEWS OFFICE. NEXT STOP!
MEANWHILE-CONSOLIDATED NEWS IS NOW IN THE HANDS OF A SELECTED GROUP OF YELLOWSHIRTS WHO TAKE OVER THE NEWSPAPER AND WIRE NEWS SERVICES FOR THEIR PROPAGANDA...
OKAY, SISTER, YOU'LL GET YOUR STORY ASSIGNMENTS FROM A NEW EDITOR FROM NOW ON -
TO BEGIN WITH, YOU REPORTERS SIT DOWN AT YOUR TYPEWRITERS AND WRITE THE STORIES FOR THE NATION'S NEWSPAPERS-HERE'S WHAT WE WANT YOU TO SAY ---
THE "CANNED" NEWS IS WIRED OUT.
DETROIT BUGLE
Jacksonville Star
GE TIMES
PHILADELPHIA

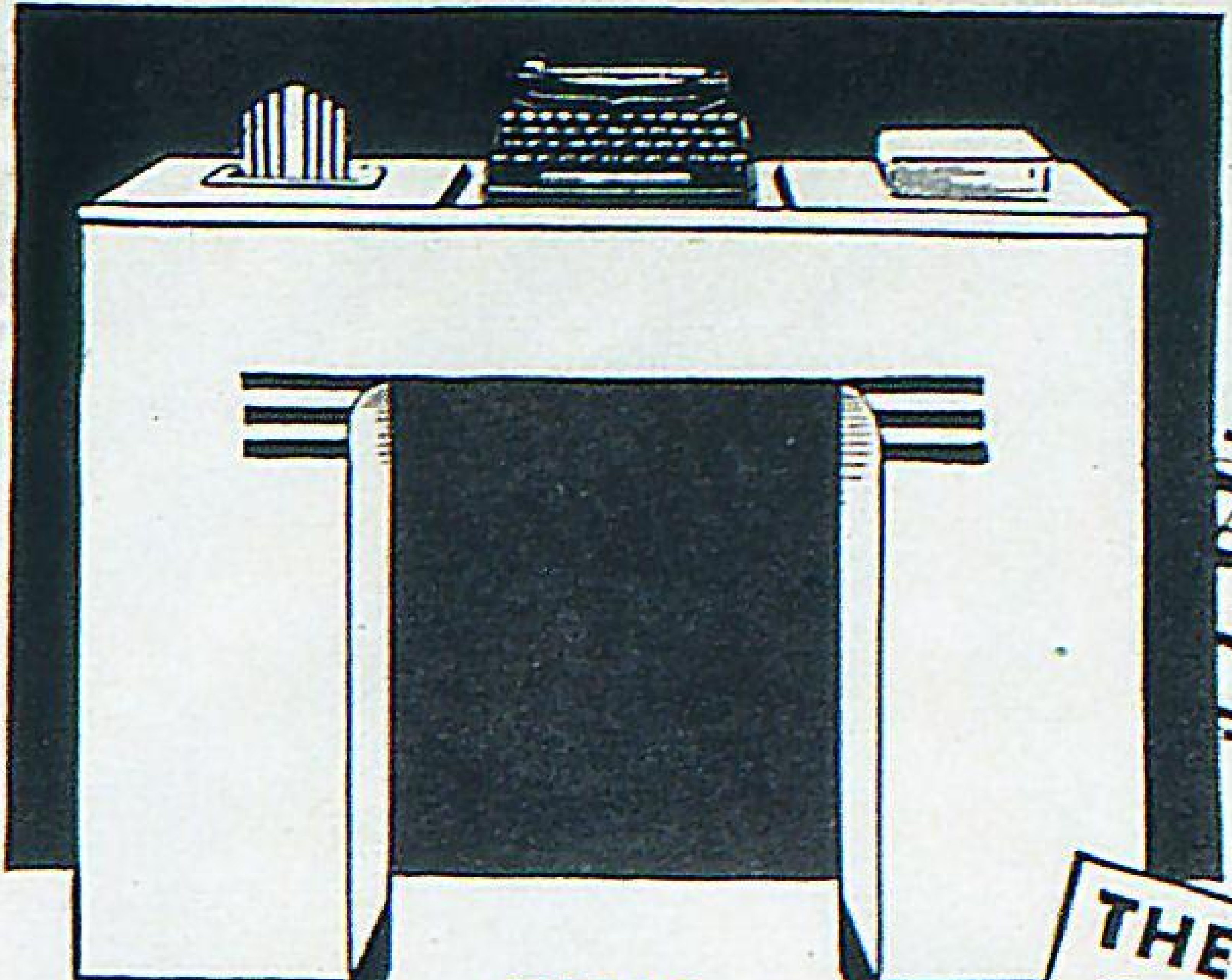

ARMED YELLOWSHIRTS GUARDING THE MAIN DOOR OF CONSOLIDATED NEWS HEAR......
IT'S GETTING NOISY OUTSIDE.
BAM! POW!
MAYBE THE BOYS ARE HAVING THEIR LITTLE FUN, PAL. ALL THE OFFICES ARE WELL GUARDED.
SMASH
SUDDENLY—
OW!
CRASH
GANGWAY, MATES, I'M ON MY WAY TO THE NEWS ROOM - I WANT TO GIVE THE CITY EDITOR A REAL, HOT STORY.
THE PATRIOT BLITZES HIS WAY THROUGH THE CONSOLIDATED OFFICES.
NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT REPORTER CASEY DIDN'T JOIN IN A GOOD FIGHT! IF JEFF WERE ONLY HERE!
WHEN I FINISH THIS JOB, IT'LL MAKE A SWELL NATIONWIDE FLASH JUST IN TIME FOR THE FIRST EDITION.
6


I'M REPORTER CASEY, PATRIOT... THE NEWS FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY ISN'T SO GOOD..... WASHINGTON'S IN TROUBLE... RIOTS IN CHICAGO -OH, OH- THEY'RE ASKING ABOUT NEW YORK...
SHOOT THIS WIRE BACK, SPARKS - "NEW YORK IN CIVIL WAR..YELLOWSHIRT GUARD RUNNING RIOT -- POPULACE COWED, NEARBY ARMY CAMP ATTACKED...THREE NEWSPAPERS AND ALL RADIO STATIONS CAPTURED BY PROPAGANDA CORPS......" KEEP PUSHING, SPARKS - "BUT THE PATRIOT IS ON THE JOB!"
KNOWING ONE NEWS LINK WITH THE OUTSIDE IS PROTECTED, THE PATRIOT HEADS FOR MIDTOWN.
THE IMPIRE STATE BUILDING! WHAT GOES ON THERE?
REACHING THE HEART OF THE CITY- TIMES SQUARE- HE COMES UPON THE BARRICADED SECTION - THERE, PEOPLE ARE TRYING TO OPPOSE A MASS OF WELL-ARMED YELLOWSHIRTS.
FIGHTING YELLOWS
BULLETIN
HOORAY! THE PATRIOT IS HERE!
SO, NOBODY CAN GET PAST YOU FELLOWS, EH? WELL, I'M GOING UPTOWN, SO LONG -
7


ARMY OFFICERS TELL THE PATRIOT THAT IN THE CONFUSION, THE YELLOW-SHIRTS HAVE BLACK-JACKED SOLDIERS INTO JOINING THEIR RANKS... AND THAT THE ARMY MAY NOT BE ABLE TO HELP.
AS THE BARRICADE BATTLE CONTINUES AT TIMES SQUARE - THE LEADER WATCHES ACROSS THE STREET
WE MUST CAPTURE THAT BARRICADE AT ALL COSTS - GIVE THE YELLOW SHIRTS THEIR ORDERS.
ALTO
MILLEN'S INC.
MILLEN'S
ALMOST AT ONCE - COMMANDEERED CARS LOADED WITH YELLOWSHIRTS WITH MACHINE GUNS, RUSH AT THE DEFENDERS —
THE LADS WILL BE MASSACRED! NOTHING CAN STOP THAT MURDEROUS CHARGE - UNLESS - WELL, IT'S WORTH A TRY! I'LL HOP IN THAT TRUCK.
IT'S RUNNING AND IN GEAR. I'LL PULL OUT THE THROTTLE, AS SOON AS THEY GET CLOSE.
M
454
56 ST
THE PATRIOT JUMPS BUT—
MILLEN'S
M
454
56
THE HEAVY TRUCK, GAINING SPEED, RUNS FAST TOWARD THE CHARGING CARS - TOO LATE FOR THEM TO SWERVE AWAY FROM IT!
MILLEN'S INC.
HEY! WHAT'S THAT CRAZY TRUCK DOING COMING AT US?


WITH A RENDING CRASH, THE POWERFUL TRUCK CRACKS THE LINE OF ATTACKING CARS, AND THOSE IN BACK CRASH INTO THE PILE OF TWISTED WRECKAGE!
MILLEN INC.
AT THEM, BOYS! OVER THE BARRICADES AND LET 'EM HAVE IT!
O.K., PATRIOT! TIMES SQUARE WILL REMAIN OURS!
THE FLASHING NEWS BULLETIN TELLS OF THE FIGHT AGAINST TERROR — SPREADING THROUGHOUT THE U.S.A.
I GUESS THESE BULLIES DONT HAVE MUCH FIGHT LEFT IN THEM NOW - LET'S MOP THEM ALL UP - OH, OH - HERE COME THE LEADERS!
WITH VICTORY IN SIGHT, THE PATRIOT SEEKS THE LEADERS ----
YOU SWINE! YOU CAN'T FIGHT!
I'M TAKING YOUR BOSS ON NEXT!
I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE - ITS TOO HOT FOR ME.
COME BACK HERE, FATTY!
LESS TEETH TO BITE WITH - AND ONE ON THE JAW TO PUT YOU OUT OF ACTION - THEN TO SHOW HOW REALLY YELLOW YOU ARE!


HERE YOU ARE, FOLKS - JUST A BAG OF SAWDUST! HE WAS THE TERROR LEADER! -LOOK AT HIM NOW!
DEFENDERS OF DEMOCRACY! YOU HAVE SEEN ANOTHER ATTEMPT OF BRUTE FORCE TO SEIZE OUR LIVES, FREEDOM AND COUNTRY! THESE YELLOW-LIVERED GANGSTERS COULD NOT WIN, OF COURSE -- BUT WE MUST FOREVER BE ON OUR GUARD AGAINST ANYONE WHO WOULD STEAL OUR LIBERTY!
LONG LIVE LIBERTY!
THE PATRIOT BECOMES ONCE AGAIN -
JEFF MACE, YOUNG REPORTER!
MISGUIDED YELLOWSHIRTERS HIDE AWAY AND RIP OFF THEIR SHAMEFUL UNIFORMS.
THE CITY'S MAYOR LAUDS THE PATRIOT AS THE REAL GUARDIAN OF THEIR LIBERTIES - AND THE TRUE HERO -
RIDES
--I WISH TO THANK THE PATRIOT PUBLICLY, BUT HE HAS DISAPPEARED!
'LO, JEFF! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
HELLO, MARY - HY, CASEY? QUITE A SPEECH THE MAYOR IS MAKING -- ARE YOU COVERING IT?
WELL, CASEY, AT LEAST, WOULD KNOW WHAT TO WRITE ABOUT! HE WAS THERE WHEN IT ALL HAPPENED, RIGHT AFTER YOU LEFT US, MR. MACE!
LOOK, MARY - THE NEWS SIGN SAYS 'NATIONAL EMERGENCY ENDED' - QUITE A BUILD-UP FOR THE PATRIOT, EH?
Another THRILLING EPISODE OF The PATRIOT IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF HUMAN TORCH
10



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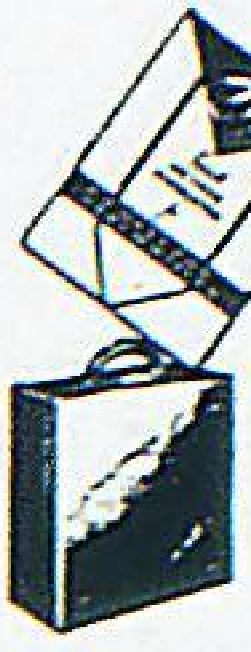

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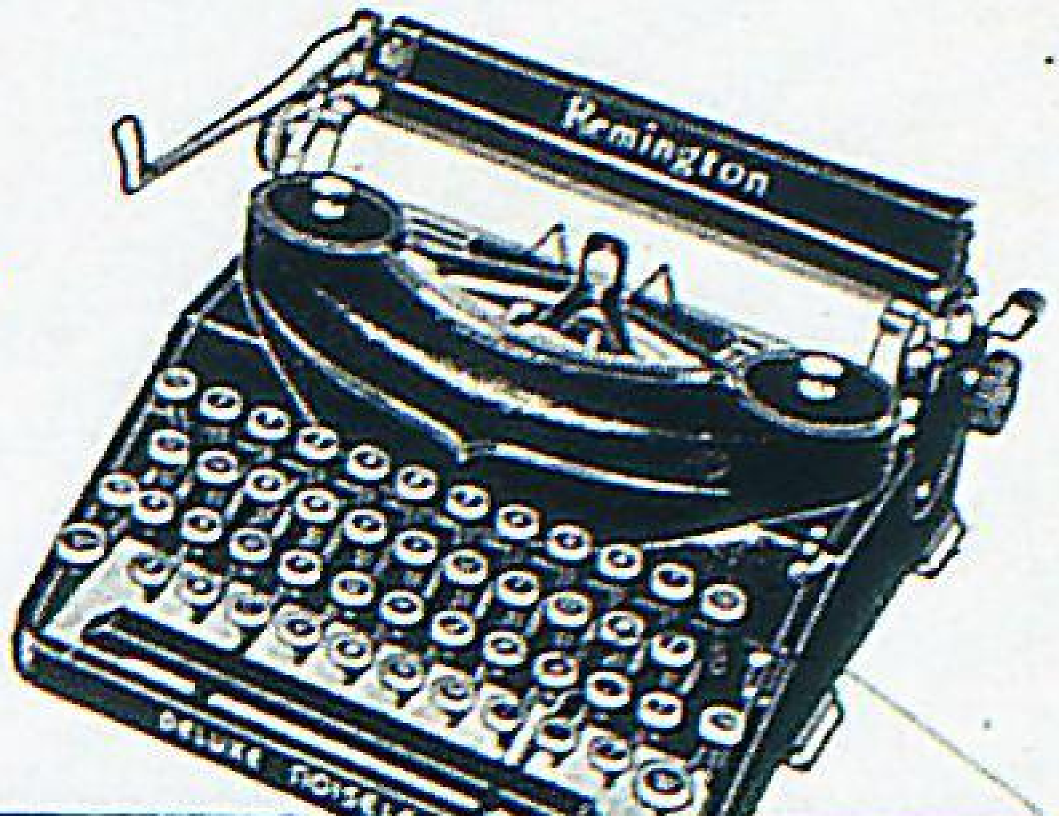

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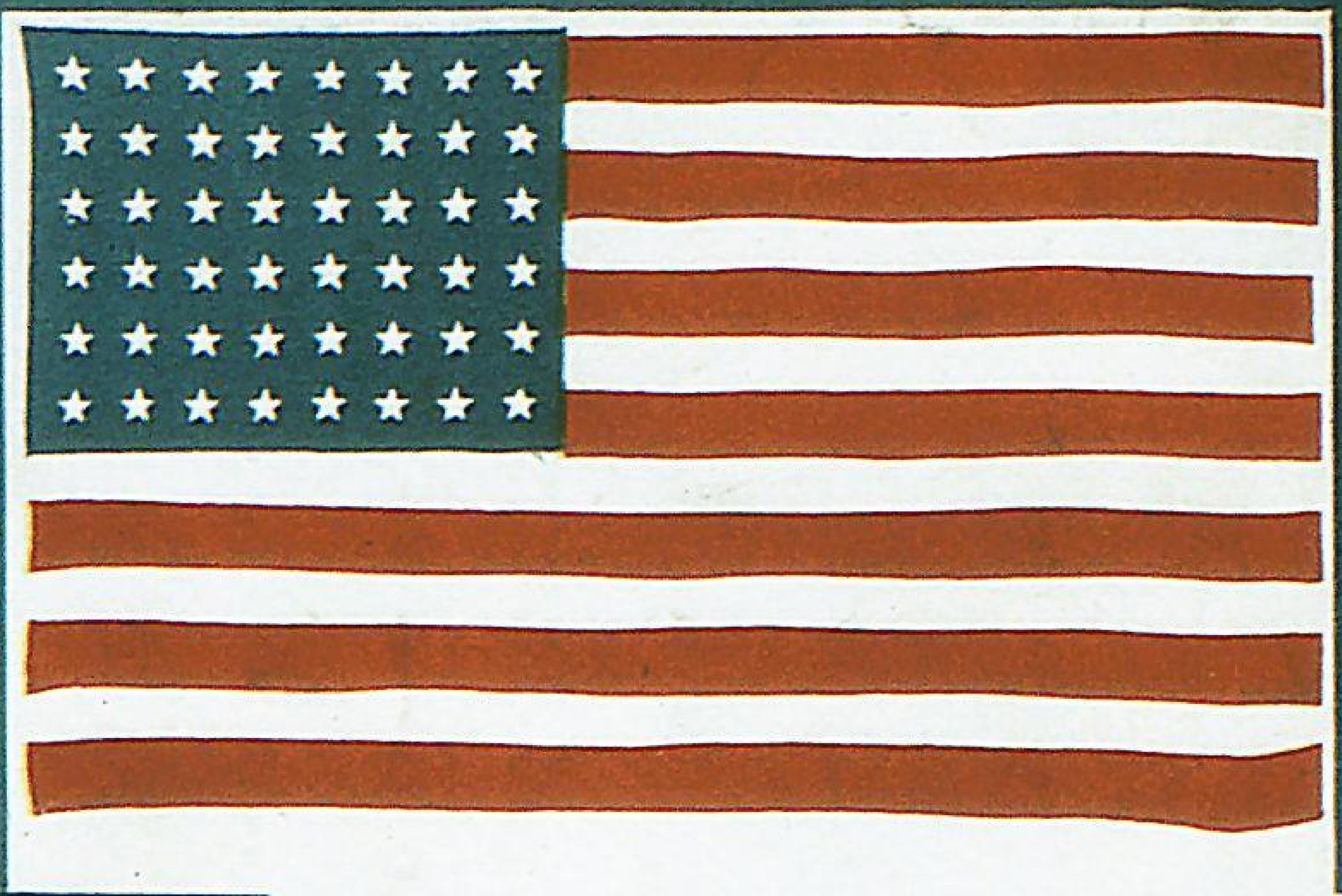

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